

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

November
1929

10¢



"Canada's Greatest Magazine"



S. Pessl of Vienna and Budapest

Head of the famous House of Pessl.. beauty advisors to aristocracy for over 100 years

advises this way to Skin Beauty

"I earnestly recommend to my clients that they use only the soap blended of palm and olive oils. The use of Palmolive is especially important because its gentle action leaves the skin in a healthy, smooth, normal condition which is the very foundation of a beautiful complexion."

S. Pessl.
VIENNA I,
KAERNTNERSTRASSE 28

IN gay Vienna, where the women are enchanting; in romantic Budapest, on the Danube—there is one name in beauty culture which has been recognized for over a hundred years—the distinguished name of Pessl!

Today, in the celebrated shop across from the opera in Vienna, S. Pessl carries on the tradition of the Pessl name. The crowned heads to which he has ministered are evidenced by the interesting group of royal crests he is authorized to display above the windows of his typically Viennese shop.

He has served many of the queens of Europe, and the Ex-Empress of Austria is one of his distinguished patrons.

To his select patrons, Pessl still recommends a very simple treatment for retaining youthful loveliness... the same treatment advised by the outstanding beauty specialists of Paris, Berlin, Rome, London, Geneva—everywhere beauty culture is practiced.

Palm and olive oils in soap

"I should naturally have been led, by my knowledge of the complexion effects of palm and olive oils," says S. Pessl, "to have invented a soap made exclusively from them."



Retail Price 10^c



Opera House, Vienna



Above the doorway of the Pessl Shop, across from the opera house in Vienna, may be seen crests of some of the celebrated Royal houses to which the House of Pessl has acted as Beauty Advisor.

"As these oils are already combined in Palmolive Soap," Monsieur Pessl explains, "I earnestly recommend to my patrons that they use this soap and no other."

The famous "international" treatment

The poisonous and dangerous secretions of dirt and dust, of make-up and cream which find their way deep into the pores must be removed. Palm and olive oils, as they are blended in Palmolive Soap, act to soften the skin, to cleanse the pores, to refresh the natural coloring.

To get the utmost benefit from Palmolive Soap, you are urged by all the experts to follow this treatment, twice a day: with both hands make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it gently into the skin, permitting it to penetrate the pores, to free them from all impurities. Then rinse, first with warm water, later cold. An ice massage is invigorating as an astringent.

M. Pessl's advice is echoed by such famous specialists as Lina Cavalieri, of Paris; Elise Bock, of Berlin; Bertha Jacobson, of London. Wherever women seek the best skin care they are told: safeguard beauty with Palmolive Soap.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Plymouth *is changing* Car-buying habits

FULL-SIZE



\$820

and upwards,
f.o.b. Windsor, Ont.

SINCE Plymouth arrived—a car of *full-size* dimensions and uncramped comfort for adult passengers—thousands of former owners of more expensive cars have discovered a way to save money and at the same time own a car fulfilling all reasonable requirements.

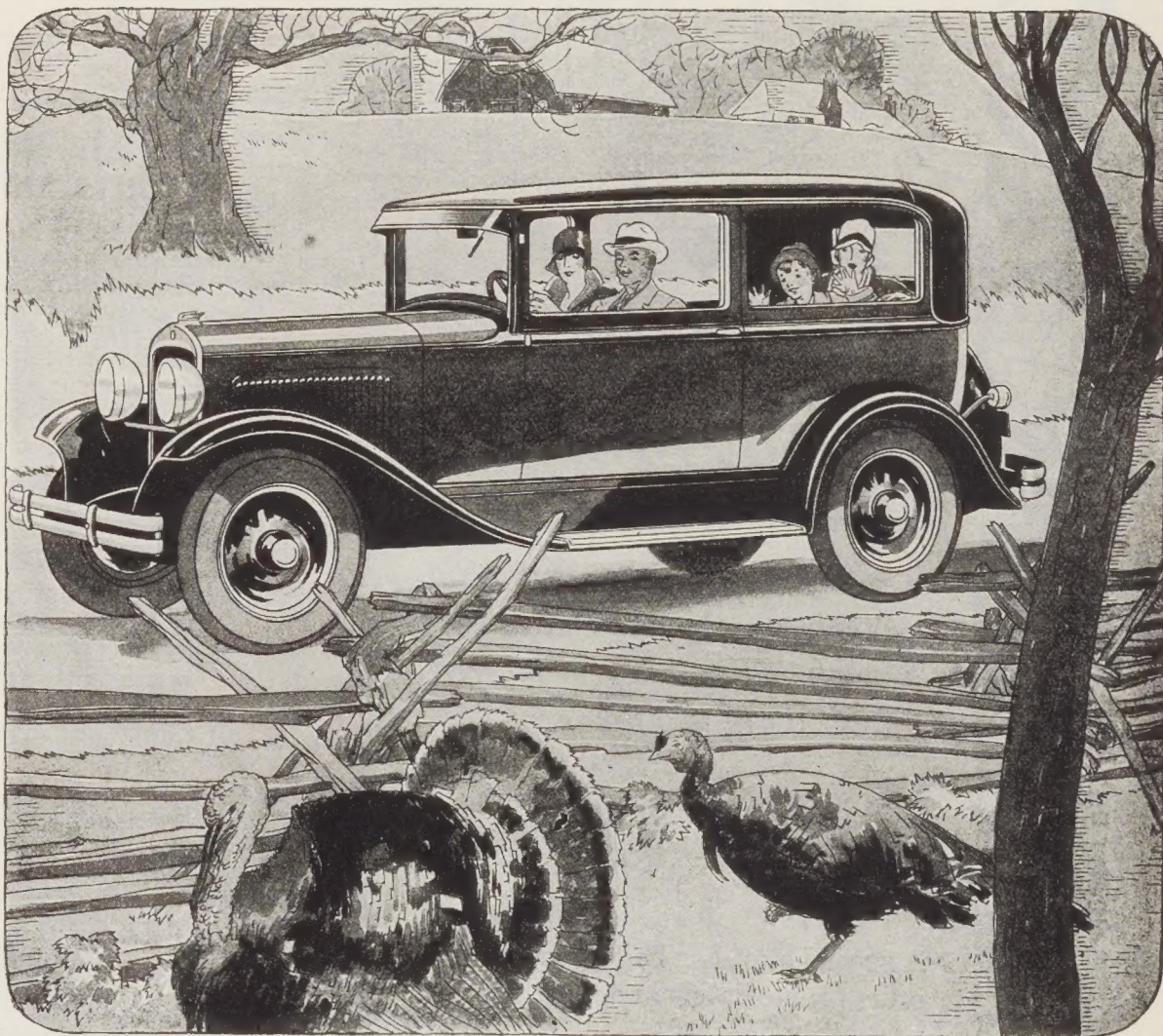
Tens of thousands of motorists who have always bought in the low-priced field are now turning enthusiastically to Plymouth because of its Chrysler-like smartness, its Chrysler-like performance and its Chrysler-like stamina and economy.

Thousands of two-car families likewise now realize that their “second car” need not be a miniature—and so today thousands of Plymouth cars are found in the same private garages as expensive cars.

Plymouth proves that it *is* possible for a low-priced car to be distinguished in style—amply roomy and comfortable—swift and smooth and quiet in flight—and, above all, *safe* at any speed.



Coupe, \$820; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$850; 2-Door Sedan, \$860; Touring, \$870; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), \$870; 4-Door Sedan, \$890. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).



PLYMOUTH 2-DOOR SEDAN, \$860—Special equipment extra—Canadian-Built for Canadians

Plymouth has a stronger body construction than any other car anywhere near its price. And Plymouth is the *only* low-priced car with the safe, quick control of Chrysler weatherproof internal-ex-

panding 4-wheel *hydraulic* brakes—self-equalizing and permanently noiseless. Legions of motorists are daily learning behind the wheel that Plymouth truly is changing car-buying habits.

PLYMOUTH

CANADA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

Still the most Popular Gift



Special Subscription Rates — Christmas, 1929

(Good anywhere in Canada, the British Isles and United States)

One subscription (with Gift Card).....	\$1.00
Three subscriptions (with Gift Cards).....	2.00
Six subscriptions (with Gift Cards).....	4.00
Ten Subscriptions (with Gift Cards).....	5.00

The popularity of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY as a Christmas Gift

is evidenced by the fact that last year
nearly ten thousand relatives and
friends were remembered
in this manner!



A special staff has been engaged to clear all
orders immediately and thereby prevent any
possibility of error.

Christmas Order Form

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Please send the Western Home Monthly to the follow-
ing for one year and also in each instance mail Gift Card,
bearing my name, to arrive on Christmas Morning.

I enclose \$..... in payment for same.

(1) Name.....

Address.....

(2) Name.....

Address.....

(3) Name.....

Address.....

(4) Name.....

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(5) Name.....

Address.....

(6) Name.....

Address.....

From -- Name.....

Address.....

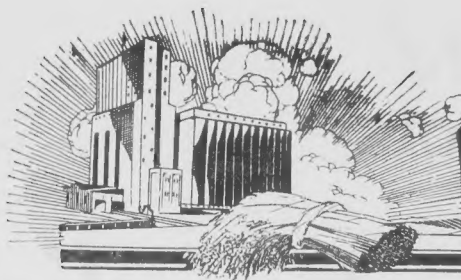
Additional names and addresses may be written
on a separate piece of paper.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO—

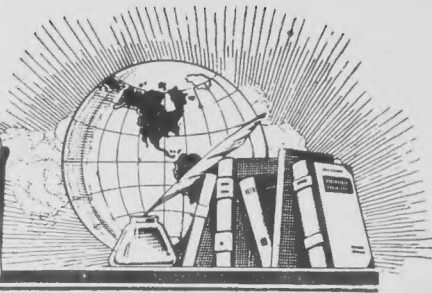
The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG





EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 11

When War Shall Cease

THE WORLD is weary of warring and fighting but it cannot stop. There is no remedy for disease so long as the cause of it remains in the system. What is the cause of war? When did the disease first manifest itself?

There is a story in an Old Book which tells of two young men in the beginning of time, who brought their gifts to the altar. For some reason the gift of one was acceptable and the gift of the other was not. Then cruel jealousy entered into the soul of the elder, and when it had conceived it gave birth to murder. That was the first war to the death, and in its cause and manifestation it pictured all war. When the uncontrolled desire for wealth, favor, position and power is sown in the heart of a man and fructifies, the harvest is cruel hatred, rapine and plunder. A true pessimist would say "As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be, world without End." A true optimist will say "Love conquers all things; love never faileth."

War was not always between boys born of the same parents: As families grew they grouped into clans and tribes and nations. For purposes of progress, defence and aggression, leaders became necessary and were known and honored as kings. Feudalism in one form or another became the accepted form of government, and under it the kings decided for the people.

The cruelty and injustice of the system everybody knows.

Millions of lives were given to satisfy the foolish ambition of unprincipled scoundrels. Kind-hearted but ignorant people incited by tribal, national and religious appeals, as if they were engaged in some heroic adventure, sacrificed homes and happiness, fortune and life. They were but blind dupes of demagogues or party leaders, or of religious maniacs who paraded as God-inspired saints and patriots. Yet once or twice in a nation's life it rose in defence of liberty. Then a Leonidas appeared or a Cincinnatus, an Alfred, a Hampden, a Drake or a Nelson. Yet most wars for centuries could trace their origin to the unreasoning hate or cruel ambition of a few, who by threats and appeals to passion convinced the people that the wars were theirs. Such is the way of the world.

No longer in most lands do titled kings decide war and peace. Democracy is an aftermath of the Great War. Yet armies are supported, armaments manufactured, navies kept afloat, aeroplanes prepared "for grappling in the blue." The world will not disarm. There is, of course, a gesture towards peace, a gentleman's agreement to reduce the number of battling units and to consult one another before actually engaging in war. But there is as yet no disarmament, and there yet remains a fear in the hearts of many that the end is not yet. Along with the movement towards peace there is a counter-movement urging the world to stand prepared, and the gospel of this counter-movement is "The way to prevent war is to be ready to meet it," the most damnable doctrine that ever entered the heart of man to disseminate.

What are the forces or who are the people that secretly urge war, or conditions that bring about war? Anybody can tell. They are the Cains of this present day, driven by jealousy for preferment—for wealth or position or power. First there are the king's of finance. They find their way into the councils of state and their money talks and decides. What are a few million lives compared with a cent or two in rate of exchange? There are the kings of trade and industry, mightily busy and in league with the kings of finance. What a time they have working for high tariffs and for new fields in which to peddle their wares. It is so easy for them, too, to align the working people behind them, for is not a war for increased production a people's war? In the third place there are the kings of defence of the realm—the leaders in the army, the navy and the

forces of the air—the finest and bravest men in the world, but often incapable of losing their dignity or of seeing things from the point of view of the ordinary citizen. Really one has to have sympathy with these men, for naturally they wish to perfect the organization which they are entrusted to direct. The same sympathy will not be manifested towards those who are making fortunes in the manufacture of armaments and munitions of war. It is unthinkable that these should have a voice in political affairs—and yet have they not influenced the decisions of the World's highest court?

The world is weary of war. Under the circumstances, with powers secretly fanning suspicion and planning intrigue, what is to be done? Let those who can trust one another do so, and let them use their influence to cultivate good-will among the nations of the world. This can come not merely by agreements to consider each other politically, but by actual co-operation in matters of trade and commerce. At base the wars of the world are wars for freedom of some kind. Trade barriers do more than anything else to foment strife and ill-will, since they limit freedom to produce and distribute the necessities of life.

To put it very plainly the only hope of world peace is the development of a world feeling instead of merely national feeling. The time was when man's highest group conception was the family. Then came the clan, the tribe, the nation. Now the world is seen to be one great neighborhood. It is so in matters of trade. Why not make it so in the matter of brotherhood?

With this in mind let Canadians use their resources and power not only to enrich themselves but to promote the happiness and welfare of the world. Nor is this idealistic. It is the only way to permanent peace and national greatness.

The New Spirit

IN THE days when one studied history we always pictured ambassadors, plenipotentiaries and statesmen, as people with gold braid on their coats and ramrods up their backs, people who would rather die than lose their official dignity. One of the finest things about Premier MacDonald was his disregard of all this trumpery. He came as a man

to speak with another man—as friend to friend. The two walked the fields together, chatted informally, freely and frankly exchanged opinions. They acted as two good neighbors anxious to help each other and the whole community to which they belonged. This we should say is the most charming characteristic of the new diplomacy.

It is not to be wondered at that decisions were reached, perhaps indeed the most far-reaching in their effects of any that have been made in the memory of this generation. What could be more significant than this?

"There can be no war; nay, more, it is absolutely impossible, if you and we do our duty in making the peace pact effective, that any section of our arms, whether land or sea or air, can ever again come into hostile conflict.

"Think upon that when we face many of our own problems—problems of jealousy, problems of fear, problems that the young and rising and successful generation put into the hearts of the old generation. They all disappear, and in virtue of the fact that they have disappeared we have met together, and we have said, 'What is all this bother about parity?' Parity? Take it, without reserve, heaped up and flowing over. That was the only condition under which competitive armaments could be stopped, and we could create a public psychology which could pursue the fruitful and successful avenues of peaceful co-operation.

"You and I meeting together here today, must remember the tremendous contributions that have been made by other people. We are not out for any exclusive alliance. You would reject it. So should I. It is not for the benefit of either of us.

"In the old days, when two peoples used to talk together, all the other people used to put their hands up to their ears and say 'What are they saying?' They must be conspiring against us."

"That was the spirit of war, and that spirit must be exterminated. In these days, when two nations talk together, it ought to give hope and confidence to the other nations of the world, especially when neither of those nations—neither you nor we—will form any exclusive alliance directed against the existence or the interests of any other nations or group of nations on the face of the earth."

It may be that the conference between the Premier and the President will not accomplish all that we could wish. There are always some who will try to foment strife and clog the wheels of progress. But honesty and frankness and friendliness will in the end triumph. And so thanks go out to the Premier and the President. May the spirit they displayed govern all those who have to act as representatives of their people. May the spirit of pride and suspicion be a thing of the past.

Love Thou Thy Land

EVERY though men are internationally-minded they will love in a special way their own land. Canadians are like others in this respect, but their love is perhaps more intense because they have every justification for their pride and devotion.

Today the Dominion is the most favored land on the Globe; it is the land to which all eyes are turned, for it is free in its government, and its resources are inexhaustible. Moreover, it is the home of mixed races; each capable of contributing something to the upbuilding of a great people.

The government is free. No dictator rules. The voice of the people is the voice of God. Women are politically on the same level as men—except in the few cases where ancient customs still prevail. The central government does not dictate to the provinces but local control is guaranteed in all matters of local concern. The courts are free from political domination, the schools recognize neither race nor class, though in some parts an old custom buttressed by legal enactment recognizes religious difference. It is a country of which we can feel proud, and of which we shall feel prouder still.

Considered by many doctors Europe's greatest stomach specialist

—he brings you
an important message

"MANY infectious illnesses," says Dr. Delort, "enter the body through the digestive tract. Yeast plays the role of digestive disinfectant. It reduces the power of germs. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

"The action of yeast in skin disorders has long been known. Yeast is not a thing of fashion. It has proved itself."

The astonishing purifying power of the fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast, comes from the millions of active yeast plants in every cake.

Daily, as these microscopic yeast plants pass

through your body, they stimulate laggard intestinal muscles and soften the hardened food wastes.

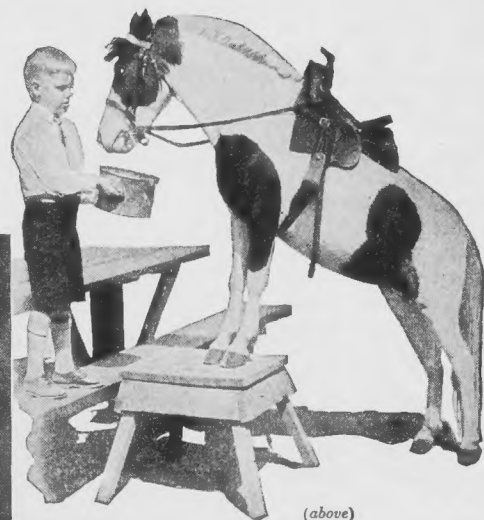
Quick new energy is yours when normal elimination is restored. Headaches and indigestion cease. You no longer easily catch cold. Your "nerves" and "touchiness" disappear.

Don't let constipation poisons cloud your true vigorous self! Start today. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains... Read below how this famous food now brings you greater health benefits than ever before.



Dr. Maurice Delort

Known to physicians of two continents as an authority on the digestive tract, Dr. Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, in Paris, is one of the younger leaders of the medical profession in Europe. His latest book is "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."



(above)

"Baby illness left him delicate"

"Ever since a baby illness Teddy was so terribly constipated it was a constant battle," writes Mrs. Agnes Sims, Toronto. "We felt his lack of strength and appetite due to these poisons. Yeast has done such a world of good for me that I gave it to my boy with confidence. Two cakes a day in warm milk banished his constipation."



"Long hours and strain brought stomach trouble"

"When I started my restaurant I missed the outdoor life I had been used to," writes Charles Stanley of Stanley's Restaurant, 100 W. 32nd Street, New York City. "The trouble started—indigestion. I was run down—tired. My skin was bad. I had to resort to laxatives daily. My

physician gave me the same advice as the noted physicians have recently given—fresh yeast. In three weeks I had returned to regular habits. Appetite picked up and my stomach gave me no more trouble. I felt the same pleasure in life I had enjoyed in my college years."



All Fleischmann's Yeast—in the foil wrapper—now contains vitamins B and D. As effective as ever for baking... Made in Canada by Canadians.

Now... "Sunshine" Vitamin in this Famous Food

Fleischmann's Yeast, already rich in vitamin B, now brings you the hardening health energy of the sun itself. The new Fleischmann's Yeast contains the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin D. This vitamin promotes assimilation of lime and phosphorus—elements essential for firm muscles and sound bones and teeth. Essential for expectant and nursing mothers. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. S-17, Fleischmann Company of Canada, Limited, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.



"I was afraid to eat"

"One medicine after another failed to help me," writes Mrs. R. V. Sloan of Winnipeg. "In addition to the indigestion from which I suffered, my face and back were unsightly from a breaking out of pimples... I read of Fleischmann's Yeast and decided to try it. Now I can eat anything at all. My indigestion is a thing of the past. My health has improved in every way."

When Homer Nods

The Story of a Lucky Venture
in Love and Horseflesh



"That's the darndest queer way to act for a man who's been canned," exclaimed the telephone girl.

HOMER BREEZE had reached the age of twenty-five without acquiring any more of this world's goods than three suits of clothes—a tuxedo and two sack suits—and such shirts, socks, shoes, and ties as were necessary to complete the outfit. But by the grace of Providence, which had equipped him with one of the figures that all young men possess in the clothing advertisements, he always looked as if tailored by Fifth Avenue's master sartorialists.

This happy knack of wearing raiment with an air, together with a pleasant smile, a ready and witty tongue, and a manner ingratiating without sycophancy, had brought him not a few acquaintances in a prosperous and rather horsey set. The start of that acquaintance came in the army when, as captain in a cavalry regiment, he was a member of a mess containing several polo-players and one man who owned a racing-stable.

Once out of the army and back to his job as city salesman for a wholesale millinery house, Homer found riding beyond his means; but he continued to keep in touch with his war-time buddies, who couldn't help liking him, and of course he met a good many of their womenfolk.

There isn't much snobbery among horse-lovers, and hardly any one showed prying curiosity as to Homer's means or antecedents. He was accepted as a decent young chap who knew a lot about horses, though he rode none of his own.

All might have gone exceedingly well—or smoothly, anyhow—if Homer hadn't met Jacqueline, who was pretty in the tweed suits she affected, prettier in her mannish riding-togs and smart knickerbockers—especially astride a horse—and prettiest in the filmiest and clingiest of evening gowns.

"Some filly!" remarked Homer when he first saw her, as she put her big gray over a four-barred gate at Dorlan's.

"I'll say she is!" agreed Jim Gray. "I paid six thousand bucks for that hunter, and I've won every prize at every show since."

"I don't mean the horse," said Homer. "I mean the girl. Who is she?"

"Oh!" Jim Gray laughed. "That's Jack, my sister. She really isn't half bad, as girls go. I'll

By Berton Braley

Illustrated by R. Dorf

introduce you when she comes around here. She's a nice kid—you'll like her.

His prophecy fell short of the fact, for after five minutes' chat Homer was in a state of complete idiocy over Jacqueline Gray; and though she was not quite as much overcome as he, Jack almost instantly discovered in Homer a fellow spirit.

The proximate result was that Homer began spending more money than he could afford on the hire of horses in order to ride with Jacqueline. Furthermore, he found it necessary to add to his three suits a riding outfit, and the price thereof appalled him. In fact, he couldn't have stood the pace at all, but for the fact that he had been introduced at Dorlan's by Jim Gray, and the management seemed anxious to extend him credit—as was the tailor to whom Gray sent him.

IN THE first flush of his infatuation for Jack he forgot the reckoning which loomed more terrible as time went on; but after two weeks or so he began figuring on the obligations he was heaping up, and the total threw him into a depression on which Jack had rallied him more than once.

His absorption in this problem on the night of the horse auction at Dorlan's was so complete that, as he stood beside Gray in the ring near the auctioneer's stand, he was utterly unaware of what his friend was saying. He nodded and said "yes" and smiled as Gray enthused over the various horses put up for sale; and all the while he was saying to himself:

"What shall I do? How am I going to get out of this mess? Where can I borrow the money to pay those debts? What an ass I am!" and other musings equally unsatisfactory.

A big man on a coal-black hunter, sixteen hands high, went around the ring exhibiting the paces of the horse. As he swung around the crowd his leg brushed against Breeze, and for an instant Homer's attention was drawn to the animal.

"He's a beauty," he said to Gray. "I'd like a mount like that!"

"I don't think so much of him," Gray demurred. "He's too big in the barrel."

Homer's eyes took in the black's proportions swiftly as the horse stopped within the ropes in front of the auctioneer's stand.

"No!" he said. "That's just a bit of fat. He isn't trained down enough; but he's a superb horse."

The auctioneer began calling for bids.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "here's one of the best horses we've put up tonight—Muhammed Noir—sixteen hands, four years old, sound and strong. Look him over and make me an offer. You've seen his paces, you can see his condition right here. Here's a potential show horse if there ever was one. Make me a bid to start him. Any bid? Who'll say five hundred? Who'll say five hundred?"

The auctioneer surveyed the crowd, searching for a bidder. At the same moment Homer, gazing up toward the balcony back and above the auctioneer, caught a glimpse of Jacqueline leaning over the rail. The auctioneer, noting the eager look on Homer's face, fixed him with a quelling eye.

"Who'll say five hundred?" he repeated.

At that instant Gray, at Homer's side, asked:

"Do you think they'll get even five hundred for him?"

Homer, hearing him vaguely, but still gazing past the auctioneer at Jacqueline, nodded.

"Thank you, sir!" the auctioneer shouted. "I'm bid five hundred for Muhammed Noir. Who'll say six hundred? Who'll say six? I'm bid five—who'll say six?"

Somewhere on the other side of the crowd another man offered six hundred. The auctioneer continued his exhortations, and as Homer still stared up at the balcony the price of Muhammed Noir gradually rose until there came a pause at nine hundred and fifty dollars.

"Nine hundred and fifty I'm bid—who'll say a thousand?" I want a thousand. Who'll say a thousand?"

Just then Homer caught Jack's eyes across the arena; she smiled brilliantly and waved. Homer, with a joyous grin, nodded.

Then, satisfied for the moment, he turned again

to Gray and began talking rather excitedly about nothing in particular. He wasn't interested in the bidding, and he had forgotten all his troubles, for hadn't he received a smile from Jack?

And it wasn't until the auctioneer's clerk touched him on the arm that he realized he had anything to do with what had been going on in the ring.

"May I have your deposit, sir?" asked the clerk. "Deposit?" repeated Homer stupidly. "What for?"

"It's the custom," said the clerk. "One-fifth down and the rest when you take the horse. Two hundred dollars in this case, since you bought Muhammed Noir for a thousand dollars."

"I bought—" began Homer, and then he remembered his nods. "So I did," he said. "So I did." He tried to act as if he bought so many horses that he had quite forgotten this one. "But, you see, I wasn't aware of that custom, and I don't happen to have more than fifty dollars with me. My ignorance will probably cost me a fine horse. I'm sorry, but you can put him up again."

"Nonsense!" said Jim Gray. "They'll do nothing of the sort. You liked the horse—he's yours. Here"—he opened his purse and took out two hundred-dollar bills—"here's Mr. Breeze's deposit. Tell Mr. Dorlan to keep Muhammed Noir at Mr. Breeze's service until he gets around to pay for him. So that's that," he added, patting Homer on the shoulder. "I never carry any money to speak of myself," he added; "only tonight I'm bidding on Yellow Hornet, and I came heeled. You can fix up the rest with Dorlan whenever you get around to it. Say, isn't that Jack waving to you from the balcony? Don't let me keep you." He grinned. "I'm sticking around for the sale of Yellow Hornet, but if you two don't want to wait I'll see you at the house later."

Homer, thus dismissed, made his way through the crowd and toward the balcony stairs. He moved in a sort of stupor, for he hadn't quite grasped what had happened. Half-way up the steps he paused as the truth came home to him.

"My God!" he said aloud. "I've bought a horse!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man who was descending. "Were you speaking to me?"

"No," said Homer. "I'm sorry—I was just thinking out loud."

He went on, climbing the stairs, and with almost every step he repeated:

"I've bought a horse, I've bought a horse!"

But there was no enthusiasm in his thoughts; and even Jacqueline's warm handshake and welcoming smile couldn't dispel his absorption.

"My gracious, Homer!" "What makes you look so glum?"

"I've bought a horse," he said.

"Yes, I saw you," she agreed; "and I think he's a wonderful bargain. Why should you be glum about that?"

For an instant confession was on Homer's tongue. He would tell Jacqueline how it happened. He would confess that he was throwing a bluff and living beyond his means, and that his depression was due to the whole situation, now aggravated by his new and maniacal purchase. He felt sure she would understand, for she was no snob; and besides, even if she were, it was the only fair thing to do.

Yes, but—suppose she told other people, suppose she proved to be a snob, and not only cast him out but told other people what a four-flusher he was! Well, if she was that kind of a girl, he wouldn't lose much.

Then he looked at Jacqueline again, and he knew that whatever kind of a girl she was he would love her just the same. He didn't dare take the chance of a confession that might lose her for him. He would wait for the grand catastrophe. He was safe tonight anyway.

"I was a little worried about whether I'd been stung or not he said; "but since you think I got a good horse—and I think so myself—it's all right."

"Why, Homer," said Jack, "I know that horse, and he's wonderful. In a year or two he'll be taking prizes away from Yellow Hornet. I begged Jim to buy him, but he didn't think much of him. Just the same, he's wrong and you're right. Jim doesn't always know as much as he thinks he does about horses. And now let's not wait for Jim. There's a little party on up at the house, and I'm just dying to dance with you. Did I ever tell you that you're the noblest dancer in the wide jazz world?"

Homer's mind never recurred to the matter of horses until, having kissed Jack for the first time just before he left, he walked up the steps of his boarding-house and found himself repeating aloud at each step:

"I've bought a horse, I've bought a horse. Good grief, I've bought a horse!"

THE repercussion of heavy trouble is often despair; but the repercussion of calamity is frequently hope. Homer Breeze had viewed his difficulties over horse-hire and proper costuming as depressing and nearly insuperable, but the calamity



After five minutes chat Homer was in a state of complete idiocy over Jacqueline

of having bought a horse for a thousand dollars stirred something in him which hitherto had been dormant. Perhaps it was ambition, perhaps it was egotism or false pride, but he came to the office the next morning, despite his almost sleepless night, with a new vigor in his step.

He hadn't any more idea what he was going to do with Muhammed Noir than after Gray had paid the deposit on the hunter but he had the cheerful feeling that things couldn't be much worse than they were, and after all, wasn't it a magnificent gesture? He'd bought a horse!

Business hadn't been very good in the wholesale millinery trade, and there was a rumor about the house of Jones & Morganstern that a reduction in the sales force was impending. Homer Breeze had not been a howling success as an order-getter, though he had probably earned his moderate salary; and he didn't think that even his status as a returned soldier would save him when the summons came. He was unmarried, too, while most of the other salesmen had given hostages to fortune.

This situation had intensified his anxiety over the earlier extravagance due to his rides with Jack; but now that such debts were mere small change, he found himself facing the contingency of joblessness with no particular tremors. There's something heroic in riding a deluge, while wet feet are merely inconvenient—and cold.

When he was told by a maliciously smiling office boy that Mr. Jones wanted to see him in the office, he marched into the presence of the senior partner with all the aplomb of a seasoned cotillion-leader about to conduct his eightieth ball.

A word about Mr. Jones, né Janetsky. He was born on the lower East Side and started business in Houston Street with one operator—himself. His parents were orthodox Jews from Russia, and spoke Yiddish only. They were miserably poor; but by the time Israel Janetsky was ten years old they had learned a good deal of American, because neither Israel nor any of his six brothers and sisters would learn Yiddish. He was more American, was Israel, than many a son of seven generations descended from the thrifty traders who stole Manhattan from the Indians.

As soon as his shop moved from Houston Street to Fifth Avenue, Israel joined an Episcopal church and changed his name to Jones. It was one of his deepest sorrows that he couldn't get Morganstern to drop his membership in the synagogue and the last syllable from his name; but Morganstern remained Morganstern, and his money and brains could not be spared from the firm.

To be entirely frank, Jones, as you may already have guessed, was somewhat of a climber and a good deal of a snob. His gentile wife had something to do with this fact. She had married Jones partly, though not wholly, for his money, and she was impatient to make that money get them somewhere socially.

With which introduction we return to Homer's entrance.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Jones," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Breeze. I may as well be frank and brief. Business, as you know, has been slow, and prospects are not very bright. We feel that our organization—"

Homer waved a careless hand.

"All leading up to the glad news that I am fired," he opined.

"Well," soothed Mr. Jones, "I wouldn't put it just in that way. Say a temporary leave of absence until matters clear up. We appreciate your services, and your personality is—"

"I know—my smiling face and pleasant manner are personal assets which you must painfully force yourself to do without," interrupted Homer. "You trust we part with no hard feelings. You will keep me in mind, of course, and as soon as business picks up—"

Mr. Jones laughed.

"You're stealing my stuff, Mr. Breeze," he admitted. "I'm glad you take it so cheerfully. Of course, we'll give you two weeks' pay, and—am I right in judging that you have something else in view?"

[Continued on page 54]

David and Jonathan in Stained Glass and in Reality!

By C. B. Robertson

An Article Telling of the Dedication of the Yukon Window in the Canadian Memorial Church in Vancouver, B. C.



The Canadian Memorial Church in Vancouver, B.C.

I DEDICATE this window to the glory of God, and in blessed memory of those who went from the Yukon to the Great War, and who—the voice of the man (who, long ago, was known as the “golden-tongued orator of the Klondike”) faltered for a moment, then he continued: “and who did not come back.”

The Canadian Memorial Church at Vancouver is a vastly interesting and heart-stirring edifice at all times, but, upon that Sunday evening, June 23rd, when the Yukon window was dedicated by that fine old gentleman and old-timer of the North, Sheriff MacDonald, the spirit and the purpose of the Memorial seemed to be vital things to stir the hearts of the congregation.

Those readers of The Western Home Monthly who may remember an article called “Hello, the North!” written by me nearly three years ago, may also remember how greatly the Far North thrilled me, and will understand why I went to Vancouver for that service of dedication. I wished, somehow, to establish contact again with the greatness, and the glory of that undefiled land of mountains, glaciers, and mighty rivers!

The words of dedication and then—

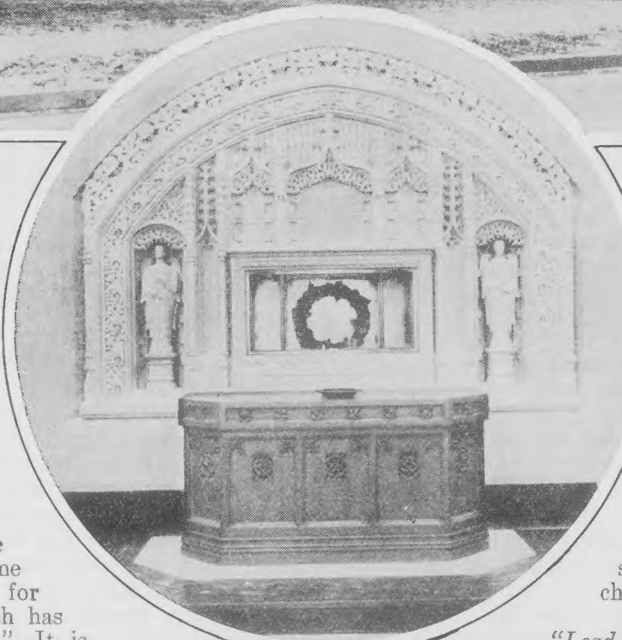
There fell a silence upon the beautiful little church, and the rugged old Sourdoughs of the Yukon—more than one hundred of them there—they and their women and children stood in a silence which could be felt. Were their thoughts far away “down North?” Many of them were men who had come from the creeks in war time with a lure greater than that of the gold drawing them—guiding them. On snowshoes they came, over the Arctic trails and glaciers, and

mountains. The first followed on over the White Pass, and down the Pacific Coast by steamship to Vancouver where they enlisted. Those to follow joined up in Dawson and in White Horse, enlisting in the Yukon Machine Gun Unit, under Captain George Black. Always there were two men who came in together to enlist, for every man in the North has his partner—his “pard.” It is fitting, indeed, that the Yukon window should

tell the story of David and Jonathan.

As the old-timer spoke those final words of the simple dedication—“those who did not come back”—did these men and their women-folk see with the eyes of the spirit, another land than the North? Did they see that bit of France which will be “forever Canada” by virtue of the little wooden crosses which mark the resting place of those who found in a steadfast patriotism, even unto death, their souls’ divinity? Did the spirit in which this Memorial Church was conceived enter into their hearts? I think so.

It was an early evening service, and the sunshine, streaming through the radiant colors of the window, seemed to vibrate in harmony with the music of the



The Memorial Tablet is designed with an outer fringe of poppy and maple leaf, an inner fringe of grape vine—the symbol of sacrifice for thousands of years—and the Angel of Peace and Angel of Justice

organ which softly sang: “Lead Kindly Light.” The sweet voices of the choir chanted:

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;

“Lead Thou me on.

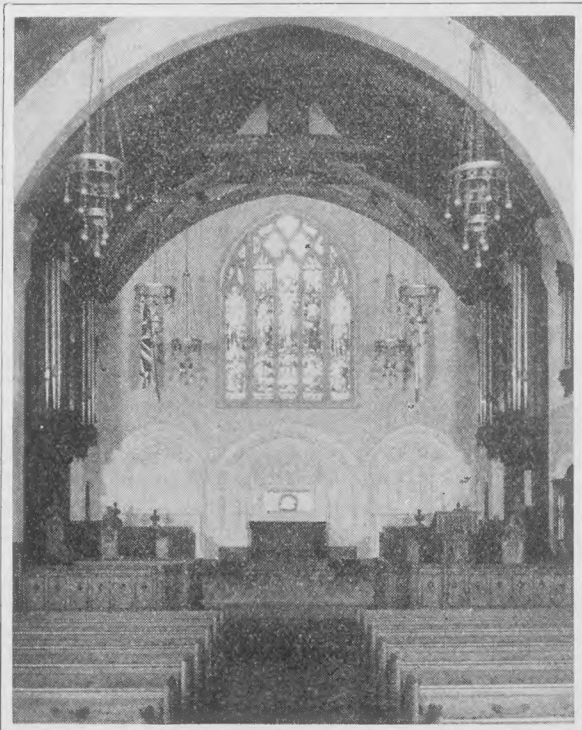
“The night is dark, and I am far from home;

“Lead Thou me on—”

Gently, softly, chimes took up the refrain, and again one’s thoughts wandered from men making their way through the winter-long night of the North, and through summer days when the Yukon is the land of the midnight sun, to offer their hearts and their great virile bodies upon the altar of love of home; one’s thoughts wandered to the trenches far away, across the sea, and down a vista of years. The sun illuminated the figures of David and Jonathan, emblem of brotherhood. “Lead kindly Light,” soft voices sang, and a line of Katherine Hale’s beautiful poem: “The White Comrade,” came back to me: “They pass through radiant gates, on whom He smiles.”

Never have I seen and heard a more simple service, yet it was truly a service of worship, and of remembrance; the singing of hymns, the praying of heart-felt prayers that this church might never seem a memorial or a glorification of war, but a monument to that brotherhood of man which only can bring peace on earth. Then came the reading from the Good Book, of the story of David and Jonathan—and then the sermon.

It seemed hardly a sermon—a brotherly talk, rather, from Rev. Captain George Pringle (like the pastor of this church, a beloved Padre of war days), who, before he went Overseas, lived for many years in the Klondike. He was a young man when he went “down North,” with the courage and high aspirations of youth. Yes, it must have [Continued on page 94]



Above the Memorial Tablet is the Chancel window



Illustrated by
John Clymer

*"The instant he wavered
was the instant Brunswick moved"*

A STRANGE wilderness, this lone Ungava wilderness at Kaniapiskau Lake, that Philip Brunswick drenched with magic music from a costly violin of the old Italian masters. In the very heart of the vast Labrador peninsula he huddled, well over the Height of Land, half a thousand miles from civilization article as clerk to the Arctic Fur Company in the most desolate fur post in the world.

In all literalness he huddled, hunched among the boulders that cobbled the long shore slopes. Southward on his one hand sprawled the dark waters of the octopus-armed lake. Northward on his other hand writhed the channel of the giant river that drained the rounded slope of the continent. Below him lay the Arctic Fur Company's buildings, formless in the dark of the August night but betraying their position by yellow chessboard squares of lamplight. Above him vaulted nothing but the star-seined northland sky in all its infiniteness, a sky saturated with the spirit of loneliness and despair, akin to the spirit that haunted his own heart.

Madly he played, as a madman lost in the wilds or as a man who would go mad if he ceased to rasp out his cankered soul to the vastnesses about him. How he hated it all—the voiceless expanse of crater-craddled waters, the raw, stark post beside, the barbaric, barren land which entombed him, a land that seemed the concrete essence of the barrenness and despair and sullen revolt that bedevilled him day and night.

How he hated it! And how he hated Jean Coady, yonder, the agent of the post, bulking blackly in the squares of lamplight as he moved like a chessboard piece from place to place! There was that between he and Coady that made one of the tales of the northland, and was the cause of his being here. Likewise it was the cause of his canker, his bedevilment, his barrenness of heart, his despair, revolt, his seemingly eternal isolation.

Of all, the isolation was indubitably the most bitter. In twelve weary months he had seen only another white face besides Coady's hated one, and that was the face of Herbert, of the Geological Survey, who had passed through the Kaniapiskau Post and up the Kaniapiskau River the preceding August in an attempt to map the unknown interior lying south and east of the great waterway.

No word had come out from Herbert. No man had gone in to seek him. Whether he had succeeded in his design and then won through to Fort Chimo on Ungava Bay or to Davis Inlet on the Atlantic seaboard, or whether he had left his bones to bleach on the Barren Grounds, Brunswick did not know.

The Hinterland

By Samuel Alexander White

Sometimes he wished he was in Herbert's place, wherever that might be, even if it meant for him a century of sleep upon the graveless Barrens.

His only consolation at any time was his beloved violin, and now he fondled it tenderly, playing masterpieces with an artist's hand, songs fashioned from the Norsemen's sagas, songs that in the southland floated out over the footlights to audiences in evening dress, but which here went winging amid the serried ranks of spruce trees to the silence and the stars. Wildly, weirdly he played, interpreting the ancient land itself, its barrenness, its eeriness, its summer flame, its winter gloom, all its peerless loneliness. With the "Dirge by the Norse Skald's Grave" he awoke echoes of a long-dead day in the crypt-like stillness, brought again the tramp of Viking feet stalking these Labrador shores. And while his deft fingers phrased the strings, his humming lips translated the silver notes into English words:

"Here lie his ashes, cold as crag and fall;
Through wraith-like mists the furtive nighthawks
call;

Voices of Norns cry out from each grim cave
Clear to the singer in his voiceless grave.
Once when the ingle flamed with glowing light
And all the halls with wine and life were bright;
Prophetic-eyed and passion-toned he sang
While round the board acclaim of praises rang.

"Lo! hearers' souls full caught his passion fire,
Winged the far height of all his art's desire,
Saw Runolf's vision with the sage sight
And Njal's dream of blood that festive night.
Though cold the crags and cold and lonely grave
The Norse skald's soul is quick beyond the wave;
Above the worldline where the witchlight falls
His matchless tone rings in Valhalla's Halls."

As he caressed the closing chords his bow slid off sharply, poising in the air, for his senses, involuntarily alert, told him that something had moved in the green scrub that fringed the boulders. Violin in one hand, bow in the other, he listened, noiselessly rising from his crouching posture among the rocks, till he stood on his moccasined feet as straight as a

young spruce. Swift analysis of the sound told him that it was not made by bird or beast. With that strange, almost occult, power of wilderness sense he knew it was the movement of a human being.

No human being should have moved in that scrub. Jean Coady was the only other man at the post. His two Indian post runners were gone south and west to Nichikun Lake. They

were expected back to-night or in the morning, but it could not be one of them who caused the disturbance. They would come from the opposite direction, and they would come by canoe, not lurching among the rocks and bushes as this unknown came.

Just a second Brunswick listened and, the impulse of self-preservation pricking him, whipped his violin and bow into his canoe that lay before him on the beach. His rifle, fishing rod, and a small pack-sack containing provisions and camp cooking utensils, rested in the canoe bottom where they had remained since his fishing upon the lake during the day. It was but a continuation of the deft movement of whipping the violin in out of harm's way that whipped the rifle forth to fend off whatever menace was stealing soft-footed through the dark.

The fringe of spruce boughs swayed with a rustle, as of a high wind blowing through them, and over, the barrel of his half-lifted weapon Brunswick's peering eyes caught the vague outline of the advancing form gleaming ghost-white against the sombre background of the forested shore. Dressed in linen, he mentally concluded. Some white man or—wonderful chance—some white woman. In his utter amazement he stood still before the lurching ghost, holding his rifle ready but forgetting to challenge till the apparition was within twenty feet of him. Then his wariness overcame his amazement, and he called out sharply in the white man's tongue.

"Stand still," he warned. "Who are you?"

The ghost-like advance stopped, but there came no word of answer. Only, in his watchfulness Brunswick saw the mysterious form sway a little from side to side and settle on bent knees as if to spring. But, instead of springing upon him, it pitched face downward on the shore. An instant Brunswick covered it there, fearful of some ruse, then stepped cautiously up to it and with a deft movement flared a match. The momentary flicker of light revealed a man, a white man, stark naked in his ghostly skin, lying limp, beyond all ruse or violence. The match went out, but even in the brief moment of illumination Brunswick had recognized the man.

"Herbert," he breathed into the dark.

In the dark he returned his weapon to the canoe, felt for a grip upon the limp form and stalked with

it into the lighted room of the trading post. Coady was not about as he entered. Brunswick could hear him bumping around in an adjoining building and knew he would be back in a moment. A tin lamp burned smokily on the trading-room counter and, shoving it to one side with the uplifted toe of his moccasin, Brunswick stretched his strange burden along the rough spruce planks. A big man Herbert had been, as Brunswick remembered him, but now the dull red lamp rays showed him to be only a wasted skeleton. Unkempt hair thatched the cadaverous face. The limbs were shrunken pitifully, while the ribs protruded with startling distinctness from the former ponderous chest.

Brunswick laid the tips of his fingers along the protruding ribs but there was no trace of a heart beat, no faintest tremor that might give promise of resuscitation. Strong man as he had been and cunning with his science, the wilderness had claimed him, and he had fought it only long enough and far enough to lay himself at Brunswick's feet.

But where had he been? What had he accomplished? What was his story? Brunswick's breath quickened, and he compressed his lips as he stared. For Herbert's own lips would never tell his story, and upon his body was no map or record that could speak for him. Not even a vestige of garment that might contain some clue to the trail he had traveled. Not even—yes, there was something, too.

Brunswick's keen eyes had caught it in the smoky lamplight, a slender, almost invisible caribou sinew that crossed the right shoulder after the manner of a tightly-drawn string. Evidently once hidden in the creases of the great shoulder muscles, there was now no roll of muscle to cover it. Brunswick ran his finger round where it was looped under the arm, and there in the hairy armpit, totally concealed from view, he felt a little hidden paper wafer fastened to the slender sinew. A pull, a snap, a rustle, and Brunswick's excited eyes were scanning the wet, grimy paper held close to the smoking tin lamp. His blood bounded as he read the written message:

"Herbert is starting for Kaniapiskau Post. I have given him this message verbally, but he insists that I write it also in case disaster should overtake him on the way and someone should find his body afterwards. He himself has found a good deal of what he came for and something that he never sought, namely, the roving Barren Grounds tribe of Nascaupees, whom no other white man except myself has seen for many years. Rumored of for years in the interior, not many have credited their existence, but I by this writing can vouch for the truth of the rumor. I, Reverend Charles Langford, the English missionary, have been with them now for nearly two years. In my mission among the Nascaupees, I stumbled upon them in my journey up the Kaniapiskau at that time, and, although my statement about no other white man having seen them still holds good, I found them under white sway. It is a white woman, a girl, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, Dawn Redpath by name, daughter of a trader who is dead. Her father before her traded with these Nascaupees, and she holds them in the hollow of her hand, circulating among them the coinage her father circulated just as in the old days of the Company. One of these coins, or rather tokens, I enclose, and any northman can understand that the hoard of them in the Nescaupees' camps makes a mighty fortune. Is there a man at the Kaniapiskau Post who thirsts for a sight of this romantic treasure? Is there a man who would journey a few score river miles to look on the most beautiful girl in the north? Then let him meet us at Black Otter Lake at the end of August when the tribe moves westward to the Kaniapiskau for the crossing of the caribou. We are now in

winter camp at Otelnuk Lake. Herbert is leaving with dogs to strike the Kaniapiskau on the snows and go down the river when it opens in the spring. I must be going south shortly myself, but I prefer the summer travel. Also there are others matters that influence me to stay, but I shall go south without fail from Black Otter Lake. If there is a man of the Kaniapiskau Post there to meet me so much the better for me—yes, and for him.

Signed.—Rev. Charles Langford."

BRUNSWICK'S eyes burned with vivid flame, not only at the lure of treasure but at the lure of the signature. Reverend Charles Langford, at last. The missing missionary he had sought all over the wide northland, the minister who had married his father and mother at Rupert House. Over at Otelnuk Lake, to the eastward of the main channel of the Kaniapiskau River, and soon to be at Black Otter Lake, in the flow of the river itself, was the record he had searched for so long, the marriage record which was necessary to prove his right to rich seignorial lands that had belonged to the Brunswick line since the earliest days. Brunswick's father had been a northland rover, and he had taken the trouble neither to look after his Chicoutimi lands nor to grace them with a lady of the south. Instead, he had married at Rupert House the daughter of Rene Claire, a white trader and never come back to Chicoutimi again.

By this act he had made much trouble for the son who was born of the marriage. Rumors in the southland said that it was but a marriage of the wilds and had never been performed by a minister proper, so that when Brunswick came out of his stripling years and attained his majority he found it necessary to prove the matter of legitimacy. Jean Coady first cousin on his father's side, had taken over the Chicoutimi holdings as next of proven kin, and the courts refused restoration of them to Brunswick because of lack of birth records.

So for six long years Brunswick had roamed, his soul full of despair, unrest and sullen revolt at his inability to prove this very thing. He had roved the whole Labrador peninsula in his search for the Reverend Charles Langford, and he had signed on finally as clerk at the post of his enemy Coady to keep a close watch on him. Why Coady had farmed the Chicoutimi lands out to the Arctic Fur Company and taken an agency with that same company farther north at Kaniapiskau Lake, Brunswick could never determine. There was a reason, but Coady, inscrutable as the wilderness he lived in, had never let him fathom it. Ironical it was that Brunswick should be clerk under Coady, and in his brutish way the latter enjoyed the grim humor of the situation. Nevertheless there had persisted in Brunswick's brain the idea that Coady knew something of Charles Langford's whereabouts, and this idea made him keep up the travesty of service under the man he hated. [Cont'd. on page 52]



Like a priestess of the land she seemed, a wild wonderful spirit that for the instant invested itself with glowing flesh to dazzle and astound.

Canadian Inter-City Air Traffic Grows

By James Montagnes



Airway beacons are to be established on the Winnipeg-Calgary air route this year. This one is typical of the type to be used, and is one of the several hundred which span the American trans-continental airways at intervals of 25 miles.

THE Canadian Government, immediately after the close of the war, decided that the best use of the airplane for the Dominion would be in those districts where neither train, motor-car nor steamer could reach. The result of this policy has been that to-day instead of an inter-city network and a trans-continental air line as in use in the United States, Canada's Northland linked together by numerous networks of air routes which reach into the most remote mining camps and fur-trading centres even up to the Arctic Circle. Inter-city aerial transportation is now in stages of formation.

The first step in this direction was the establishment of the air-mail in October of last year. While air-mail had been flown for several years to settlements in the southern part of Canada which were inaccessible by boat or train in winter due to heavy ice blockades, it was not until last October that real inter-city service was started. Now the routes are growing more numerous and on my last visit to Ottawa where all aviation problems are handled by the Civil Aviation Branch of the Department of National Defence, I was surprised to learn of the plans for the rapid expansion of inter-city passenger service.

Cities in Canada are located in the southern portion of the Dominion. With the exception of Southern Ontario and the western part of Quebec, those cities are more distant from each other than are the cities of the United States. The most extreme case is the big gap from Toronto to Winnipeg, between which cities are Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William, cities which cannot be called large. True there are other small towns and small cities between these points but once the pilot leaves the Soo behind him to fly the all-Canadian route to Winnipeg he passes over an almost uninhabited region to Fort William and Port Arthur and from there the remaining 500 miles are covered by bush land, virgin forest and numberless small lakes through the midst of which

the only signs of civilization are the tracks of the two Canadian railway systems, the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific, with here and there a log cabin to denote some section-hand's home in this wilderness.

Farther west while forests are not numerous the same gaps will be found between the prairie cities. There are more rail lines in the prairies. Still distances between cities remain great. Then as we come to the Rocky Mountains the natural barriers to aviation which the United States has conquered are made more difficult by the fact that settlements are fewer in this region in Canada than in the Californian district where most of the American air lines cross the mountains.

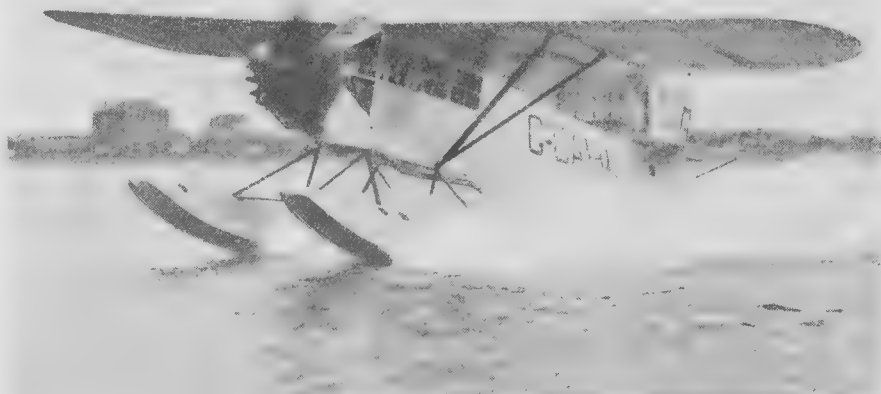
These then are some of the difficulties in the way of inter-city serial transportation in Canada.

BUT here are the present routes and plans for expansion. The mail line between Montreal and Toronto having carried a number of passengers since its inception is to be supplied with a fleet of tri-motored Fokker planes of the latest type this year for twice daily service each way at a cost which will be based on the 10 cent a mile ratio. This information from Major-General J. H. McBrien, President of International Airways and its subsidiary

Buffalo. International Airways will run a service once a day each way with Fokker Super-Universals and Fairchild's 71's. The run of less than an hour and more than three hours by train will be augmented to several flights a day each way. There being a fine natural harbour on Toronto's downtown waterfront, Canadian Colonial Airways, subsidiary of Colonial Airways, uses Sikorsky Amphibians to land air travellers within five minutes of Toronto's shopping, theatre, and financial district. The route is shorter than on International Airways trail which must necessarily follow the shore line of Lake Ontario to Buffalo. Again out of Toronto, there are runs to Windsor, across from Detroit. These by International Airways and National Air Transport Limited. Fokkers, Fairchild's 71's and Buhl planes are used on this route.

From Montreal radiate a number of services, chief among which are the air mail to Toronto, to Ottawa, to Albany, to incoming and outgoing European Liners and to Northern Quebec. The boat mail started last summer is a service free of charge for all first class mail outward bound for Europe or incoming from Europe. Planes of the Canadian Trans-continental Airways Ltd., with headquarters at Quebec, meet liners at Rimouski near Father-Point, the first stop by Atlantic liners on their way up or down the St. Lawrence River. Rimouski is three hundred miles from Montreal and the saving in time and the delivery of mail taken off the boats or to the boats can be readily seen. The boat mail which is collected at Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, from which points it is flown to Rimouski averages about 800 pounds per trip. It makes a bulk of the Canadian air mail which during 1928 totalled 316,631 pounds. During this last winter when boats did not stop at Montreal or Quebec but at St. John's and Halifax the boat mail was carried on several occasions to these winter ports from Montreal.

There are in the Province of Quebec numerous points at some distance from the chief cities. To these places the airplane is bringing mail, freight express and passengers. In Northern Quebec in the



A Canadian plane leaving Roberval for Lake Chibougamou, Northern Quebec, with prospectors aboard.

Below: A twenty-passenger air transport. Ships like this will fly regularly over Canadian airways in a few years.



Companies, Canadian Airways, Fairchild Aviation Limited and Maritime Airways.

From Toronto the nearest American centre is

gold mine districts around Lake Chibougamou, there is a service connecting with Roberval on Lake St. John, the nearest rail point from Quebec City.

Fairchild Aviation Limited operate planes into this district as often as the weather permits. Four planes are operated by this Company on this route each ship making approximately ten flights per week in summer and half that number in winter. The country is all lake, mountain and virgin forest which would require the better part of a week to cover by canoe or foot. The air service does it in a little better than an hour and charges 35 cents per pound whether that applies to passengers, freight or express. Canadian Transcontinental Airways operating the same service charge \$100.00 for a return trip within 30 days or \$75.00 each way. Since a great number of prospectors go up that way all year this route is quite profitable. There are other trips to be made into northern Quebec, but this route is the only scheduled one and any other trips can be had by paying approximately \$100.00 per flying hour.

To come back to the air mail routes in the province. In winter time St. Lawrence river is frozen over. It is hard for any means of transportation to reach the settlements along the shore, especially those on the northern shore where no railroads operate. A mountainous district with few settlements, numerous Indian villages and lumber camps, it is even difficult country for winter flying. Broken ice and the rough contour of the territory often necessitate the pilot dropping his mail while flying overhead. But on other occasions he can land on his way from Quebec City at the post at Seven Islands before going on to Anticosti Island in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. This is a semi-weekly service in winter.

SOME experiments were made of necessity this last winter in operating airways in the Maritime provinces from Montreal. The route is over mountainous regions. It is bad territory for blizzards and snow storms. Nevertheless the experience gained by the few operators last winter make it fairly certain the winter of 1929-30 will find a daily service from Montreal to St. John and Halifax.

In the Maritime provinces themselves operations have been carried on with a fair amount of success. There has been a mail service from Moncton, New Brunswick, to the Magdalene Islands, 150 miles distant in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. Due to severe weather the ferry service between the province of New Brunswick and the province of Prince Edward Island was disrupted last winter. Airplanes came to the rescue carrying air mail, freight and passengers. These services were both operated by Fairchild Aviation Company which is now connected with Maritime Airways.

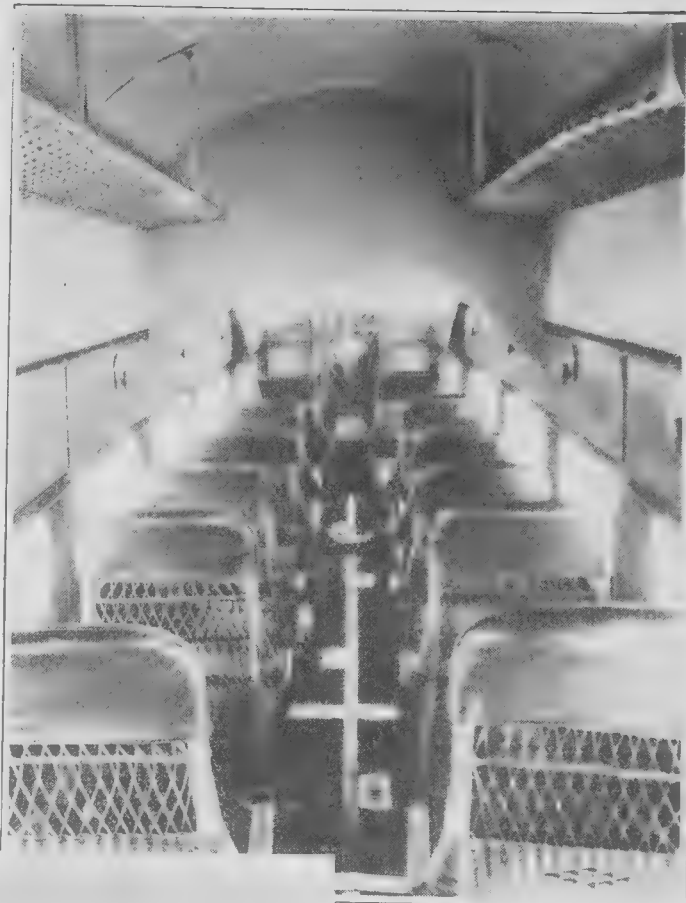
This gives a good picture of what is going on and what will take place in Eastern Canada. Now to turn to the West.

Practically all aviation has been confined to

the north and this includes all that vast territory from where the clock changes to central standard time to the Pacific Coast and north to the Arctic Circle. There are a number of operators in Western Canada, the largest is Western Canada Airways. This concern has done practically all the flying in the Canadian north.

Headed by a young man who seems to have his hand in everything in the west and who goes under the name of James Richardson, this company has its air lines stretching in every direction from Winnipeg. Its chief airways are into the Red Lake Mining Area; the recently opened areas along the Hudson Bay Railway; the new districts in northern Saskatchewan from Edmonton up to the Arctic Ocean; from Winnipeg to Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon; in British Columbia from Vancouver up to Prince Rupert; and a number of special lines in the Northwest Territory bordering along the Hudson Bay. A company which encompasses such a vast amount of territory, about half of Canada, is undoubtedly a great power in developing the country which has no fast means of transportation.

Last year Western Canada Airways carried more freight and express than all Canadian operators combined in 1927.



Interior of a twelve passenger ship used at Niagara Falls and in the Canadian West.



A tri-motored all-metal passenger ship, such as are used on several airways in Canada, flying over Chicago.

On its northern routes it carries all sorts of freight pertaining to the mining industry whether that be food supplies for the men or dynamite for blasting. Numerous have been the trips made by the planes of this outfit into country unexplored and unmapped. Its pilots have shown the way in for a vast horde of gold seekers who would otherwise not have attempted or thought it possible to make a paying proposition out of the mineral wealth of the North.

But its inter-city programme, now that it has the Northland criss-crossed with air lines is of interest. This Company does not do things in a small way. It started operating this summer regular daily air mail service between the Prairie Cities of Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton on one route, and between Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton on another

route. Along the first of these two routes will also be laid the first aerial radio beacons in the Dominion some time this year. From Calgary the route will be extended for passenger service only to Vancouver. The Government has not the money at present to put the air mail on this line.

Looking a little ahead of time the airways of Western Canada will bring the most remote point of the great Northland as well as the Prairie Provinces within a few hours of the largest cities in the Dominion. In those regions where formerly the mail reached only once or twice a year weekly mail service will become common. The first of the routes to be put into operation as early as next winter will be that from Edmonton via the various forts of romantic name along the Mackenzie river to Aklavik and Herschell Island in the Arctic Ocean. Private companies will fly their own mail to their men stationed in the Northwest Territories and along the Hudson Bay. Inter-city traffic within the next few years will see a trans-continental trail across Canada from Halifax to Vancouver. Winnipeg will become the big air centre just as Chicago is the stopping-off place of the transcontinental air-lines of the United States. With stops at Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William one will be able to fly from Toronto and Winnipeg. There is already a ferrying route from Montreal to Winnipeg of 1,380 miles and while this is over desolate country [Continued on page 98]



A passenger plane which plies between Toronto and Detroit. Fokkers, Fairchild 71's and Buhl planes are used on this route.

Thrillers in a Blue-Book

By Frank Yeigh

THRILLERS in a government blue-book? Impossible, incredible, clean ridiculous, totally absurd!

Wait a moment—wait a moment! Supposing I were to claim to have discovered, in such a prosaic piece of book-making, genuine crime plots that would make the royalty fortune for a writer clever enough to dress them up for a non-critical public; daring bootleg episodes; relentless hunting of criminals all over and around the world; extraordinary tales of hardship, bravery and life-saving resources; even weird recountals of witchcraft—(come, now, did you know that old-fashioned spooky, hokey-pokey witchcraft is still tried out right here in Canada?)—what would you say to all this?

To continue this brief prologue, strange specimens of fakirs, extraordinary sidelights on our Eskimo neighbors of the Far North; hair-raising travel experiences, running criminals to earth in the big cities, in the remote country, in mountain vastnesses—if, one repeats, you were told that all these thrillers, and many more, are actually to be read between the homely blue-paper covers of a badly-printed Ottawa Government report, would you be so unwise as, with an imperious wave of the hand, to declare it all bunk, tosh and pipe-dreams?

There is such a specimen of national printing. It contains, in addition, revelations of the underworld, of congenital law-breakers, of firebugs and counterfeiters, of dope-dealers and addicts, of reckless bootleggers, of poachers and poisoners and real old-fashioned flesh-and-blood murderers. What more would you ask or expect from a dull-looking blue-book? They

by a "blowing-away" process, on the distinct understanding, however, that he was to be paid. The sick woman's husband gave evidence at a police trial. "Billy Williams put on his dress of bear skin; on his head he had a crown of bear claws, and also carried a wooden rattle. He danced around my wife and sang in the Indian language... Billy came back three days after and put his outfit on. He put a small piece of netting on her knee and, as he blew smoke and tried to straighten it out, while he sang and danced for two hours, he took the bad spirit out of her knee and then took a good spirit out of his own body and put it on my wife's head and she got better."

Although Dr. Billy was invited to spend forty days in jail under the white man's law, as a punishment for his illegal practice, the woman's partner says: "She did get better! But I believe," he added, "that he hastened my father's death earlier and that I and my family are still in danger from the powers of the accused."

This paper-covered pamphlet tells of remarkable



The Guardians of the North

deported. He made his way to British East Africa where the Kenya authorities made cable inquiries to Canada and received an answer in two days that enabled them to act. Talk about the long arm of the law! Or take this case: A foreigner had committed a murder in Germany and then came to Canada. The German Government asked the Canadian Government to locate and extradite the man. A widespread search based on incomplete information, led from Fort William on a harvesters' train and finally to Alberta, where he was arrested, which led to his deportation. Or again, there was the Northcott case in Southern California in which a man named Northcott who, it is alleged, was responsible for the disappearance of a lad, was traced to Vancouver, Banff, Calgary and Saskatoon, being finally arrested in Okanagan Landing, and the

woman in Calgary, after an extended search by several police forces, but the chief credit is due to the Mounted Police. Unfortunately many tragedies are recorded in the annals of the mounted men. One of them tells of the danger latent in the huskies, or police dogs, where they get out of hand. A brief paragraph tells of the death of a four-year-old child killed at Resolution by sled dogs running loose. All police dogs are now tied up or coralled when not working. It is to be remembered that they are half wild animals not always to be trusted loose.

Near-tragedies are often contained in a report, where the "Mounties" take their lives in their hands. This was the case with two Constables: F. W. Davis, of Wolseley detachment, and E. G. Graham of Milestone detachment, in Saskatchewan. On June 10, 1928, two prisoners escaped from Regina jail, stealing a car and a loaded revolver. The force was warned of the escape and that the men were bad actors. Constable Davis tells the story without frills that might well afford material for a stirring yarn, based on facts: "About two miles east of Montmartre I observed a movement in the bush on the north side of the road.

I discovered the two prisoners lying on the ground. I placed them under arrest and took a fully loaded revolver from one of them." Here was this undaunted policeman alone, in broad daylight, without any cover, facing two desperadoes, one of them fully armed, who could see Davis as he approached. Even the report adds: "One does not have to do much reading between the lines to realize the chances Davis took in making these arrests. Another Constable, Graham, arrested

a prisoner and took him into court for trial. On the way Graham fell and dislocated his shoulder. Although suffering terrible pain, he made his way into court, prosecuted the case, took the accused away, locked him up and then, and not until then, sent for a doctor, who found the shoulder badly dislocated. After it had been set, the Constable, with his arm in a sling, never put himself off duty or reported himself sick, but



Two Eskimos (marked with an X) who were eventually captured by the Mounted Police and brought to Edmonton for trial for the murder of two priests

are true tales of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. This uniformed representative of law and order is a veritable pooh-bah of authority, to a far greater degree than ever in the past. While primarily a policeman, he is in addition, as occasion requires, cook, jailer, doctor, nurse, first-aid helper, customs officer, revenue collector, magnetic observer, a student of racial types and manners, builder of igloos, huts and kyacks, a pursuer of dope dealers and bootleggers, a breeder of police-dogs, a mail-carrier, an expert on explosives and the law regarding them, a sleuth on smuggling, a radio licence grantor and collector, a motor cyclist, a searcher for missing people, an escort for travellers, a hunter of counterfeiters and mail robbers, a livestock expert, and even a grave-digger and undertaker! These are a sample of his multifarious duties, but even so, the list is by no means complete.

Let a start be made with witchcraft? Surely not, but as surely, yes.

"Swanask?" Ever hear the queer word? Here's the story in briefest outline: Up in Northern British Columbia, only a few years ago, there lived an ignoble Red Man—a Kisprox Indian, who treated himself to the English name of Billy Williams and who attempted, as a magic medicine man, to cure the bad knee of an Indian woman by his "Swanask" treatment, that is,



Pic-nicking up north. The two marked by X portray Corp. Doak who was murdered by the Eskimos and the ill-fated Mrs. Clay who was attacked and fatally injured by sled dogs

cases of co-operation with other police forces in different parts of the world, especially with Scotland Yard. On one occasion the great English law centre sought an offender who had fled to Canada, and within less than a week after receiving the necessary information, the man was apprehended and sent back to London for trial. In 1928 a young man from Northern Europe was convicted in Winnipeg and

continued with his work. The superintendent only found out about it when the doctor's bill came in. Talk about pluck! This is a striking illustration, but only one of the many recorded in the annals, leaving unreported no doubt far more.

Murder casts its sinister shadow over the world, and even this peaceful country. Again the blue-book contains many bare fact recitals of murder crimes that equal anything in fiction. Even Sherlock Holmes would have tackled some of the problems with avidity, but it is only fair to say that many a Mountie has shown himself a detective of high rank, with sleuth-hunting powers worthy of Scotland Yard. Take this M.P. case: On the night of May 24-25, 1928—quite recent, it will be seen—a farmer, Wililam Robson, living east of Prince Albert, had his house burned and he and his housekeeper perished in the flames, the bodies being almost consumed by the heat. At first the cause was thought to have been accidental, but a Constable observed that the situation in which the remains were found was inconsistent with this theory. It was found that a man, Ernest Olsen, had formerly worked for Robson. The latter's wife had left him for a while and kept house for Olsen, but soon took employment elsewhere. Olsen found work a few miles from Robson's place. It was then ascertained that Olsen had been absent from his employer's home on the night in question and could not give a satisfactory account of his absence. Gradually his nerves gave way under cross-questioning, and so behaved as to arouse more definite suspicions. He then went to Mrs. Robson, who had broken off relations with the man, and confessed to her that he had killed Robson and his housekeeper with an axe, sprinkled coal oil over the bodies and rooms and then set fire to the house. He came to trial and was sentenced to death. What a high credit mark belongs to Constable Hennings for his clever detective work!

Another case where speedy justice overtook the culprit was that of George Edey, a bachelor farmer who lived near Melville, Sask., who was brutally murdered by a man named Mike Hack, a farmer living some miles away. The body of the murdered man was found hidden in a



Eskimo "flapper" of 102 years of age, entertaining

gether as man and wife until they are from twelve to fifteen years old. Where no arrangements have been made by parents, when a girl reaches a marriageable age a price is set on her by her father. Anyone desiring to marry her must meet this price, which is, as a rule, so much ammunition, rifles or food. The wishes of the young people themselves are not taken into consideration. The practice of exchange of wives is now practically non-existent. A queer "pulling-match" is sometimes adopted to settle a dispute where a woman has two or more suitors, when the contestants have a pulling contest much like a tug-of-war among us. The damsel who is the prize automatically becomes the wife of the successful contestant and the police recorder sententiously adds: "there is no more bother."

There is increasing evidence that the world does move up in the farthest Northland. If one were to drop in on Pokiak, an Eskimo at Akalavik, in the Arctic Circle, he would find his house lighted with electricity—the first Eskimo probably to show this enterprise. Pokiak's dusky neighbors derive endless pleasure and amusement in working the switches and watching the miracle of the appearance and non-appearance of the penetrating light. Other natives, studying the electric lighting in a Mounted Police station on the Upper Mackenzie, described the phenomenon as "you just push a button and the moon comes in the room." He and his dusky neighbors may also be listening in to the police radio with messages from the vast outer world.

What a wealth of meaning is contained in the two words: "Police Patrol?" especially when they relate to the vast hinterlands of practically every province and the even vaster and more unexplored Arctic and sub-Arctic regions. Their length is estimated in hundreds of miles on a single trip, and many of them are swallowed up in the equally abbreviated expression of "mere matters of routine." It would seem to an inland and city dweller, relying solely on modern transportation and locomotion, that a dog-team trip over half or a thousand miles of unpeopled territory, anywhere between Fort McMurray and the Arctic Circle, or between the Alaskan boundary and the shores of Hudson's Bay, would mean more than "mere routine." But officialdom has its own vocabulary, which must be accepted.

There is significance in the sentence in the reported fact that the patrols of South Saskatchewan covered 400,000 miles in 1928 alone. But the real thrill comes when the control of the North is dealt with. A round hundred from the force in that far-away corner of Canada covering the Eastern Arctic sub-district away up to Bache Peninsula and Ellesmere Island (where

the Boethic serves six detachments in a yearly cruise), the detachments in the Hudson Bay area and others in the Western Arctic, Mackenzie and Great Slave districts. It looks as if these peripatetic policemen were making the top section of the continent as well known—at least to them—as the three Prairie Provinces to their two million inhabitants. Their work is aided by a little steamer which covers a series of posts fifteen hundred miles long (as far as from Montreal to Winnipeg) on the Western Arctic Coast of Herschel and Baillie Islands. In the winter of course, the dog-team is the only method of transportation or travel. It was quite a trip for the "St. Roch" from Vancouver to Herschel Island, but that was only incidental. A few years ago even that voyage would have provided material for at least a book of adventure or a fine illustrated magazine article. (Con'd. on page 102)



Above—Fort Smith—the farthest north administrative buildings.



Centre—Plowing with Dogs in the far north.

manure heap, and horses, wagon and other property of the deceased soon discovered on Hack's farm. He was speedily brought to trial and sentenced to death. Another case of the long and quick arm of the law.

A horrible crime startled South-western Saskatchewan on June 23, 1928, when an intoxicated farm laborer, who had stolen some liquor and while brutally drunk, outraged and killed a ten-year-old girl on her way home from school. As a result of radio and telephone, the suspected criminal was detained by some citizens, and nine hours after the murder was committed, the man was arrested, conviction followed, with sentence of death. It is apparently becoming more difficult for a law-breaker to escape, especially where the Mounted Men are on the trail.

WE ARE gradually becoming better acquainted with our fellow-Canadians, the few thousand Eskimos of the Arctic rim. They, too, figure in this Blue-book Thriller, and in many interesting ways. Take, for example, their marriage customs. In a Northern Alberta district most of the marriages are arranged by the parents when the prospective bride and groom are mere babies, though they do not actually live to-



The farthest North Ice Cream Parlor in the world opened by two enterprising young ladies at Fort Smith, N.W.T.

The Enemy Francois Forgot

A Tale of the Red River Plains

By Edith Foreman

Illustrated by N. Brett



"Red Cloud knows a beast by its track and a woman by her tongue" the chief retorted quietly

THE matted golden-brown prairie grass showed new green shoots, meadow larks poured out melody in pure ecstasy, gophers frisked about their burrow entrances and great luminous clouds moved in solitariness and stateliness across the blue sky. Juliette Laflamme, following the river bank trail from the Metis settlement to the Cree camp walked lightly and sprightly.

The pretty Juliette Laflamme was sped on her way, not by the exhilarating joys of spring, but by her haste to regale the Cree squaws with some spicy, juicy morsels of gossip concerning the proud M'sieu Langlois and his still prouder children, the gay Francois, and the haughty Antoinette. Gossip of M'sieu Langlois, the Hudson Bay Company factor, and these fastidious children would be eagerly received and would spread among the tribes of the Red River Plains and the Metis settlements like the ever-enlarging circles from a stone dropped in a lake.

"How could she contain herself?" Juliette reflected, "until she see how M'sieu Langlois comport himself when he is told his daughter, Antoinette, was enamoured of the Metis, Amedee; the tall handsome, languid Amedee, who lay out all night to make songs of the stars and slept in the sun all day while the coyotes stole his chickens and the pigs ate his scanty crops. How loudly the M'sieu Langlois would swear and how quickly he would try to settle with the romantic Amedee for walking hand in hand with Antoinette on the prairie and keeping trysts with her beyond the cotton grove.

"How she hated Antoinette, so dreamy-eyed she looked at her as if she were transparent; so proud that she had not considered the school at Red River good enough but had gone to a stylish one in far-off Quebec. The stingy M'sieu had paid out good money for his daughter for he expected her to marry well and would give a good dot. Mon Dieu, what a fall for a proud man to have a beautiful

daughter come home without a husband and with only fine clothes and fine airs and then fall in love with a Metis, and a lazy one."

"And the son, the gay Francois, who had been an officer in the Queen's army at Quebec and who, so the proud M'sieu Langlois boasted, was destined for a high post with the Company. This, child, also, had a high heart, for he would not wear the common blue copote, the red belt and the corduroy trousers which all the settlers wore, though he could have worn his red belt over his blue copote and then he would never be taken for a despised Metis. But for all that, he had not chosen a daughter of the wealthy white people of Quebec but was deeply in love with Marie Lavigne whose grandfather had brought his bride from the tents of the Jumping Indians. Didn't the Metis women and the squaws, who saw everything, see him call at the Lavigne farm and drink water from the well often if only Marie would wait on him. The water tasted sweeter and cooler than any well in the village when Marie handed it to him. Mon Dieu, for a man who dwelt beside the Red River, he had a great thirst!"

"The gay Francois had better beware of Red Cloud, the chief of the Crees. He, too, though spurned by the little Marie, was in love with her. The prairie grass was long and thick and the ways of Red Cloud with a gun was known only to himself. The squaws would twit Red Cloud, if they dared, but she would dare. Was she not the wife of Pierre Laflamme, the best hunter and marksman on the plains?"

A faint flush of excitement and anticipation was on her olive cheeks, as she laid her plans. "She would make the eager black eyes of the squaws sparkle with pleasure; she would call forth the derisive laughs of the young girls. They, too, would hate and despise the Langlois family as she hated and despised them. Did not the Langlois look down with contempt on those who had Indian blood in their veins. It would be against the grain for them to love the Metis and it was the Good Lord's doings that made Marie fairer than the prairie rose and gave Amedee the silver tongue and eyes like deep pools at sunset. The Good Lord's doings and the Good Lord's punishment. She was merely helping the Good Lord's punishment along. Who wanted the white people on the Plains? Did they not drive back the buffalo and all game? Were they not land grabbers and intruders? Did not her Pierre and the Metis and Indians talk of the day when the whites would be driven back and the Metis and the Indians possess the plains?"

The warm sun beat down on her; she threw off her hideous Hudson Bay Company blanket which hid her youthful and graceful slenderness, her dark skirt and her scarlet waist. The flaming color of the latter set off her silky, gleaming black hair.



For hours the dark moving mass, with foaming nostrils, glaring eyes and rearing tails, galloped beneath them.

"Ah, that for the stupid Langlois who refused my Pierre a trapper's outfit last year," she snapped slender, strong, but not overly clean fingers. "How I would rejoice if the dainty love-sick Antoinette would run off with Amedee to the settlements of the Metis. I will plan and stir him to hasten that day. There she will be a drawer of water, a chopper of wood and a planter of corn. That will hurt M'sieu Langlois more than coals of fire on his chest. It will come to his ears like the fall of a mighty tree in the stillness of the forest."

JULIETTE returned home from her visit to the Cree camp when the pangs of hunger began to assail her and hunted in the settlement for her two dirty swarthy children whom the good-hearted neighbors had fed during the day. She was as satisfied with her day's work as if she had been on an errand of mercy and charity or had been profitably employed. The squaws had welcomed her kindly, had been truly appreciative of her wit and her news, and had greeted her sallies with roars of laughter. Well she knew that the gossip would spread quickly from one Indian camp to another, until even the trappers in the Hinterlands would feel dislike and harbor revenge for the Langlois family. "How ridiculous she had made them! How much racial animosity she had aroused. M'sieu Langlois was a factor of a Company whose arm was strong and whose reach was long. But she would light a candle to the Blessed Virgin this night that he be removed from his position and all the White intruders be driven out and the land left to the Metis and the Indians."

"And what shall be the punishment of Marie Lavigne who aped the white people and their ways; Marie, whose grandfather had brought his shy little dusky bride from the tents of the Jumping Indians? She had been kind to the Metis, had brought blankets and food and medicine to the sick, had knitted mitts and leggings for the children and

bright scarfs for the women. But she followed in the white man's path; she was as particular as the housekeeper of M'sieu Langlois who had a devil and had shut the door in Juliettes face. Strange customs, also, she had for a Metis; she grew flowers about her very doors when the Good Lord had made every square yard of prairie rich with blooms; she kept her pullets fat and safe from the coyotes; she cooked the strange food of the white people and was eager to dress like the white folks of Quebec; she had never been known to wear her blanket and she read stupid books by candle light."

But she would not read any more stupid books if Red Cloud carried her off to tents of his squaws and put her to work there. He passionately desired her, she suspected, would put his plans into execution at the first opportunity or uprising of the Metis and Indians. Only the discipline of the Company and the goodwill of the Langlois toward the Lavignes held him now in check. If something should happen to the Langlois?

Near the Metis settlement Juliette crossed the path of Red Cloud returning with dog, gun and quail; she hailed him as happily as if he had been an answer to prayer.

"Red Cloud brings all his quail home to his squaws. M'sieu Lavigne is an old man and a gardener and never hunts. Why do you not, like the gay Francois, leave a brace of quail for Marie and her old man?"

"Red Cloud knows a beast by its track and a woman by her tongue." The chief retorted quietly. "And the pretty Marie makes a dressing and cooks

the quail as Francois likes it cooked, and sets it on a white table cloth for him."

"Juliette Lafiamme makes always like the loons over nothing."

"You do right, Red Cloud, to bring your game home to the squaws to throw into the black pot to boil. You are not a white-table-cloth man."

There was an ugly gleam in the coal black eyes of Red Cloud but he answered with scorn.

"No, it is like the gabbling wild geese you are."

"Like the gabbling wild geese, am I? Then listen to the gabbling of wild geese. Have they not given many signs and tokens and do they not foretell the storms?"

"The hunter knows when the weasel with a thirst to kill has been hunting during the night; so also he knows when a woman with a thirst to make trouble has been visiting the people," was his retort as he stalked off.

But Juliette had done her work well; she had sown the seeds of jealousy, suspicion and racial animosity. Henceforth the real kindnesses of the Langlois and the Lavignes were misinterpreted, their kind deeds mistaken for weakness, their mistakes exaggerated and distorted and every action watched by prying and hostile eyes.

SUMMER smiled on the prairies; the air was sweet with the scent of wild roses and sweet peas; the morning glory trailed its delicate vines over the tall grasses.

Red Cloud smoked and meditated before his tent in the cool of evening while the squaws were busily chattering as they skinned [Continued on page 76]



Monsieur Lavigne

"While Rivers Run and Grass Grows"

The Red Indian and His Treaty Money

By Andrew Roddan

THE payment of Treaty Money is one of the outstanding events in the life of the Red Indians of Canada. The buffalo and the caribou may pass away, hunting and trapping may be poor, there may be a shortage of fur, and the Indians may often be hungry and cold, but, as long as rivers run and grass grows he will be sure of his Treaty Money from the government.

In some districts the Treaty may be very small, only four dollars a year for each Indian, squaw and papoose, but there are some parts where it amounts to a considerable sum because of timber or minerals being on the reserve.

It costs the Federal Government nearly six million dollars each year to take care of all the different departments of work carried on in the interests of the Indians in Canada. They are the real Canadians as the following will prove to the satisfaction of the census man. "The Indian claims to be the true Canadian, and he is likely to be able to make a more striking claim if he wants to, according to a group of scientists who are seeking to determine racial origins by means of blood tests. It has been ascertained that there are two distinctive elements in human blood, specified as "A" and "B." And it has been established that element "A" is found mostly in the blood of Oriental races while element "B" is always present in that of Western peoples.

And now comes the strangest discovery of all, that neither of these elements is found in the blood of the North American Indians.

Does this mean that we are unable to link the Red Indian with any Old World race, and that he strayed westward across the lost continent of Atlantis when the human family was in its infancy. The mystery is deeper than ever says one writer. Meanwhile, proud, silent, and more inscrutable than ever, the Red Man looks across the plains, and dreams of the land of the returning buffalo whilst his race give constant signs of perishing.

Each year in the early part of the summer, from coast to coast, and away far into the North Land, the Indian Agents make their trips through their territories to pay Treaty. Some may travel by canoe with many a long portage, past turbulent rivers and dangerous rapids. They are accompanied by Indian guides; others may travel across the prairies by motor car, while at least one agent went into his territory by seaplane to the northern part of Ontario.

From all points of the compass the Indians gather at central reserves, and await the great day. Some may arrive weeks ahead of time, as they do not worry about our time-tables, and the modern craze for speed has not yet reached the reserves. It was my great privilege to accompany Mr. F. H. Paget, head of the purchasing department at Ottawa, and Mr. I. G. Burk, Indian Agent for the district of Long Lac, Lake Nipigon, and other points; in this district nearly two thousand Indians have to be provided for. The preparation required a great deal of work weeks ahead of the payment.

We arrived at Long Lac, about two hundred miles east of Port Arthur, and there we found a great gathering of Indians, squaws, and papooses, all waiting the coming of the Agent. The Indians like to be paid in cash, and in bills of small denomination, so that their payment may look, and feel, like a white man's big roll. I thought there must be something of the Indian about the Scotsman in this respect. We soon

had our tent erected and the Treaty flag flying over top was the signal for payment to begin.

The much-sealed package containing the sum of \$7,500.00, and which had been entrusted to my care, and for the safety of which I was a bit nervous at times, was now opened, and the crisp new bills looked good to the Indians as they were laid on the table. The bank forwarded the money to the different points as required. Every band has its own chief, and two councillors, who look after the affairs for the larger group. The office of chief is not held by the law of heredity, but if he is a good man he may be re-elected every three years, and if he is not a good man the band vote him out of office. Some of the larger bands have a policeman on the reserve to keep order, and all act together with the Indian Agent, to carry out the aims and objects of the Federal Government through its Department of Indian Affairs.

THE Robinson Treaty, under which the Indians in this district are paid, was, to say the best of it, a shabby deal for the Indians, and they were not treated in a very generous manner by the men who drew up the Treaty. Four dollars may have seemed a lot of money years ago, but its purchasing power is very limited today, as everybody knows. Now it so happened that the "Martin Falls" band, who are in this group, had a fine stand of timber on their reserve which was sold a few years ago for the sum of \$100,000. This money is held in trust by the Government for the whole band, and each year the interest from the capital is added to their regular Treaty. The chief, George Taylor by name, entered the tent with the councillors, and asked the Agent how much they were to receive this year, he was informed that each

Indian, squaw and papoose would receive \$36.00 for timber money and \$4.00 Treaty money, making \$40.00 for each individual on the reserve. This was made known to them through the interpreter and was received with a loud "Eh, Yah" by the chief and a general grunt of satisfaction by the other Indians. And payment began in real earnest.

Each Indian then presented his card, on which all the details are written: the number of children in the family, whether widow, widower or single person. It is interesting to note that from experience, the Agent has found that the Indians are truthful in their statements as to whether there is an increase or decrease in the family, and of course as all the others are around no one could easily get away with payment for a child he did not have.

This is the time when the father of a large family receives recognition of his services, and some of them left the tent with large sums of money of which they did not know the real value. Indeed, I saw one young Indian explaining to an old one the difference between a one-

dollar and a five-dollar bill. Mr. Paget pleaded with them to leave that money in trust with the Government, and have it remitted to them at regular times, but it was in vain; they wanted to have it all at once. You can imagine what easy prey some of them would make if a low white, or one of their number who might be a bit of a rogue, wanted to cheat them. The Indian has a great weakness for fire-water and that night a low white had sold some to several of them and they went crazy in a short time. The Agent acted at once, and the Mounted Policeman from Fort

William soon had their man, who had beat it to the bush when he knew they were after him. The heavy fine, and term of imprisonment soon stopped their game, as it is a very serious offence to sell liquor to the Indian. Needless to say, we had no more trouble from that source on the whole trip.

SOON after payment began it was very amusing to watch the steady trek from the Treaty table to the Trader's tent, where all manner of highly-colored prints and calicoes were on display, and many other things dear to a squaw's heart. It was a great day for the young Indians, and they surely made the most of it. Judging by the amount of watermelon they consumed (and no nigger boy could have eaten it faster), the bottles of pop they drank, and the number and variety of suckers they sucked, their tummies must have been sore the morning after the night before. The squaws would all sit down on the grass, where they would unstrap their kenoganes, or cradles, and let

the young papooses have their freedom for a while. My, how they did seem to enjoy it! There they lay, kicking their fat brown legs in the air, and hugging an all-day-sucker. They are certainly a healthy-looking



Group at Sand Point waiting for treaty



Old James Taylor—116 years of age, who died recently.

bunch, even if they are not regularly inspected, and weighed, and everything else they do for a modern white baby to make it grow. When an Indian mother puts her baby in the kenogani, she first lays a fresh bed of soft moss, then wraps the baby in clean white clothes. I was interested in this part of the proceedings, and I can say that with very few exceptions they seemed to take good care of their babies. Some of the kenoganies were beautifully decorated with fancy bead work, while tartan cloth seemed to be a close favorite. They looked for all the world like little Egyptian mummies slung on their mothers' backs. This is the reason why the Indian is so straight in the back. I did not see a single nursing-bottle, and only one dummy in a baby's mouth, and I saw dozens of papooses on the different reserves. I saw lots of mothers nursing their children at three and four years of age; no wonder they looked so healthy. One of the white women who was worrying about the health of her own papoose, asked one of the squaws what she fed her baby, it looked so well. Imagine her surprise when the interpreter said: "She says she gives it little moose, and sometimes little rabbit; heap good for papoose." The truth was, the mother got most of the moose and rabbit and the baby got the milk. That was the secret.

In a short time they were all rigged out with brand new collars, ties, shirts, skirts, and pants, all of them in the loudest possible colors, and the very latest modernistic designs. I was told about one squaw who wanted a blue silk dress which the trader did not have, and was persuaded to buy several yards of blue plush instead. When they were going back to the wigwam her husband, who was carrying a bag of flour, let it fall with the inevitable result. She immediately took the plush and gathered up the flour and carried it to the wigwam. Flour is of more value than fine dresses, to a squaw.

One of the traders who had a lot of colored print which he wanted to sell, had his wife, who was a squaw, make a fine new dress just before Treaty, and as the result he was sold out.

AFTER Treaty had been paid, the chief was instructed to gather all the old men and widows together, to receive the gifts of blankets, fishing-nets, heavy cloth, prints, and a special kind of biscuit which the arctic explorers take with them. It is made of meat, cocoa, whole meal, brown sugar, and is very nutritious. Old army coats with brass buttons were greatly valued. And, last, but not least, lots of Comfort soap, for which, needless to say, there was not a very brisk demand. I am sure that some of them could have brightened up a few shades by an earnest application of soap and water.



Old Squaw enjoying a Pipe

Some of the Indians live to a great old age in spite of their hard life. Here is a picture of James Taylor, who died only recently at the age of one hundred and sixteen. Another old man with whom I talked was so old that they said he was well over a hundred, and he certainly looked like a modern Methuselah. It is amusing to see the old squaws sitting around enjoying a pipe; the older the squaw the older the pipe.

Owing to their diet of hard-tack and dried meat their teeth were beautiful and white, and I was glad to know that the children do not suffer from tooth-ache like white children, because they do not eat soft or sweet food. Tuberculosis is the great scourge of the Red Man, and as this may be considered a white man's disease, the farther the Indians are from the whites the healthier they are. In the winter months they huddle around the wood stoves, and have no regard for the laws of ventilation or sanitation, and soon fall victims to this fell disease. This summer the Agent has encouraged them to build wigwams of birch bark and live in them, and he has had good success, and judging by the fine examples, they have not lost the fine art of making a home of this kind. We were invited into one of the best of them, and the fresh smell of the green spruce and cedar boughs out of which they make their beds was very inviting. The old squaw was lighting a fire. A white man makes a big fire and goes back, but an Indian makes a little fire and comes near. They all sleep with their feet towards the fire, and so a large family can sleep in one wigwam, covered with skins and blankets. When any cases of tuberculosis were brought to the attention of the Agent a generous supply of cod liver oil was left with the family; they are very fond of it.

This must be said, that however shabby the Treaty money may be, the Department of Indian affairs looks well after their interests today. Mr. F. H. Paget, who has been in this department for nearly 50 years, is a man who understands the Indians, and has their best interests at heart.

THE Indians along the shores of Lake Nipigon are Ojibways. They live in the bush, and would be lost on the prairies, but always at home in the bush. One day a white man came across an

Indian and asked him if he were lost. "Oh no," came the reply; "Indian not lost, wigwam lost." They can find their way by the stars, at night, and by the sun by day; by the water-courses and lakes; by the Lobstick tree marking the trail; by the moss on the rocks, which always grows more thickly on the north side; by the trails which he and his forefathers have followed for generations, before the white man came. During the winter months they live in tents following their trap-lines. Trapping has been very poor of late years and they complain very bitterly about the Provincial Government allowing the white man to have a trapper's license, as he crosses the Indians' traditional lines and treats them like dogs.

For a bear skin they receive ten dollars if it is a good one; for muskrat two dollars; mink and fox are becoming very scarce, and as the beaver has been banned for three years their means of living from that source is very small. The Siberian wolf is making its appearance in the northern woods, and destroys many fine deer and even attacks the settlers' sheep and cattle. The Indians find it hard to trap them, as they are so cunning. The Agent told me that on one occasion last winter when he was making his rounds over Lake Nipigon he lost his way in a snow-storm and found himself and his guide surrounded by twenty-seven of these ferocious animals. Only by throwing out the



A pretty Papoose



An Indian Madonna

food supplies they had on the sleighs were they able to keep them off until they reached the reserve.

AN INDIAN on Yonge St., Toronto, or Main St., Winnipeg, is an object of pity but, out in his native environment, among the tall timbers he is to be admired for his resourcefulness and adaptability. There he lives a care-free life. The housing problem, or the price of fuel never trouble him. He never worries about public utilities, and he does not even know what "wrong number" means to the nerves. He believes that for every ill in the human body there is an antidote in Nature, and he knows the roots, herbs and gums for many of his needs.

His daily bread does not worry him over-much, and sometimes the whole family must be very hungry. His philosophy seems to be: eat and drink today for tomorrow we may not be here, so why worry about it. By the way, I saw something on one of the reserves which was very interesting. Some squaws were kindling a fire beneath a tripod of poplar poles on which was hung big chunks of moose-meat and fish. The meat was covered with millions (there seemed to be) of big black flies. The Indians like that way of having their game high; they believe that the maggots supply the fat which the moose forgot to put on, and so the more the merrier, or, the juicier.

The next bands we visited were those on Lake Nipigon. The very mention of the name Nipigon conjures before our minds pictures of rushing rapids, leaping waters, and the far-fetched speckled trout with which the river abounds.

Lake Nipigon is one of the largest, and yet least known of all the Great Lakes in Canada. It is uncharted, and the fishermen and others who venture out on its stormy waters have to learn by bitter experience at times where the shoals and reefs are located. Because of its elevation, nearly one thousand feet above sea-level, it is subject to sudden fierce squalls, and when they come the sailors have to run for shelter among the many islands.

Orient Bay is one of the beauty spots of Canada. The emerald-green of the hills, casting their reflections on the deep waters, the changing contour of the land, the dark ridges of basaltic rock, and the fringed edges of the lake make a beautiful setting.

It is interesting to remember that the mighty St. Lawrence takes its rise in Lake Nipigon, and the waters find their way through the lower lakes and rivers to the Atlantic.

The first reserve we visited was that of Sand Point. It is well named and seemed [Continued on page 100]

Lord of the Silver Dragon

A Romance of Leif the Lucky

THE days dragged on in dreary, meaningless succession for the Lady Thorgunna, after the Silver Dragon had borne her lover away. Life had suddenly lost its savor, its sweetness and its joy. She no longer arose with the lark to exult in earth and sky and dimpling waters; nor found in slumber surcease from haunting cares. She dreamed and her dreams were filled with terrors. Nevertheless, the true cause of her distress was not the natural dread of the inescapable punishment she must suffer in consequence of her folly, but the nagging fear of possible failure; howsoever she plotted and schemed, her plans might miscarry. But cost what it might, she was resolved that the man she loved should escape all shadow of doubt and his name be retained in spotless honor.

Loving as she did, a quality of worship colored her every thought of Leif, and rendered, therefore more irksome and odious the vulgar necessity of subterfuge. She would in truth have gloried in proclaiming her love from the housetops, yet was compelled to hide it away like an accursed thing. Nay, more; to avert what appeared to her the one unpardonable tragedy she was forced to assume a role alien to her sincere nature and repellent to every tender sentiment.

Never was a proud and noble lady more perilously placed. Whatsoever course she followed, whether to success or failure in her cherished schemes, she was doomed to blackest shame. Yet with this inevitable end before her, Thorgunna had the sublime courage to make gaiety her business and laughter a habit, lest by the least sign of melancholy she give ground to gossip ere men had forgotten her intimacy with Leif.

Old Elspeth was certain of Thorgunna's love for the bold adventurer, but as yet unacquainted with the whole of their madness. Consequently, the fond old woman was utterly at a loss as to her mistress' present behavior. How was she to understand a lady, formerly as proud and unapproachable as the greatest queen, who, pining in secret for one lover, openly encouraged

home duty; an exchange which had in nowise pleased the fierce young fighter until Thorgunna's smiles transformed his gloom into mad and rapturous dreaming. Poor Elspeth pattered many a prayer to still the trembling of her heart, though it was her secret belief that even the Angel Michael would have a strenuous time in pacifying her master's rage were he to discover his daughter's amours with a common soldier. Sheer terror for her lady's safety at last drove the old woman to brave her young mistress's displeasure.

It was night and they were alone in Thorgunna's bower, where she habitually slept with only her old nurse and a great yellow hound for company. Elspeth was brushing her lady's red-gold hair and in her nervousness made a painful task of the pretty business.

Thorgunna shook off the awkward hands and, whirling about, faced the old dame impatiently.

"Good Elspeth, what aileth thee? Art sick of an age, or plotting one of thy tirades?"

"Oh, my dear lady, forgive thy Elspeth, 'tis love maketh her impertinent, and fear for thy sweet

self careless of anger." Speak to the point, I pray thee," said Thorgunna sharply, the while her hand crept to her heart as if to still its agitation, and her lovely face turned a sickly grey.

Poor Elspeth locked and interlocked her knotted fingers helplessly, for the moment startled out of her purpose by the suffering, so plainly to be read, in the face she loved best on earth. Quite overcome, she flung herself to her knees and, burying her wrinkled face in her lady's gown, implored her pardon.

"My lamb, my dear, my beautiful one, my little Carmona, forgive thy foolish Elspeth; 'tis not for such as her to point the way to her betters. Yet may the Lord confound me if 'twas not thy good I had in mind."

"Oh, Elspeth, thou art a noodle! Pull thyself together and be done with this foolish prattling. 'Tis my behavior vexes thee? I am no more a credit to my training?"

"Dearest my lady, thou knowest better. 'Tis thy lord's wrath I fear. Much blood hath been spilled for less cause than what my lord might find were he less engrossed in fighting the savage Celts. Oh, heart of my heart, wherefore dost thou make light of a subject's heart and endanger thine own favor in the people's eyes? Hast thou so soon forgotten my lord



The young lord's horse suddenly reared high under an impatient heel

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

THIRD INSTALMENT

the infatuation of another—and that other a mere soldier, albeit a brave one? Each day she meant to speak of it, but there was a look in Thorgunna's eyes which forbade the query.

Elspeth's anxiety was increased daily by the knowledge that others besides herself were becoming aware of Thorgunna's singular interest in Erling the Black. To be sure, Erling was a bold figure, but scarcely one to aspire to so great a lady's favor. He was one of the fighting devils—so-called by Rafn's enemies—which made up the Hebridean chieftain's bodyguard. But, owing to a serious wound incurred in his master's service, Erling had been temporarily transferred to

Leif, who, I doubt not, even now dreams of sending his envoys to woo thee?"

Thereat, to poor Elspeth's utter consternation and everlasting remorse, the Lady Thorgunna gave a bitter cry and in a sudden storm of tears threw herself upon her old nurse's bosom. Painful as were those tears to witness, the confession she was forced to hear was more painful still. Elspeth was near to swooning with the terror of it all. What was to become of them? The all-powerful Christ would save her lady from the fire, but even He would not forbend just punishment. "Blessed Michael, save us! Implore the mercy of God. Be pitiful and compassionate," prayed the old woman, and in the midst of her praying was reminded of Erling the Black. The memory shocked the sense of piety out of her and acted like a brake to her galloping terror. At last she understood! The poor wretch was nothing but a dupe! He was to be sacrificed on the altar of Leif's honor! For a moment the thought held her paralyzed with horror. She saw as in a mirror the gay young soldier, his armor glinting in the sunlight, his black locks flying in the wind, and his eager young eyes brimming with the love of life. No lordling he, perhaps, but a splendid bit of manhood, and the equal of any in the isles in feats of war. He was of the people and she was of the people. Rebellion stirred in her old heart.

"This Erling—his fate is naught to thee?" cried Elspeth bitterly; "his blood is but a river to bear thy pride aloft! Poor common heart, whose only folly is audacity in love!"

"Good Elspeth, thy sentiments are kind, but thy judgment is faulty. Meseems all mortals play a destined part. 'Twas not my doing that Erling finds me fair, nor my lord Leif's that made me so to love him. Ah, Elspeth, think not my heart takes pleasure in deceit, nor lacketh pity for this good young man. And thou dost wrong him, too, for 'tis my soul's belief he holds my fond affection above his very life."

Old Elspeth shook her greying head, sorely perplexed and far from reconciled. "Troth, meseems there's something sad amiss—to die for love and for a treachery, 'tis not the same . . ."

Thorgunna, quite the queen, checked her with an impatient gesture: "Thou hast forgotten, my good Elspeth, that a soldier's duty is to die."

Elspeth sighed and made a humble curtsy. "'Tis

plain thou hast no need of my poor counsels. Thy mind is set—God's pity! My heart informs me 'tis on no happy plan."

"Bind up my hair," said Thorgunna curtly, "and leave my plans to me."

THE chief steward had no love for the Lady Thorgunna—she had, in her father's absence, so often tempered his justice with foolish sentiment. In pride a true daughter of Rafn, her heart, nonetheless, was too tender of the poor and her leniency to lazy debtors too great—a fact which the steward resented, since it had so often demeaned his dignity and rendered his crafty judgments futile.

Now his opportunity was at hand; at last he had a means whereby to humble her haughty spirit. Nothing of what had passed between the Lady Thorgunna and Erling the Black had escaped him. Indeed, since her first innocent converse with the infatuated soldier, his spies had been assiduously employed. If Erling passed by the lady's bower and nodded his bold black head, the steward learned of it. If he laid a trophy of the forest at the lady's feet, or spoke a while upon the beauties of the day, the matter speedily reached the steward's ears. And if the lady, perforce, smiled, or so far forgot her station as to walk about the courtyard with the soldier, the incident lost nothing in the telling.

These indiscretions of the lady caused the chief steward none of the anxieties he professed to the agents he employed in watching her. His fear was not that his master's daughter should demean her honored clan, but that he might, after all, discover nothing whereon to base his grave accusation. He might have loved his mistress even less—but admired her the more—had he been aware that his every spy was known to her and her little plays designed to serve him. If he was anxious to get sufficient grounds against her before her lord returned from his bloody skirmishes, she was quite as anxious that his venom should play its part in her tragic scheme.

Despite his eagerness to humble this woman who stood between him and absolute power—for Rafn concerned himself with little save his squabbles abroad—he had nothing momentous to report; nothing, that is, until the day after his master's return.

While Rafn and his soldiers were sleeping away the effects of ale and meats and riotous celebration, Erling

had slipped off in the early dawn to hover, like a patient shadow, round his lady's bower. Nor had the Lady Thorgunna found slumber possible this night, and she, too, sought freedom from tormenting thought in the sweet morning air. They met as by appointment beneath a little crest of crags that loomed, fortress-like, above the bower and sheltered that pleasant dwelling from the bitter winds sweeping in from the sea.

Thorgunna was a little startled. "Thou art early abroad, Master Erling."

"Aye, Lady, my dreams were troublesome," he answered simply, and with unconscious gallantry he spread his cloak upon a rock, making a royal seat for her, for the cloak was one of scarlet and was the reward of fearless loyalty. Rafn had bestowed it upon the heroic soldier in recognition of his eternal indebtedness.

Thorgunna acknowledged the pretty courtesy with a sad smile. "My friend," she said, and Erling's heart beat high at the sincerity of her tone, "a brave soldier has naught to do with dreams; 'tis a silly pastime best suited to weak women."

"Nay, my lady, say not so; without his dreams what were a soldier's existence but an empty clamor and a noisome strife? Even the heathen hear above the din of war the clear call of the Valkyrie, and a Christian soldier—may he not hear a sweeter sound?"

"Let us not dwell on dreams. Think you my lord is happily inclined? Had he a good victory?"

"Aye and nay," said Erling. "The Celts are a red-blooded race, and fierce as the winds of their isles. But my lord hath taken a great island to the north and proposeth to build an invincible fortress upon its wild shores."

Thorgunna clutched at the thought which presented itself. "If that be so, 'tis sure my lord will speedily betake himself away again. Good friend, do thou go with him?" The last she uttered so beseechingly that poor Erling forgot the difference in their station—her greatness and his nothingness—everything but the obvious fact that she was concerned for his safety.

"Fairest, my liege, all unworthy am I of such kind thoughtfulness. To have won approval in thy lovely eyes is better far than great renown and spoils of victory. 'Tis sweeter to have loved thee hopelessly than to have won a thousand lesser hearts."



"Yield, murderer! Yield!" he bellowed, "Yield! Yield!"

Thorgunna was so touched that for a moment she was tempted to confess the true reason for her strange friendship, but the impulse passed. After all, she reflected, she had honored this Erling with her interest and attention, and the fate of soldiering was ever an uncertain one; so now she laughed and, laughing, gave the poor dupe her little hand to kiss.

"Good Erling, thou art by way of becoming a scald. I warn thee 'twill count less with me than the brave feats of war."

"My sweetest lady, command me as thou wilt; do with me what thou wilt!" cried Erling impetuously, his dark head bowed above the slender hands he held most reverently.

Violent and rude was their awakening. Like the angry bellowing of a maddened steer, the dreadful din of Rafn's unrestrained imprecations fell upon their startled ears. Led by the gloating steward, the angry chieftain stalked, sword drawn and eyes blazing, toward the wretched young creatures, who watched his approach with mingled emotions of dread and relief. For Erling understood as well as Thorgunna that such a friendship as theirs was doomed to a bitter end. He squared his young shoulders and waited, nor made any move to defend himself against his lord. Not so Thorgunna. When her father was within a few feet of the straight young figure she stepped between them and, quite her proud self, met her sire's eyes fearlessly.

"My lord, a Rafn does not commit murder, and to draw steel against a man whose sword is tied* constituteth no less."

"Out on thee, wretched girl! Give way, that I may dispatch that miserable carrion from the world of decent men!" he thundered, brandishing his long-sword in her very face.

Erling tried to put her aside, but she clung to him.

"Touching devotion!" sneered the steward.

"Infamous hussy!" roared Rafn, "would'st thou had perished in the cradle. Give way to thy lord, I command thee!"

"Patience, master," said Erling coldly, "thou shalt have thy justice . . ."

"Dog! Keep thy solace for thine own ears! Upon my saints, thou shalt suffer rightly!"

"Hear me, my lord," Thorgunna interrupted her raging parent. "If fault there be in affection, the fault is mine. My lord steward will not gainsay me if I confess to indiscreet and wilful conduct. Is it not so, good steward?"

The steward grunted and twiddled his keys; he feared a trap and, fearing, walked into it. "It grieves me, my lord," he began, with a wicked leer at Thorgunna, "to be forced to admit that my never-to-be-forgotten late mistress's daughter did so far forget her noble origin as to encourage an infatuation which a meaner lady might honorably have punished—nay, forgive me, my lord, 'tis impossible to deny that the Lady Thorgunna herself sought out this man from time to time to take pleasure in his company."

"Michael defend us!" groaned

Rafn, his stormy temper blown out, like a gust from an open casement, leaving him sorely perplexed. "Michael defend us! 'Tis surely some sorcerer's spell! Wretch! What hast thou to say?" he demanded of Erling.

"The steward is as good a liar as a fox," Erling answered haughtily. "So fair a face as my lady's needs must draw all hearts."

Thorgunna interrupted them again. "Heed him not, my lord. He seeks to shield thy daughter as once he shielded thee. 'Tis best to have done with words. My lord, in all thy kingdom there is none more worthy than this same Erling, whose only fault is foolish loyalty . . ."

"Enough, enough!" cried Rafn, "Spare my old ears a deeper humiliation. Rash girl, thou art unwitting. Steward, what sayest thou?"

"My lord, is there ought to be said? The sad confession, be- seems me, was all too clear."

"Troth! Clear as the fumes of hell! Michael uphold me! I must be just—but is the name of Rafn to be demeaned by bringing such a case to open justice?"

"There is the sword . . ." the steward began softly, and was silenced by Thorgunna.

"Of swords thou knowest little, good steward, yet

for thy happy inclinations we thank thee. Aye, my lord father, there are the swords. Since to have loved thy daughter argues no craven soul, I beseech thee, who in truth art alive to give judgment but for Erling's stout right arm, condemn not a brave man to a felon's death, but grant him leave to fight thy chosen representatives for his liberty."

Rafn considered this request in frowning silence, his angry eyes resting first upon his beautiful daughter, pallid now as her northern snows, and then upon the youth at her side.

"What sayest thou, traitor?" he bellowed at Erling; but Erling seemed not to hear.

"Erling! God's rood! What sayest thou?"

Then a smile broke over the face of Erling the Black. "My lord, bring on thy berserks! Never were swords drawn in sweeter cause!"

RAFN was as jealous of his reputation for justice as of his family honor. Therefore Thorgunna's thrust concerning his indebtedness to Erling had gone deep. The blustering chieftain raged and roared like a caged lion, and, like the lion, was always brought up short by the bars of a sworn code. He dared not murder his soldier in the heat of passion lest men might whisper in times to come that the greatest chieftain in the Hebrides had foully dispatched a man to whose valor he owed his life.

No, never would such a charge be laid at his doors! Let his pride be dragged in the dust, if needs be, but his judgment should be noble. And what nobler judgment could be meted out to such a crime as Erling's than this of combat? Aye, as his poor bewitched daughter had suggested, Erling should die fighting to maintain his manhood and his master's justice.

To decide was to act where Rafn was concerned. That very day at morning-meat he thundered out his grievance and decision to his horrified retainers. The house of Rafn had met such insult as surely merited death. Yet, since no common soldier had dared to lift his eyes to his honored liege, except he were the victim of the Evil One, it was but Christian justice to temper punishment with mercy. So saying, Rafn dispatched his heralds over the countryside with a command to his people that they should foregather on the morrow at sunrise on the Plain of Justice to witness a mortal combat.

All that day the Lady Thorgunna kept to her bower, for she suffered as she had not thought to suffer at the sad fate of this Erling, whose honest eyes had looked upon her so worshipfully. At dusk her father's page appeared to command her obedience to

remind my lord that the accused hath a grievous wound but partly healed."

When the messenger was gone Thorgunna called old Elspeth. "In all this 'stede' is there an honest thrall and one who thinks of me well?" she questioned earnestly.

"Dear my lady, doubt it not! There's many love thee truly, as well they might, who art of women the most charitable, as the most beautiful . . ."

"Good Elspeth, spare thy eloquence and tell me truly whom can I find to serve my need?" Elspeth wrung her hands, despair and entreaty in her old eyes. "Sweet Thorgunna, thou wilt not cross thy sire in this evil hour, and there's the steward. . ."

Aye, there's the steward, poor fool," agreed Thorgunna, "whose violence has served me well. Still thy trembling, poor Elspeth, 'tis not mine intention to leave this bower. Find me this honest thrall and thou shalt have a woollen shawl for the doing—nay, stop! tell him to see me on the morrow, for now I am wearied and would rest."

But the night yielded little rest for Thorgunna, and she rose with the dawn, haggard and oppressed, nervously awaiting the first sounds of life from the Great Hall in the distance. And when at last the clang of sword and shield and the march of heavy feet told her the evil hour had come, she fell into a nervous rage. Pacing up and down her pretty bower, she stormed against her lord and threatened to defy his cold command. Wicked though she was to lead a man to death, she might at least be near to cheer him in his struggle.

Elspeth prayed to the category of her saints, albeit with little solace. Her sniffles irritated Thorgunna beyond measure, and at the same time turned her thoughts upon the thrall who was to do her bidding.

"Didst make my desire clear to Swart?" she demanded petulantly.

"When the people have gone to the plains he will come, my lady. 'Twill not be safe ere then."

"Thou hadst best be sure of it or else 'tis thyself must do the deed."

Elspeth groaned. "'Tis my old bones will pay the penalty, no doubt, God's pity on them! But Swart will come. He hath a fondness for this Erling, who shot him a roe the winter past, and—forgive my impertinence—he hateth my lord, who . . ."

"Nay, nay," Thorgunna interrupted her sharply, "we speak not of my lord, but of this thrall. Get ye to the courtyard and wait his coming."

Swart was as good as his word, for as soon as the last squad of soldiers had swept over the brow of the hill on their way to the place of judgments, he crept down from the crags where he had been keeping watch and raced to the bower.

Thorgunna was simple and direct. Drawing a bag of money from her bosom, she handed it to the thrall. "Good fellow, when they have slain the brave Erling," she said, "use this gold to melt some stony heart, for I would have the soldier conveyed hither on his shield as becomes the noble dead. Dost understand?"

"Aye, aye, Mistress—hither to thy bower."

"Hither to my bower. Do this and thou shalt not lack the price of freedom; and now make haste."

MEANWHILE, a great company had foregathered on the Plains of Justice. This was in truth only a strip of sward flanked on either side by booths, where the nobles might sit and enjoy the prowess of their soldiers, or pass judgment upon duels and other forms of combat designed to settle insults and disputes. Rafn, his chief steward, and their intimates occupied the central booth, whilst ranged at their sides stood the bodyguard, resplendent in glittering armor.

In the centre of the field was an elevated, circular mound, where the crier took his place, and upon a sign from Rafn acquainted the populace with the wrongs to be righted.

"Men of the Isles," he chanted solemnly, "be it known and comprehended that, most just and mercifully, the lord Rafn executeth judgment. Be it further known and comprehended that one Erling the Black, formerly of the exalted bodyguard, hath been found guilty of treasonable conduct and condemned to expiate his offence in mortal combat." The crier paused for effect, bowed to the lords before him, and with a flourish resumed:

"Erling the Black! stand forth, and if thou hast a grievance in this matter voice it in the hearing of the people, for thus justly ruleth the lord Rafn!"

A hush fell upon the [Continued on page 37]

Vacant Lots

By Frances Ebbs-Canavan

*The vivid borders, broad smooth lawns, of lovely sheltered garden plots
Can never boast the glory wild, of vacant, straggling, City Lots;
For all their glory has not passed, since Nature leaves them undeserted,
And fills them with the hopes and dreams, of days before they had "reverted."*

*Here Spring first casts her verdant flush with fresh largess to waking grass,
With cooling in each glossy blade to welcome weary feet that pass;
The dandelion gaily glows in unrestricted splendid gold,
And sweet wild roses bud and bloom, when radiant charms of June unfold.*

*When weeds grow rank in warm July, like trustful little baby hands
The morning glory's tendrils cling, and creeping, veil the parching lands;
Then tasselled grasses, bearded grain, are lush in full maturity
And Summer breezes sweep their length, with fragrant memories of the sea.*

*September wakes a chorus here, shrill chirping through the drowsy heat,
A thousand little humming things make throbbing music in the street;
Late butterflies on gauzy wings, an airy, fragile fluttering cloud,
Float high above the clover tops, with bees and sweetness lowly bowed.*

*The rains and mists of Autumn days, their early close in dripping gloom,
Revive the sweet briar's mingled scent, with purple thistle's faint perfume;
And none will say: "Thou shalt not pass," and all who wish may pause and look,
And read 'mid weeds and grasses tall, this simple page of Nature's book.*

*The vivid borders, broad smooth lawns of lovely sheltered garden plots,
Can never boast the vagrant charm, of vacant, straggling City Lots.*

her lord's will. She was not to show her face on the Plains under penalty of death, nor to speak one word more to the doomed Erling.

Thorgunna dismissed the youth curtly. "Good page," she said coldly, "I have no mind to witness my lord's petty villainies, which please you to relate truthfully. And if so be thou hast a good memory,

*Norsemen tied their swords with a white ribbon when they were worn during feasts, etc., and in friendly territory.

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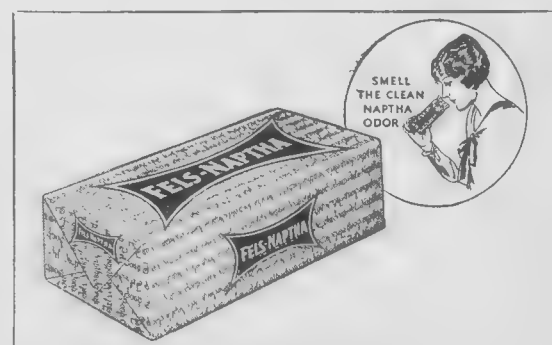
Fels-Naptha gives you this *extra* help in washing machine or tub. It is mild soap—gentle both to clothes and hands. It does an excellent job whether in hot, cool or lukewarm water; or when your clothes are soaked or boiled. It's *extra* help for household cleaning, too. In fact, wherever there's a soap-and-water task, millions of women agree that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

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your next trip to the grocery. The 10-bar carton is particularly convenient. But regardless of how many bars you get, always have this *extra* help on hand and save a little of yourself each week! © 1929, Fels & Co.

• • •



The Hero of Quebec



Old house dating back to the time of Wolfe

By
E. G. Bayne

as they now are under your command; and when the 3600 men now in the Fleet are landed I have no manner of doubt but that we are able to fight & to beat the French army; in which I know you will give your best assistance."

IT IS not necessary to recount in detail the story of that battle on the Plains of Abraham. No single struggle of the centuries was more momentous than this in which France lost and Britain won a half-continent possession. But it is an eminently worthwhile trip to journey to Louisburg and Wolfe's Cove as it is today; to walk up the winding hillside road and tread the path the advance guard took to reach the summit, and then to proceed in imagination with the troops across the plains of old Father Abraham, the plot of the river, to that spot where it is claimed that the rival armies lined up for the final test of arms. Did ever greater results hang on such a contest? Or let us to make our way to Louisburg, that land's end of Canada, a little town far off the beaten track of travel but a region rich in Wolfe memories. There is the freshwater cove where Wolfe made his historic landing with a handful of men. The surf of the Atlantic still beats in as it must have done one hundred and sixty-nine years ago when Louisburg made the first breach in the French position in Canada. Wolfe landed his advance guard here in the face of a heavy artillery fire, a kind of rehearsal (as someone has put it) of the larger feat to follow at Quebec. The ruins of the Fortress of Louisburg are eloquent of the history of the great French stronghold. Traces of the earthworks are still to be seen, along with the ruined casements of the King's bastion and the old well from which the troops drank but where there were once the echoes of war, in the two sieges the fort knew, nowadays one finds merely a lonely, deserted spot where a few placid sheep nibble the grass on the ramparts and the solitary fisherman hauls in his net.

But mementoes and memorials of the dead General there are in abundance elsewhere. Benjamin West's famous painting of the death of Wolfe is familiar to us all and is a treasure happily now in the possession of the Dominion, hanging in the Archives at Ottawa. Although it is said that the artist drew on his imagination to some extent the great canvas does convey the salient features of the final [Continued on page 74.]

—*"E'en now thou conquerest, though dead
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise."*

—GOLDSMITH.

THE Great War will go down in history as a war of youth and the present generation is inclined to stress this fact as something unique, whereas it is the reverse which is true. Is not all history replete with and eloquent of youthful heroism and youthful achievement and as Canadians have we not got a very special reason for remembering this since each year in the month of September we celebrate the imperishable memory of that young man of thirty-two, who, in command of the British Expedition of 1759 "died victorious on the heights above Quebec, thus adding Canada to the Empire?"

In the little parish church of St. Alphege, Greenwich, England, near which the body of Wolfe lies, stands a tablet reading: "To the Glory of God and the memory of James Wolfe, Major-General, Born at Westerham in Kent, 2 January, 1727, Died 13 September, 1759. He was buried beneath this spot 20 November, 1759."

Here was a young Englishman who was a second lieutenant and ensign at fourteen, an adjutant at seventeen, a captain at eighteen, a major at twenty-two, a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-three, commander of a brigade at thirty-one, and at thirty-two a major-general and victor at Quebec. What other eighteen-year record can equal or surpass this for concentrated military activity and promotion—a lifetime lived in a decade-and-a-half?

It was in the year 1742 that the young soldier passed in review before His Majesty George Second and then proceeded to France for his first foreign service, bearing the colors of the Twelfth Regiment of Foot. He was next engaged in the Dettingen conflict in the War of the Spanish Succession, where 37,000 Englishmen and Hanoverians pocketed in a small vale and surrounded by 60,000 Frenchmen on the heights cut their way through and out—a lively engagement in which young Wolfe "distinguished himself for his bravery and coolness," qualities that always marked him. He early became the seasoned warrior, contesting the claims of the Young Pretender, experiencing the bitterness and setback of defeat at Falkirk, later matching it with the triumph of victory at Culloden, where, so the story goes, the Duke of Cumberland ordered his youthful captain to shoot a wounded Highlander who had displeased him. Wolfe replied to this command: "Your Highness has my commission—it is in your hands. But I can never consent to become an executioner!" In 1753 army days were succeeded by a winter in Paris and a return to London, where Wolfe visited Pitt—the Pitt who planned the Louisburg and Quebec expeditions that were destined to be so fraught with significance.

MOVING on to a February day in 1759, the culminating year in Wolfe's relatively brief career, when the expedition set sail with forty-six vessels, we find him writing this: "I have signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases. I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition of health but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers. If I followed my own taste it would lead me into Germany. However, it is not our part to choose, but to obey."

Aboard the "Neptune," sailing for Quebec, he faced a task that might well have tested the courage of the stoutest heart—the capturing of a stronghold that thus far had defied all attack. He sized up the respective forces in this wise: "Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad forces, and I am to lead a small number of good ones. What will be the outcome?"

The letter written to him from the War Office, December 29, 1758, and appointing him to the Quebec campaign was as follows: "His Majesty having appointed you to command a Body of Troops destined for a particular service in North America, I am to signify to you His Majesty's pleasure that you do serve as a major-general with one aide-de-camp and take rank as such during the continuance of the said service, after the performance of which you are to serve as a brigadier and follow such orders as you shall receive from Major-General Amherst or other of your superior officers."

Among the many other Wolfe documents in the collection at the Archives is the last message written by him at eight-thirty o'clock on the night before the battle, addressed to Brigadier-General Townsend and reading as follows:

"Sir: Gen'l Monkton is charged with the first Landing and Attack at Foulon. If he succeeds you will be pleased to give directions that the Troops afloat be set on shore with the utmost expedition;



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4

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The Banff Highland Gathering of 1929

As Seen by a Hebridean

*"I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen;
And light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath—
'Tis the march of the Cameron men!"*

ONCE more the mighty Rockies have re-echoed to the lilt of the pipes and the tread of marching feet, for at the close of August, Banff, Alberta, was again hostess to the great gathering of the clans in what has now become an annual event. As before, from far and near throughout Canada, from below the international boundary and from lands beyond the sea came pilgrims and patriots, lovers of Scotland, to commune with their kind and perpetuate in this new land the Scottish tradition. More truly than ever a feast of reason and a flow of soul these sojourners found in the Banff Highland Gathering and Scottish Music Festival renewed inspiration and fresh hope for the promotion of those ideals and customs which are so distinctively Scottish, and which it is so desirable that this growing nation should incorporate into her life and character. Altogether the Gathering of 1929 will go down in history as a tremendous success.

The force of circumstance and the love of adventure have brought many Scots to this western world and it is but natural that they should wish to take part again in all the old sports and tests of manly prowess which they and their forbears practised in Scotland. There have been, it is true, Scottish games in other parts of Canada but none in a more appropriate setting than that of the vast amphitheatre of Rocky Mountains encircling the headlong waters of the Bow and Spray at their confluence at Banff. Sharp against the sky stand great serrated ridges capped with eternal snows, their precipitous sides softening from gray and violet to purple and deepest green in the spruce forests which clothe them so densely. The passes in these mountain ranges are carpeted with heather and eagles soar far overhead. The Scottish fur-traders who penetrated these vastnesses a hundred years ago were struck by the similarity to the scenes of their own rugged highlands and must have felt truly at home.

In the comparison there is but one point of difference and that an advantage: these mountains of the New World have no tragic history for the Scot, no sites that might recall historic feuds separating clan from clan, no ghosts of unhappy memories. They are a heritage fresh from the hand of the Creator.

THE first concert of Scottish music, which was held in the ball-room of the Banff Springs Hotel on the evening of Friday, August Thirtieth, consisted of a representative assortment of offering beginning with an overture of traditional Scottish airs by the Festival Orchestra. There followed, in order a group of quartettes and another of Jacobite songs which were most warmly received and included such familiar favorites as Bonnie Dundee, Loch Lomond and Cam' Ye by Athol; and songs of the Hebrides by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser. Many of the Hebridean melodies recovered by this well-known artiste and her associates go back to the 13th century and are naturally harp melodies. Deirdre's Farewell to Scotland is dated 1238. Marjory Kennedy-Fraser rendered also a number of songs in the Gaelic, from Skye, from Eriskay and from Eigg, which were very effective and of which the Sea Bird to Her Chicks was particularly appealing.

Exhibition dances followed, and then came famous vocal selections: Flora McDonald's Lament, Whistle and I'll Come Tae Ye My Lad, and Wi' A' Hundred Pipers. Possibly the greatest treat of all, to the lovers of drama at any rate, was a ballad-opera entitled Prince Charlie and Flora, the libretto being the work of Mr. J. Murray Gibbon. It is a story based on one of the romantic incidents in the life of the immortal Prince Charlie and was especially composed for the Banff Highland Gathering of 1929. The melodies and ballads incorporated are taken from those popular about the time of 1745, those [Continued on page 67]



In the shadow of the stately baronial pile of the Banff Springs Hotel in the Canadian Rockies, pipers competing in the piping events of the Banff Highland Gathering and Scottish Music Festival, formed together as a band that thrilled the thousands of visitors present from all parts of the country with the skirl of highland marches.

Banff Musical Festival—Divine Service is conducted on Sunday by Ralph Connor in "Devil's Cauldron".

A Lewis fishing wharf—Portraying the life of fisher folks in the Hebridean Isles. The cast is from the Lewis Society, Vancouver.





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Animal Life "Down Under"

By G. G. Jackson

A FEW years ago a section of railway was opened which made it possible to cross Australia by the iron road. It supplied a much needed link, and opened up some wonderful country.

Much of this new country is desert and waterless, yet water can generally be found if digging is undertaken.

The pushing out of the railway into the wild has necessarily meant the provision of stations and signal boxes, in this hitherto unknown country; one of the railway-men, thus sent out, has made it his business to collect from the natives, a good deal of information about the wild life of the district; this he has supplemented by his own observations, and included in a booklet.

Perhaps the most remarkable animal that this investigator has tracked down to its haunts is the Marsupial Mole, often called the Blind Sand Burrower. Like the kangaroo, it has a pouch in which to carry its young, and has beautiful cream colored fur.

It has no eyes, but a wonderful tail, which it uses as a fulcrum, to help its progress. Whilst the sand burrower can progress like our British mole, it has an additional method of getting away, should the need arise. One was placed on the ground and within a few seconds it had disappeared from view, having sunk a vertical shaft; what is more it will go right or left without showing any trace of the direction taken. This remarkable mole rarely comes above ground; the natives say that it will only do so after heavy rains, and then it seems so anxious to get back to its native haunts, that after crawling a few yards it burrows again, reappears, and so goes on repeating the process. In the hottest weather it goes deeply underground, apparently not liking the heat nor the light of the sun. This marsupial mole has never been known to utter a sound, and the natives aver that it is both deaf and dumb, yet possesses a very keen sense of smell.

One of these small animals, which rarely exceed six inches in length, was captured and placed in a cage, so that something could be learned of its manner of life. It was an unfortunate experiment, for the poor little fellow quickly died; he could not stand the light, which might suggest that although without eyes, the mole is quite aware that he has left the darkness which he loves. Whilst under observation the animal rushed round and round its cage; it then dropped off to sleep, awoke suddenly, and feverishly pursued its investigations, coming across some food, the mole began to eat and then fell asleep.

The poor prisoner continued to act in this fashion until death mercifully ended his misery.

The mole is believed to live on insects, but nothing is known of its breeding habits, or how many young are born at a time.

THE Kangaroo Mouse, is another very interesting animal, of the world "Down Under." It is about as big as our own house mouse, but it has several extraordinary qualities. It got its name from its ability to progress like the kangaroo in bounds. It takes three feet jumps, and travels so swiftly that a dog cannot overtake it.

Usually this pretty little animal stands on his long hind legs; these, of course, accounting for his ability to hop along at such a remarkable rate. The mouse has also a wonderful endurance, and can keep up his rate of speed so long as he is pursued, thus it is

rare for him to be caught that way. The mice live in burrows, and here they show considerable ingenuity, making a false burrow to throw off their natural enemies. They work in pairs, the leader undertaking the digging, and his wife securing the excavated sand, and passing it behind her. The tunnel so made has its mouth partially blocked and other shafts are then made for actual use.

In these the sand is not brought out, and they are usually screened so cunningly at the root of a bush, or some other cover, that rarely are they seen.

On the other hand the original burrow soon becomes attuned to the landscape, the wind blowing away the

than the dimensions quoted. He describes it as four feet high, six in diameter, circular in shape and tapering to the top, where the diameter was just a foot. The interior has, what might well be termed bedrooms, usually a couple of feet from the ground. In the bedroom is found the nest where the young are born and reared.

The rat house is usually constructed of thin twigs, leaves, grass and other similar materials which may be found near the site; the nest is also fashioned from these materials.

The original house is added to from time to time, to provide for the ever-increasing families there domiciled. So far as can be ascertained it would appear that the youngsters bring home their wives—or their husbands—and set up housekeeping under their own roof trees.

The ordinary rat turns out its brood, to fend for themselves, when they are old enough, and thus allow room for the next litter, to be born and attended to. These house building rats of Australia seem to have reached the communal stage without quarrelling, but the old rats see that the young ones carry out the necessary extensions.

They appear to act as clerks of the works, however, seeing that the task is properly carried out.

The building of the house—or the extensions—is usually carried out at night, work being started at dusk. Therefore, it is difficult for the work of these industrious creatures to be carefully observed.

So far as is possible to see them at their labors, it would appear that the younger rats work in a gang, with an old one looking on; whether he tells them, by some means, how and what to do, is not apparent, but it appears that there is some method of communication.

The house is reached by means of underground passages, which terminate in an opening underneath the nest, so that the family can get away very quickly when alarmed. Although in their natural state the house building rats are strict vegetarians, they will thrive on, and have a great liking for, cooked meat. In captivity they settle down quite comfortably, and their favorite food would appear to be the

table leavings, particularly the meat portions, thus suggesting that rats are the natural scavengers. They are exceptionally fond of sugar and anything with a sweet taste.

THE Dingo is a species of wild dog, and is a terrible pest to the sheep farmers. Although it preys on that other pest—the rabbit—its utility in this respect is easily counterbalanced by its raids on the sheep farms. One station alone amongst the numerous establishments devoted to sheep farming, lost approximately 16,000 sheep from the depredations of the dingo.

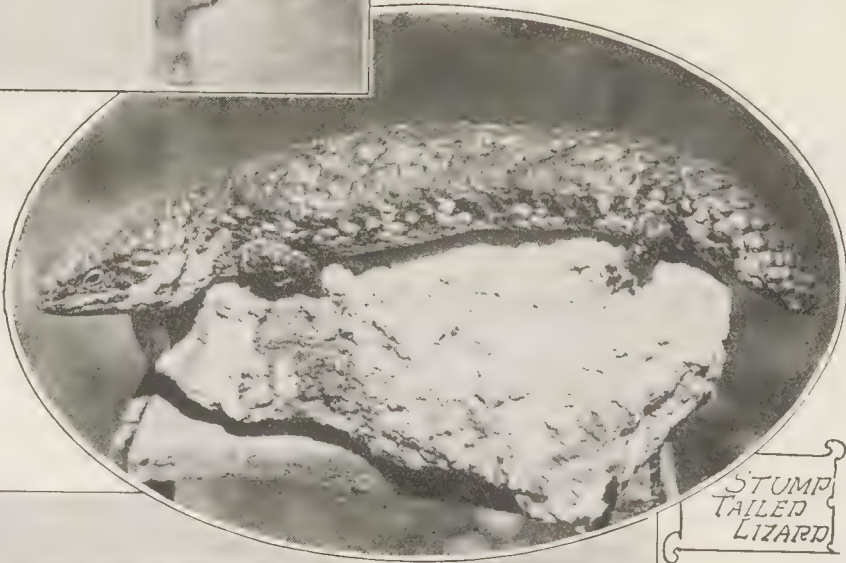
The dingo, like the domestic dog, has many branches in his family tree. Its color varies from white to black, with all the possible intermediate shades, including a buff yellow. The natives have different names for each class, the class being determined by its color.

The dingoes, of the cross bred variety, are the most dangerous.

IN ADDITION to the numerous animals in the Australian desert are many reptiles, some of which are not met with elsewhere.

The Mountain Devil, terrible though its name appears, is a lizard which is ugly but harmless. The stranger coming across one of these lizards, would be forgiven if he ran away forthwith. In length not more than a foot, the Mountain Devil is a mass of spikes. On the head is a pair of awe-inspiring horns, and it is from these that he gets his name, for they are reminiscent of the Evil One, who in the old prints, was usually shown with a pair of horns. The lizard lives on flies and ants, and is much sought after as a garden pet. It lays soft-shelled eggs, and as soon as they are laid

[Continued on page 68]



excavated soil, so that really there is little trace of the new home which the kangaroo mouse has built beneath the sand. The blind burrow, as the original tunnel becomes, serves the mice excellently when their proper burrow is discovered, and the tracker is seeking to secure them. They bolt to their first opening, and if it has become blocked, as they seem to prefer it to be, they soon open up the tunnel and get away.

These kangaroo mice, unlike the marsupial moles, make good pets, quickly becoming tame, and feeding from their captor's hand in a very short time, their diet being purely vegetable.

THE black fellows have a name for a curious rat found in the wilds of Australia; it is Bal-gool-ya. The white folk call him the house building rat, because he builds himself a remarkable little house of sticks. This is usually built in a sheltered position, and runs to a yard across, by about a couple of feet in height. Mr. Bolam discovered one much larger

Emmy Lukes, Knight Errant

EMMY LUKES hung one fat, pink leg over the edge of the "top bunk" and regarded the cavernous depths below. It was early morning, but a terrific squealing informed Emmy that the pigs were being fed. She remembered, now, that today her brother made his twenty-mile trip to town for supplies.

Somewhere in the back of her mind, Emmy was aware of a tingling feeling, a vaguely interested feeling, as though the day held something nice to be done or seen. She began to recall a brilliant idea which had captivated her dreams as she dropped off to sleep the evening before. Hah! She had been planning to ride ox-back. Thus the hovering treasure-ship sailed back into the field of her remembrance. Yes, if she could not have a pony to ride, she would ride an ox. She had ridden pig-back—why not ox-back?

Emmy asked two things of Life—urgently, nay, insistently. She put two propositions to life—a major one, and a minor. But Life looked back at her and winked. Yes, Emmy thought, it actually winked. Each night Emmy prayed, kneeling on the top bunk, so near the rafters that one could not stand up straight. The earlier part of her prayer was poetical. It began with the "Now I lay me's" and followed on through the Lord's Prayer into a mysterious tangle of its own, including aunts, uncles, cousins, as well as brothers and sisters by name, and "all relatives and relations," for Emmy was more inclusive in the phraseology with which she invoked the help of the Almighty than any lawyer who ever drew up a legal document. Her prayer was a mosaic of annexes, added from time to time as different circumstances arose, and, by virtue of Emmy's excellent memory, becoming settled in, so that they could not be separated from the rest. These differed, as I have said, according to circumstances (six-year-old circumstances, eight-year-old circumstances, etc.), but all partook of Emmy's careful inclusiveness. For instance there was the annex which had been added when the Lukes family lived in the big rambling Yorkshire house, back in England: "Don't let any robbers or thieves or burglars or murderers, or any kind of wicked or cruel man get into this house tonight." Emmy had always considered this part a precious triumph of expression, like "Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran," and she thoroughly enjoyed rolling it off her little pink tongue in a devout whisper with the rest of the prayers. But the prairies of the "dry belt" seemed to offer little scope for burglars, and as for murderers, Emmy had put them in a class with ghosts. She felt that at eleven years old, she had got beyond such young ideas, in regard, at least, to the present enlightened age.

Thoroughly sincere, however, were the last two annexes. One was about "Cyclones, hurricanes, tornadoes, or any kind of extra-bad storm," and—finally, and solemnly, a majestic climax, came the two *wants*. Emmy prayed for a horse, and she prayed to be thin; the first being the minor *want*, and the second, the *major*.

Emmy was no tragedy queen. She would have been ludicrous in such a role; she was not built that way. Yet obesity was a sore trial to Emmy. She was certainly a too-plump little girl, and she took her fate unphilosophically. She did not even appreciate her rosy cheeks. The prairie children were brown like their environment. The sun-burned faces were brown and their lean legs were brown—those swift, athletic legs, whose little proprietors could climb onto their saddle-less ponies from the advantageous position of a slight knoll, whereas Emmy was obliged to use the ungraceful medium of an apple box or a T. Eaton packing case. This amused the other children and galled Emmy. If she were to meet a good fairy, she had often thought, she would ask for the charm of invisibility, supposing, of course, she could not be charmed thin. It was not that Emmy wished to be



The boys had called her "Fatty" and she had fought the boys fiercely and terribly, for Emmy was no weakling and pride will have its way.

By Kathleen Gilders

Illustrated by George Ray

pretty. She desired to be physically unnoticed—that was all. If the Prairie had understood the principles of dieting, which it did not, perhaps Emmy would have eaten less bread and syrup and more turnips. Yet the fact remains that Emmy liked bread and syrup and disliked turnips, and the fact also remains that the Lukes family had no money to buy fruit, and that, apart from turnips, the Lukes' garden was a decidedly sketchy affair, they having moved to the district that very year, in time only to hastily dash in the crop.

Emmy's glimpses of school had been for various reasons short and unsalutary. She hated school, because there, the boys called her "Fatty." She had fought the boys, fiercely and terribly, for Emmy was no weakling and pride will have its way—upon which the offence had abated, but the smoldering hatred had not. So Emmy was glad that the nearest school was fifteen miles away. At home she could live in dreams of her own building. Always, in these dreams, she was on horseback. She was a tall cavalier in black velvet, with a waving green plume. She was a grand, careless cowpuncher of a girl, wearing chaps, like her hero, a young man on a neighboring ranch. She was anything at all except fat little Emmy Lukes, with fat pink legs, round fat cheeks and a rosy English complexion.

THIS morning Emmy dressed quickly.

The ox-back-riding scheme had looked splendid from a distance—as flourishing and prosperous as distant scenes and schemes will always look to the end of time. Across from the stove came odors of bacon and fried eggs, and Emmy set forth to milk the cow, blessing Nature and mankind as she went. It was a blue-sky morning, and in the earliness of it, there was a bracing charm that made her love life, even in obesity. The name of the cow was Tattycoram. Thus she was a literary character and did not hesitate to kick the bucket whenever she felt in a poisonous frame of mind. The result was sometimes serious, but as Tatty had trekked with the family from Northern Manitoba to Southern Alberta, she had extra privileges, and her little eccentricities were overlooked. Besides, she was a Jersey and gave rich milk. This morning Emmy found Tatty's mood

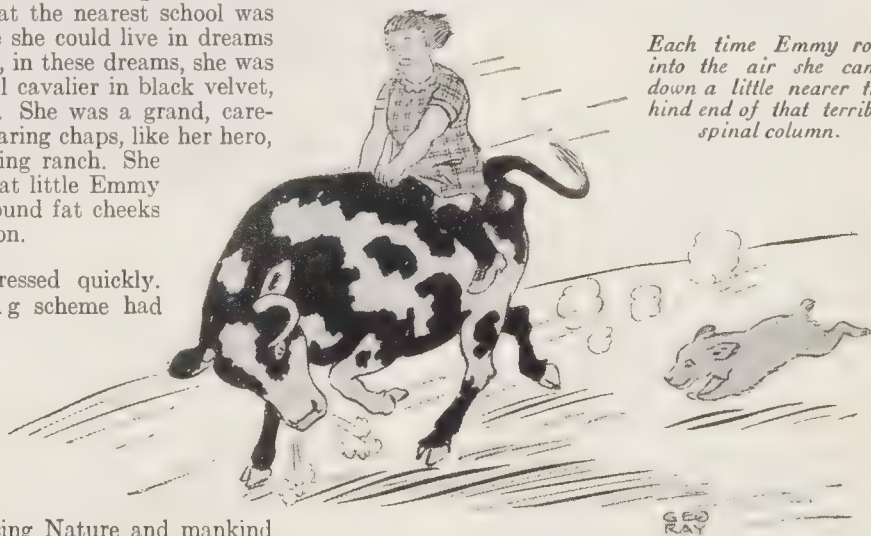
gentle but firm. She intimated her position from the outset by lifting one hoof slowly and deliberately out of the barnyard mud, and imprinting it, in full detail, upon the milkmaid's cheek. Emma went wrathfully and swiftly to the house to remove the diabolical impression of Tatty's hoof, but as she hurried by the well, where Basil was watering the black oxen, a peal of teasing laughter gave testimony to the fact that she was observed. Emmy's resentment boiled again, but when she saw herself in the contortionate little mirror above the wash-stand, mirth simply upset dignity. Emmy's mirth was always upsetting her dignity.

It was Emmy's duty to "set" Basil on the way to town, for the purpose of running ahead and opening gates, and for the purpose of restoring these gates as she went back home. "Shutting" seems weak and inadequate, nay, futile, when applied to the barbed-wire fence gates of the Lukes homestead. They seemed like jelly-fish, equipped with three huge, jointless legs. They were like certain people, spineless, yet bristling with spines. In short, they wasted much valuable time, so Emmy was the gate-keeper, though she took no toll.

"Bring out the oil-can, Emmy," called Basil, briskly, "and come along quickly. I want to get into town before dark."

Emmy, arrayed in a straight little dress of dark blue print, came out, handed up the oil-can and climbed aboard.

"Giddap, there," hollered Basil, with the exaggerated accent of the green Englishman. The black oxen swallowed their cuds noisily, and got slowly and ponderously under way. Tack and Ted were a solid institution, like the Senate, and were not usually noted for speed. Tack's name no doubt had a history, but it was lost in the oblivion of his extreme age and silent stoicism. Quantitatively it could never have referred to his head, for that was large enough, but quantitatively it indeed might, as Tack was phenomenally dense, even for an ox. He was durable, however, and usually went to town or to the coal-mine (ninety miles away) in company with Ted, also black, who had brains for both, and a very handsome pair of horns to boot.



Each time Emmy rose into the air she came down a little nearer the hind end of that terrible spinal column.

BASIL and his ox-wagon finally disposed of, and the last gate carefully replaced, Emmy took a bridle, equipped it with rope-lines, and set off to choose a steed for the morning's adventure. Emmy chose Roanie, a mottled animal with only one horn, which curved in a dashing and cavalier manner over his left eye.

How on earth to mount was the next consideration. Emmy had boarded a [Continued on page 64]

EVEREADY LAYERBILT

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Twenty-four of these heavy plates fill every part of the Long Lived Eveready Layerbilt Batteries. Just compare the two illustrations, and figure what this patented construction means to you in weeks and months of extra service.

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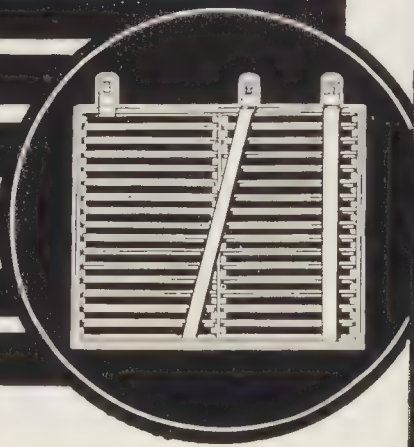
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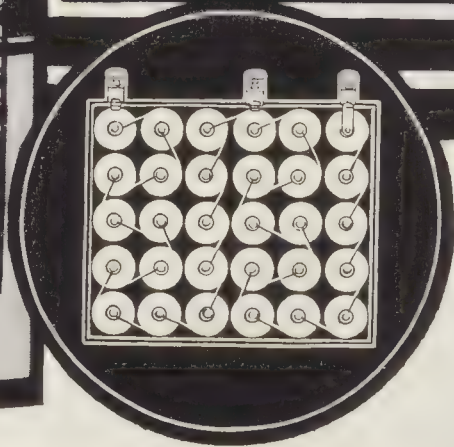
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Above: Layerbilt construction revealed. Note how the entire space inside the battery is filled with active layers of current-making material.



At right: The round cells, out of which all other "B" batteries but the Eveready Layerbilt are made. Note the space wasted and the many soldered connections.

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Occupations

THE statement is made that it is a surprising fact that all occupations fall under only six general headings, which are as follows:

1. Industry—including those who are makers of tangible things.
2. Transportation—including those who face the fact of distance.
3. Business—including the builders of trade.
4. The professions—including those who employ their own special talents.
5. Personal Service—including those who dispense the comforts of life.
6. Public Service—including the stewards of the social system.

It is related of Benjamin Franklin that he was a business man, inventor, printer, editor, publicist, cartoonist, author, statesman, diplomat, public servant, educator, philosopher, philanthropist, and exemplar. Such a career is difficult to classify but it is interesting and inspiring as indicating the possibilities of achievement for men who prefer to be busy rather than idle.

A Land of Opportunities

THIS is still a land where the dreamer may give full play to his dreams and where the enthusiast need not be ashamed of his enthusiasm.

Optimism has been a religion with me ever since I started in business, and I am more optimistic today than I have ever been and only regret that I am not just starting my business life instead of rounding it out, in order that I might be able to take advantage of the unbounded opportunities that lie at the feet of the youth of our land.—Charles M. Schwab.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep.—Franklin.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

There's place and means for every man alive.—Shakespeare.

Occasions are rare; and those who know how to seize upon them are rarer.—Shaw.

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—Cromwell.

Give me a chance, says Stupid, and I will show you. Ten to one he has had his chance already, and neglected it.—Haliburton.

Opportunities do not come with their values stamped upon them. Everyone must be challenged. A day dawns quite like other days; in it a single hour comes, quite like other hours; but in that day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us.

To face every opportunity of life thoughtfully and ask its meaning bravely and earnestly, is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come, whether open-faced or disguised.—Babcock.

The Foreman

MANY a young man who has not had the advantage of a formal or prolonged education has, after connection with the trade for a reasonable length of time, been able to work up to the position of foreman in an important industry. Among the qualifications for promotion to this position are:

1. A thorough knowledge of the trade and its branches.
2. Willingness to undertake self-improvement by means of evening and technical correspondence courses.
3. The ability to manage, and to work with, other men.

The last qualification is exceedingly important and a list of ten rules for foremen and others has been prepared by Commerce and Finance, which contains good advice not only for foremen but for those who work under or with them.

1. Be fair. Have no favorites and no scapegoats. A foreman has to act as judge many times a day; therefore, he must be just.

2. Make few promises and keep them. A foreman must be exact in this particular. Sometimes a foreman forgets that his job requires a high standard of truth and honor.

3. Don't waste anger—use it. Anger is valuable and should not be used carelessly. Keep your most forceful language for special occasions.

4. Always hear the other side. Never blame a worker until he has been given a chance to give his point of view.

5. Don't hold spite—forgive. When you have had to scold a worker, go to him later and show him his faults in a friendly way.

6. Never show discouragement. Never let yourself be beaten. A foreman must have perseverance and the never-say-die spirit.

7. Notice good work as well as bad. Let the workers see that you can appreciate as well as condemn.

8. Watch for special ability. Take a keen human interest in your workers. Put each one where he can do his best.

9. Take your full share of blame. This is the most difficult of all. The foreman who can share both blame and praise with his workers has discovered the secret of managing men.

10. Prevent accidents. Educate or eliminate the careless man. The good foreman is known by his men.

Three Employee Types

SHORLAND F. FANNON, of Sherman Service Inc., declares that every working force is made up of three types of employees. Not three types by sex, creed, vocation or rate of pay, but three types as regards motives: positive, negative and neutral.

Scientific analysis has established that of one hundred typical employees, ten per cent. are positive in motive, ten per cent. negative in motive, and eighty per cent. neutral in motive.

The ten employees of positive notice produce a full day's work. There is no loss on their payroll dollar.

The ten employees of negative motive produce only fifty per cent. of a full day's work. There is a loss of fifty per cent. on their payroll dollar.

The eighty employees of neutral motive produce only seventy-five per cent. of a full day's work. There is a loss of twenty-five per cent. on their payroll dollar.

The net result is a loss in production value of twenty-five per cent. of payroll investment per hundred employees.

An employee of positive motive is a hundred per cent. producer for he believes that it pays to apply himself loyally, and to give a full productive return on his wage. His daily motions reflect satisfaction, co-operation, and active interest in the work.

An employee of negative motive is a fifty per cent. producer. He believes it pays to restrict his efforts and to give the employer as little as possible in return for his payroll dollar. His daily production reflects discontent, antagonism, and extremely active hatred of the job.

An employee of neutral motive is a seventy-five per cent. producer for the reason that he believes it pays to produce just enough to hold his job. His daily production reflects indifference, non-initiative and lack of interest in the work.

I Like Business

I LIKE business because it is competitive. Business keeps books. The books are the score cards. Profit is the measure of accomplishment, not the ideal measure, but the most practical that can be devised.

I like business because it compels earnestness. Amateurs and dilettanti are shoved out. Once in you must fight for survival or be carried to the sidelines.

I like business because it requires courage. Cowards do not get to first base.

I like business because it demands faith. Faith in human nature, faith in one's self, faith in one's customers, faith in one's employees.

I like business because it is the essence of life. Dreams are good, poetical fancies are good, but bread must be baked today, trains must move today, bills must be collected today, payrolls met today.

Business feeds, clothes and houses man . . . I like business because each day is a fresh adventure.—William Feather.

Ten Rules

OTTO KAHN offers to young men, out of a wide experience in life, ten rules of success for those entering business. In Western Canada, hundreds of young men have this fall taken their first steps from schools into the world of business. Technical knowledge and training are necessary to secure a good start in these competitive days, but there are certain other qualifications that are desirable for those who would make the most of their opportunities. Some of these qualities are suggested in the ten rules:

1. Eliminate from your vocabulary the word "perfunctory."
2. Think—exercise your brain as you do your muscles.
3. The most serviceable of all assets is reputation.
4. Use your imagination.
5. Know how to bide your time and to "sit tight."
6. Be neighborly. Be a good sport. Remember you can't lift yourself by downing others.
7. Work hard—it won't hurt you.
8. Take an active interest in public affairs.
9. Meet your fellow-man frankly and fairly. You don't have to go through business armed to the teeth.
10. If you are successful, be patient, courteous and conciliatory. Avoid ostentation.

One in a Hundred

BRUCE BARTON, the well known editorial writer, remarks that most of us go lazily through life, using whatever the ingenuity of the past has bequeathed, and adding nothing on our own account.

A hundred clerks will work side by side in an office; and only one in a year will ever gladden the heart of a manager by saying: "Couldn't we save a little time or money by doing this thing in this better way?"

But that one clerk who, out of his dissatisfaction with things as they are, devises even a trifling improvement is a brother of Edison and Watt and Fulton. Humanity becomes his debtor in a little measure; in him are the seeds of genius.

For what is genius but an insatiable appetite for something better; a settled way of meeting every can't with a why?

Entering Politics

EX-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE doubts the advisability of a young man choosing politics as a career; in fact, he doubts its possibility.

"I doubt if it is possible for a young man to choose politics as a career.

"He may go into the diplomatic service as it is now constituted in this country, or into the civil service somewhere as the result of passing an examination, but for the young man to expect to gain a livelihood by holding political office would seem to me to be very undesirable.

"I should say that he ought to have some business on which he could depend for a living, and as he has an aptitude for it, take such part in politics as he finds he can do without losing his means of livelihood. Otherwise he loses his independence.

Education For All

EACH year sees more and more young people remaining longer in school, and recent communications with manufacturers bring the information that whereas grade eight students were once acceptable as apprentices, grade eleven students are now preferred for the reason that they make relatively faster progress because of the longer mental training they have received.

Ex-President Coolidge, already referred to in these columns, suggests a time when even the mechanic may be a university-trained man:

"A college education ought to fit a man or woman to be content in any occupation, because it enlarges the capacity for enjoyment of the intellectual and spiritual side of life. It seems to be that a man with a college education and an artisan's income would be almost in an ideal position."

Quickly . . .

This Foam Penetrates

into every tiny tooth crevice and washes out decaying impurities—thus Colgate's cleans teeth better*

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the outer surface.

Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property ("low surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice.* There it softens and dislodges the impurities, which may hasten decay, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Thus Colgate's is a double cleansing dentifrice, not a cure-all. Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea, to correct an acid condition of the mouth—things *no* toothpaste can do. Colgate *does* claim to clean teeth better.

Millions of sensible people have realized that Colgate's is more than an approved surface polisher; that it is the one dentifrice which successfully washes away all those decaying food particles and mucin deposits lurking in the tiny crevices which brushing doesn't reach.

Millions of people have been impressed by the fact that more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other leading dentifrice.

Also Colgate's has won friends because of its economical price—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at 25c.

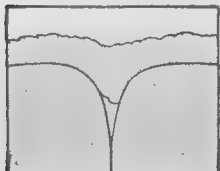
This great value is due to volume production—Colgate's is the largest-selling dentifrice in the world.

Why not accept this widespread acknowledgement of Colgate's as doubly superior?

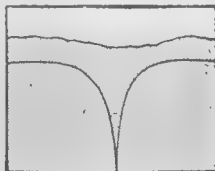
Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't. *Really* clean teeth help to protect against premature decay.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

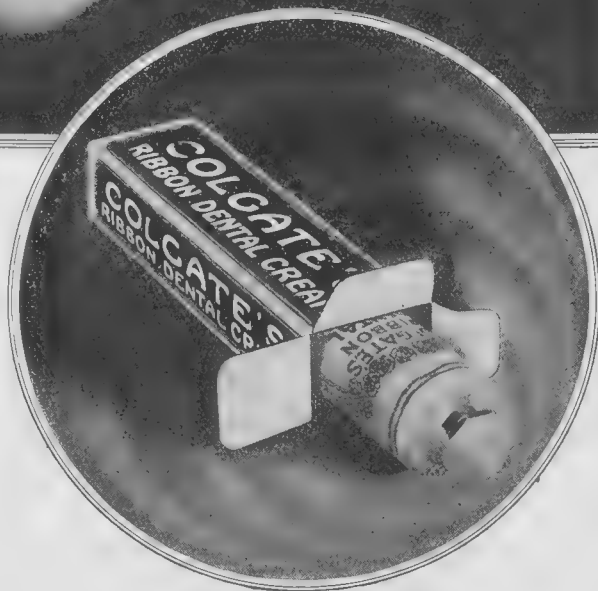
*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



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Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name

Address

Your Window---The Eyes of Your Home

How Do They Meet the Gaze of Those Outside and Inside Your House.

By Katherine M. Caldwell



IT IS an old expression, this dubbing the windows "the eyes of the home." But it has gathered significance of late because we have come to appreciate more and more how important those windows are; how much they tell the passers-by about us—how much they express to those outside and inside the room, of our artistry, our practical housewifery, our good sense and good taste.

Considering the windows first, from the outside approach—do yours do you justice? Too often, the effect has been almost entirely studied from the inside—it does not always occur to the householder to cast a critical eye over the outside of the house and measure its effect as any casually interested person might do.

It is interesting to note that in important new public buildings, the architect, realizing what a part the shades at the windows will inevitably play in his final effect, his specifying exactly what type and color the window shades shall be on the outside; the inside color he is content to leave to the decorator but the color on the outside is as important to him as the tones of his stone or brickwork.

Apart, then, from neatness, a reasonable uniformity, and the absence of unintentional revelations, we can strive for something more—for deliberately planned attractiveness in our window shades. They should be chosen as an important part of the house exterior. They should all match on the outside—the inside of every shade may be different if necessary. Straight or curved; severely but perfectly tailored or trimmed with suitable restraint; perfectly fitted and hung, of course—a sagging corner or a shade obviously too narrow, could not look well, no matter how handsome it might be. This means a first-class roller—and what a saving of family dispositions this will achieve! You have no doubt met—and fought—poor rollers; one such experience is enough to cause every buyer to insist on a good roller that will never warp and the springs of which are strong enough to last well and which catch faithfully on every turn.

YOUR curtains—will they appear just as you would have them, from the outside? Glass curtains, varying from the trimly simple to elaborate nets and laces, will also conform to the architecture and to the types of the windows. If your side curtains show, is the effect just what you would intend? It is well to try your colored curtains at the window before making them up, to determine definitely whether you want them lined or unlined, judging them both from inside and outside the house and by night light as well as daylight. And if you decide upon a lining, what color should you use? The almost universal cream casement cloth is all

very well if it is masked by glass curtains of matching tone; sometimes, however, this lining shows from the outside and does not always conform pleasantly with the exterior color scheme. I looked at a grey house which I had always liked the other day, with a sudden distaste which I instantly identified with new side curtains and "blinds"—cream color, both of them; where the old window shades had been a soft rather light green that harmonized beautifully with the walls, the new ones were dead and definitely unpleasant; the old color or a dull blue or other soft tone would have been infinitely preferable.

So with all the wisdom we can muster, we strive for pleasant harmonies and contrasts—nothing too decided, but with an appreciation of what well-chosen colors can do.

LET us look now at the inside of the window, study its effective treatment, beginning with its needs, its strong or weak points and how to deal with them, the means by which the window may be made to contribute the utmost limit of usefulness and beauty. The window has several functions and we must overlook none of them.

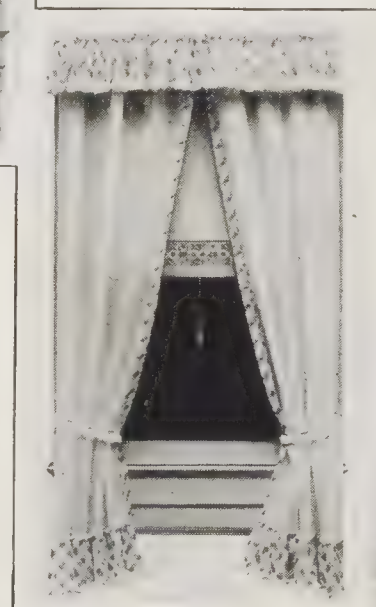
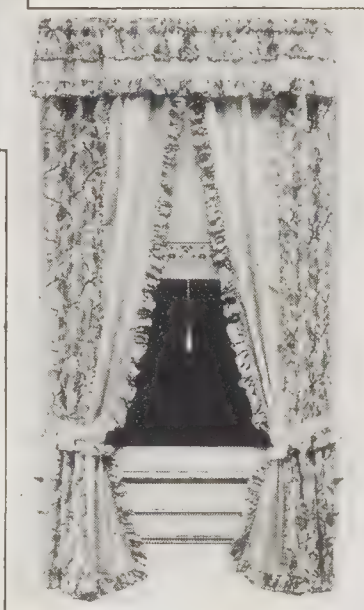
We think of it first, as the source of light. Ventilation, too, is important. Protection enters. And no less than any of these, it is one of the chief centres of interest in the room—it can be one of its main beauties.

Thinking of light, then, as the first consideration; it is not altogether a matter of the size of the window—the direction in which it faces will have much to do with the light it supplies. If it has a sunny exposure, the light will be strong—so strong that whilst at certain hours and seasons you will welcome every sunbeam, there will be times when that strong light must be shaded, cooled down. And in the room with an outlook truly described as

bleak, a north window only perhaps, or an eastern one with only a bit of early sunshine to reach it, the effect of sunlight must be created—just the opposite problem.

The window with the brilliant exposure, we provide with adjustable shading—with a window shade which can be raised or lowered at will. We keep away from warmth of color in the shade—let it lean toward blue and green, a selection from the cool side of the color chart, taking care that it will at the same time tone in perfectly with the room's walls and furnishings. This, by the way, is the great modern achievement that has come about in window shades. On the inside, the coloring is individual—the one best tone of the best color for that room. With more than thirty tones of shade-cloth to choose from now, we have stopped thinking in terms of "white, cream or green blinds." A translucent, semi-opaque tint cloth

is in use chiefly and it is as readily procurable in two tones as in one—so that all the shades, no matter what their inside tone may be, can be the same when seen from the outside. This matching the inside of the shade to the prevailing color scheme makes a real contribution to the artistic effect, exterior and interior.



The sunless window we treat to give the illusion of sunshine. The shade has a warm, golden tint in it or a rich, creamy tone may give warmth enough. The glass curtains will never be a cold dead white or a cool color but will hold the same hint of sunshine in their meshes of golden gauze or creamy, yellow or rosy tinted fabric. With added supporting color on walls and warmth in the furnishings, you will forget completely that you are in a "cold north room."

THE size and shape of the windows were also mentioned, as important in the room's lighting. Of course, in the house of perfect architecture these features will be exactly right. Very often, however, we have a structural weakness to contend with—windows unduly high and narrow or with a broad, squat appearance anything but good. So we dress them to hide their poor points and emphasize their good ones.

The too-tall window we cut down somewhat by the cross-line of a rather deep valance;

if additional width will help, we let side curtains extend well beyond the edge of the frame.

The well-proportioned window with plenty of light, can be quite normally treated; if we like a valance, we can use one; if we prefer to emphasize straight up-and-down lines, we can do so—paying particular attention to a well-finished heading on the curtain's top and to its nice hanging on a well chosen and good-looking pole or rod, with properly complementing brackets and fittings. Here is one small tip for the making of side curtains which will not be topped with a valance; run two rows of shirring, a quarter-inch or so apart, at the base of your heading—and if you want the latter to be deep (a very good effect sometimes), there are little supports to hold up the heading which distinctly recall the wire collar supporters which were a necessary evil with the high-boned chokers of twenty years ago.

Short, wide windows are seldom at their best with a valance unless an extremely cozy or a quaint effect is what you are striving for. It is often possible to raise the valance so as not to exclude any light; so long as the top of the window frame is hidden, a good deal of the valance may really be above the frame—just as side curtains can be hung on a long rod so that they just cover the frame and have most of their folds hanging against actual wall.

A smothered effect is forever to be avoided. The utility features of the window must always be kept in mind—the fact that its first duty is to light and air the room. Nothing will look well which will interfere with these important functions. All shades, rods, curtains, must permit the free entry of as much light and air as the window is capable of admitting.

Although there are many styles of windows in homes old and new today, there is certainly a style of draping each one which will make the very best of the one you have in mind. It is worth while to satisfy yourself that you have [Continued on page 101]



The Enameled Ware Beautiful

Easy to Clean ~ Durable in Use



McCLARY Enameled Ware utensils always look so spotlessly clean. So sparkling and cheerful in appearance that your kitchen fairly gleams!

The surface of this Enameled Ware is as smooth as the finest china. *There is no metal exposed to touch the food!* No metal surface to absorb grease, moisture, flavors, taints or stains.

You will find everything in McClary Enameled Ware... Tea kettles, covered roasters, preserving kettles, sauce pans, spoons, pie plates.....

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Special care, of course, should be taken that the famous old McClary name is on the utensils you select. Enameled Ware with the shield shaped SMP Trade Mark is also recommended. *Your grandmother trusted those names. So can you!*

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ENAMELED WARE

LASTS FOR YEARS AND YEARS WITH ORDINARY CARE

What Have You Been Reading?

By Sheila Rand

DEAR John and Janey Canuck: In a few hours I am going to the library to select a goodly batch of books before going to Switzerland. On my desk are four books that I have just read, awaiting to be returned to the library. I had better tell you about them before going out. The first one will not excite you, it is called "Jeremy Taylor," and it is the life of this divine, written by Edmund Gosse. I had a strong desire to know more about this philosopher than I had learnt from reading excerpts from his works. What a simple young man he was. Sprung from humble stock, born in Cambridge, his father was a barber. Jeremy won a scholarship which allowed him to attend the University. Within a very short time the barber's son had won the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. Although we must smile at the fulsome of the language we cannot help but be impressed by such a description as this: "Those who knew Jeremy Taylor received the impression that had he lived among the pagans, he had been ushered into the world by a miracle, and swans must have danced and sang at his birth." I cannot go into all the vicissitudes of his life, which concludes with a quotation from George Rust who knew him intimately. "This great prelate," writes George Rust, "had the good humor of a gentleman, the eloquence of a lawyer, the fancy of a poet, the cuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a counsellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel and the piety of a saint." What more could anyone say of another human being?

I THEN turned to "As Far as Jane's Grandmother," by Edith Olivier, and found it one of the most absorbing and unusual novels I have read for a very long time. When Jane was a little girl she used to walk as far as her grandmother's house, and when Jane was an adult she walked no farther mentally than the limits set by her domineering grandmother. Mrs. Basildon, the grandmother, is another type of Matriarch. Like Mrs. Rakonitz, she too, ruled her family and absorbed their thoughts and feelings, but unlike Mrs. Rakonitz she did not do it with good humor. One wants to slap G. B. Stern's Matriarch, but one also has a sneaking affection for her. Mrs. Basildon arouses nothing but cold hate and contempt. Edith Olivier has given us a memorable portrait of Jane, the puppet. First the strings were pulled by Jane's mother, a weak, wretched woman who had eloped in order to escape the domination of Mrs. Basildon, her mother and Jane's grandmother. One would have thought that having suffered, she would have meted out a different existence for her own little daughter, but what she really did was to revenge herself upon her daughter for all the misery her own mother had caused her. When Jane's mother died, one would have thought that now there was an avenue of escape, but Granny Basildon arrived on the scene and swept the eighteen-year-old girl back into the cage from which her mother had escaped twenty years previously. And the painful part of the whole story is that Jane liked her cage! Jane doesn't care to feel or think. She just likes to echo Granny's views and to react to life in the manner prescribed by Granny. As far as her grandmother's house and no farther. We see her a little girl, bobbing along to this house; and we see her as a devitalized woman of middle age alone in her grandmother's house and glad of the protection it offered her. That house was a shield between Jane and all normal feelings. A brilliantly written book; I advise all to read it.

THEN if you want to be bewildered turn to "The Whisper of a Name," by Marie Le Franc. It is not a long book, the print is large and the margins very wide and there is much space wasted at the beginnings of each chapter.

You could read it in an evening. By the time you have read the first eight chapters you will be wondering whether you are mad or not. I could not make out at first whether the moor was a man, or the man symbolic of the moor; or whether there was a moor and a man; and if so why did this woman live on the moor and why did a man peer through the window? But I was happier when once big Louis had entered the house. It was clear his mind was missing, but at least he had the semblance of a man and he did try so hard to learn a word or two from the mysterious woman living all alone in this mysterious house around which the winds roared. I think Eve, that is her name, marries big Louis, but I am not quite sure. The fact of the matter is that there is some good writing in this book, but, like big Louis himself, it is a bit unhinged.

I ALWAYS turn to Miss Delafield's books with pleasurable anticipation. But I was disappointed in her volume of short stories called "Women are Like That." I suppose they are clever. They are decidedly cynical, and they lack style. I suppose they would be called realistic, just bare statements of facts. No, I really did not enjoy this volume although one or two of the stories made me smile. Miss Delafield can never bore, she is always piquant.

IT SAID in a paper that I read this morning that of the men who made the war, "Not one died on the field of battle but 9,000,000 others fell." In 1914, those who dared, and there were a few, to express thoughts akin to this, were considered yellow dogs of the meanest breed. Almost every month during the past two years, books have been published portraying not only the horrors of war but the sinful incompetence that made a holocaust of thousands upon thousands of beautiful youths. And these books were not written by those who sat in armchairs and made war, but by survivors. These books are not writ-

ten in the manner of best sellers. There is no desire on the part of the authors for that type of notoriety which comes from telling the public something that they know will shock. These books do not have a large circulation. They are too sad for the general public. They are written with pens dipped in the blood of the battlefields. They do more good than the wearisome speeches at the League of Nations. They are written, not by statesmen, but by those WHO KNOW. And it is quite clear that those who write these books have said there shall be no more war, and never again shall we talk of the glories of war. Read "These Men Thy Friends," by Edward Thompson, and when you have read it, ask yourselves if you will ever again talk of the glories and the courage of the battlefield. We are not discussing the problem of what England could have done, other than she did, since another nation declared war. What every thinking person the world over is pledged to do is to vow that as far as he or she is concerned there will be no more war.

"ALL Children Must Be Paid For," by A. L. Giberne Sieveking, is the type of book you either throw aside having read a chapter or two, or you can chuckle from the first page to the last. It is a matter of temperament and digestion. I was very tired from a heavy day's work when I picked up this book. The description on the first page of Lord Downacre so amused me that I began to chuckle and went on chuckling. So hilarious did I become that I insisted upon reading a chapter aloud to my husband. He thought it putrid. He had indigestion that day. Lord Downacre has everything that an eligible bachelor should have—except brains. He was really to be pitied, his notions changed with the swiftness of a gyrating cowl. Every fresh breath of influence that blew across his horizon, made him rabid in some cause or other. It was really very awkward when in one and the same day he met the Presidents of the Society of

Birth Control and the Society for the Increase of the Population. He became a rabid increaser; he rushed to Hyde Park and shouted at an admiring cockney crowd that the population must increase—"And I'm here to do it!" He went so far as to buy tons and tons of christening mugs and then, alas! someone spoke to him about birth control and he became a rabid Marie Stopesian! As to what happened I leave you to find out for yourselves. There is a girl in this book called Muriel who in her way is as remarkable as Lorelei, but unlike Lorelei she is not voluble. Her entire vocabulary consists of two words: "I know" — with the emphasis on the "know."

I ALWAYS enjoy being in a hotel. It is so interesting to watch the people and to weave little stories about them—wondering why so-and-so is there, where is her husband, has she any children, and so on. In Elizabeth Bowen's novel "The Hotel" (one of the scores that fringe the Mediterranean) she introduces us to a few people who are wintering there, and allows us to peep into their lives. Not so much their lives, perhaps, as their characters. Sydney is an amazing young woman. She cannot play tennis at all when Mrs. Kerr is looking at her. The relationship of Sydney to Mrs. Kerr is subtly told. The quarrel between two aged spinsters, Miss Pym and Miss Fitzgerald, is brilliant and poignant. There is something rather disjointed about this story; perhaps this quality is induced by the fact that people are always running in and out of hotels, to and from the tennis court, in and out of the dining room. This is a decidedly unusual novel and well worth reading.

AFTER the sophistication of Elizabeth Bowen's work, it was quite amusing to turn to "Gold in the Dust" by Mrs. Albanesi. A simply-told story of two families, one "in the purple," and the other "below the salt." These two families are brought into close and continual relationship because the lady's maid is pretending to be the mother of the illegitimate child of her mistress. It is all most naive and ends most happily. It is a long time since I read such a sentimental story in which all the characters are of a type which Mrs. Henry Wood delighted in.

Susan Ertz has again delighted us (you will remember "Madame Clare," and "Now East, Now West"), with her latest novel, "The Galaxy." Last night I discussed it with the novelist, Miss Almaz Stout. We had both "just finished it." "Delightful," said my friend. "Why?" I asked, anxious to hear her opinions. "Oh, well, it is a real story; it is not morbid, and it is not a thriller." I agreed with her. Susan Ertz had a story to tell and she tells it well and in a leisurely manner. There is no attempt to shock or excite, yet there is plenty of love interest. There is not one line of nastiness in it; there is not a word to offend the most fastidious and yet it is not a goody-goody book. It is true to life, life of the middle 19th century. In fact it is a fine record of that period. The Deverell family will be remembered as a type of parents that used to exist. And Laura and James will remain in our memory as the first children to rebel against Victorian parents. It is something more than this, for in Laura, Susan Ertz has created a very fine character. She is a magnificent woman; in her way as fascinating as Meredith's Diana. There are some very modern touches in this story of a period that now seems remote. The analysis of Horatio's character is of the present day; only not all mothers of today are as wise as Laura. Laura's husband is also well drawn. Who has not met a philanderer such as he is? And if a Sandler, Laura's lover, has not crossed our path as yet, so sincerely does Susan Ertz write, we have no difficulty in accepting him, admiring him, and grieving for him when Laura was killed in an accident.



Pocahontas Post Office in the Rocky Mountains



The CRESTWOOD TRAY "Grosvenor" design illustrated



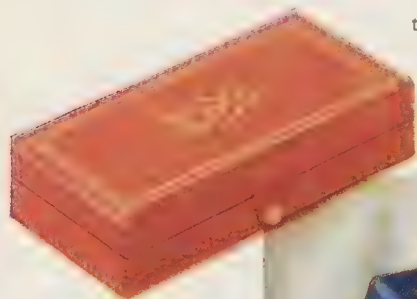
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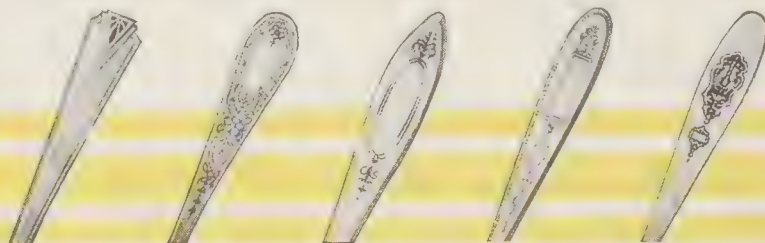
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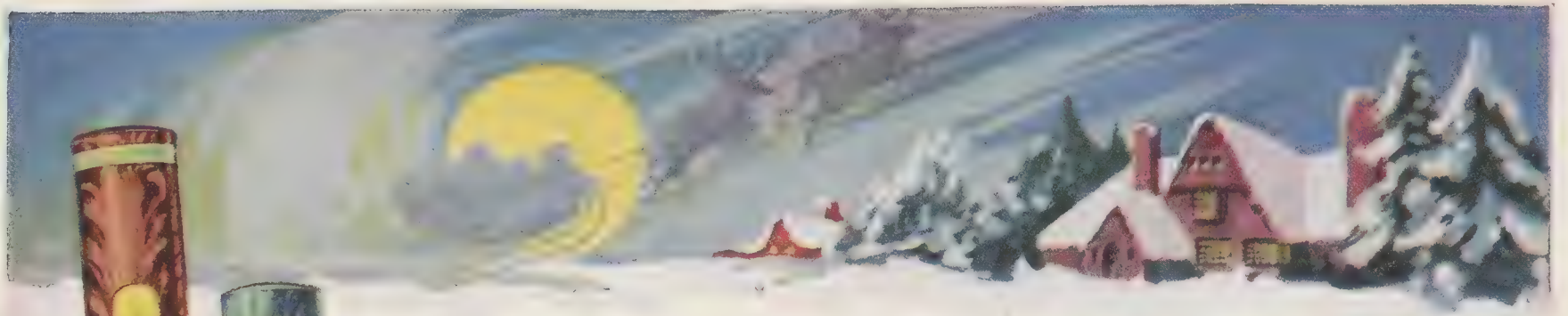
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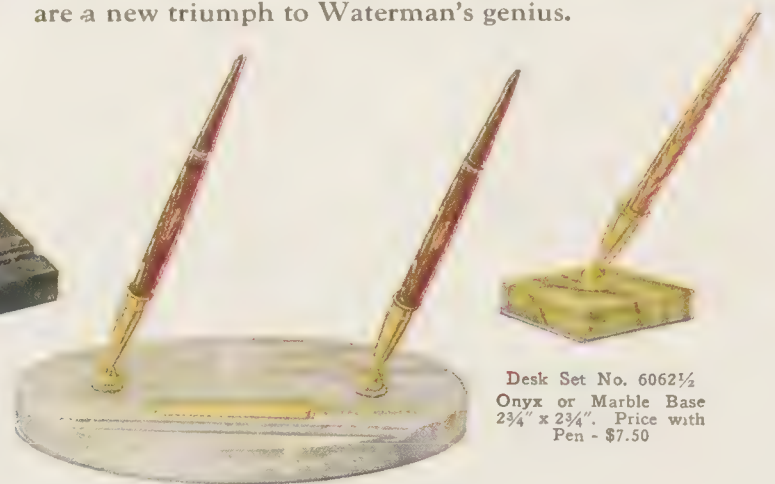
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Lord of the Silver Dragon

curious multitude when Erling disengaged himself from the little knot of soldiers in the background, and with measured and unhurried step pressed toward the crier. Arrived at the hill of judgment, Erling stood in silence a moment, the morning sunlight glancing from his polished armor in dazzling brilliance.

"Speak, Erling the Black, if thou hast aught to say."

"I am ready nor have complaint to make. Yet, if my lord so please, and would incline his ear, I should but ask to have my judgment tempered by the ancient code."

"Tempered!" exclaimed the crier incredulously, and in an undertone; "fool, thou hast but killed thyself!" But the crowd, milling close in their curiosity, were enraptured with the idea. "Holla!" they shouted, "Judgment! judgment! Grant him the judgment! Holla! Erling the Black!"

The crier looked across at his lord, and Rafn, ever quick to respond to a noble impulse, nodded. Very much displeased with the whole affair—for he had bet a round sum that Erling would quickly despatch the berserk chosen to combat him—the crier chanted the old Norse code: "A brave man should attack two enemies, stand to meet three, give ground a little to four, and only retreat before five. This is our father's code, by which brave counsel the accused desisteth to abide in lieu of more lenient judgment."

At the close of this delivery Rafn stood up and with gruff sincerity bade his berserks weigh and reflect whether they were prepared to defend their master's honor. "If so," said he, "step to the field and wipe out the indignity which stains mine house and name."

Men did not soon forget the combat which now ensued. Five men were in the field—the flower of Rafn's bodyguard—strong as lions and unbelievably agile despite their heavy war gear. But Erling faced his opponents with that strange exaltation which ever fortifies a brave but doomed heart.

So sudden was his onslaught that his opponents barely had time to guard themselves. Lightning swift, his heavy sword cleft the shield and helmet of the foremost berserk, striking him down, a bleeding corpse. The remaining three leaped to right and left and then with enraged howls and redoubled fury they closed in upon him. Erling was well satisfied to leave the attack to them, for he was resolved to sell his life dearly. He eluded their assaults with amazing skill and dexterity, keenly alert and watchful for the crucial moment when he might best render punishment. He whirled and wheeled, leaped and sparred; while their blows rained like hail upon shield and broadsword. He seemed at once everywhere and nowhere—a whirling dynamo of gleaming steel and supple muscle. His cat-like movements and grim laughter exasperated Rafn's berserks, lashing them into that peculiar frenzy common to their kind. As their gorge rose they roared their fury.

This blinding madness served Erling only the better. So powerful was he that he could leap his length, whether up or backward whilst clad in full armor, and he might undoubtedly have worn out his enemies by these tactics had his strength not been much depleted by the wound still gaping in his left shoulder. But as it was he knew his vigor to be failing, and this knowledge sharpened his wits. Plainly, the crucial time was come. He slackened his play, thereby drawing down upon himself a fierce yell of joy. But, swift as light, when his enemy rushed in to take advantage of his weakness, he made as if to leap back, but instead swerved sharply to the left, whirling his great sword furiously in the dreaded windmill circles. Barely escaping this whirlwind of death, one of the berserks tripped on a loosened thong and lurched in his comrade's way. Terrible as Thor's thunderbolt, Erling charged, cutting to left and right with his double blade, killing the one outright and so wounding the other

Continued from page 20

that he was barely able to crawl from the field.

But there still remained Olaf the Broad, a ruthless and terrible foe, whom the sudden and unexpected end of his companions roused to an inhuman fury. His blood-stained visage was terrible to behold; his eyes rolled in his head, he foamed at the mouth and bellowed his hate like a goaded bull. "Yield, murderer! Yield!" he bellowed, "Yield! yield!"

They leaped at one another with frightful energy, hacking and hewing, the din of their combat making horrid thunder in that gentle dale. Their madness spread to the populace. Wild and fierce-hearted, it broke into an uproarious excitement. "At him, Erling! At him!" yelled a voice. "On, Olaf! on Olaf!" shouted another. "An hundred ells of wool on Erling!" cried a third. "Kill him, Erling, kill him!" screamed a woman. "Thou shalt have favor! Kill him! Kill him!"

But neither Erling nor Olaf heard their cheers or their imprecations. With glazed and bloodshot eyes and bursting eardrums, they grappled now, man to man. Broken were their long-swords; their axes and shields discarded; knife and muscle were to end the fray. They strained, they thrust, they toppled and fell like twin towers of steel, and lay wallowing in their own blood. "Up, Erling! Up, Olaf! Up and at it!" roared the frenzied people. Then, as suddenly as if the heavens had parted, revealing the wrath of their God, a death-like calm fell upon that maddened multitude—a silence which seemed to quiver and moan in shuddering sympathy with the human tragedy before them.

In one last final effort the antagonists had struggled to their knees. Their eyes were unseeing; their tortured breathing came in rattling gasps—thus for a moment they swayed in ghastly weakness and then like an automaton charged with sudden power, up flew Erling's hand, the knife descending on Olaf's throat. Conquered and conqueror, they rolled over and lay motionless on the ground.

THE awe-stricken silence which had followed the previous uproar now broke in a storm of tumult. Cheers, hysterical sobs and ribald laughter mingled together in one intolerable clamor; a mob's tribute to poor fallen valor. So crazed were the people to obtain a closer view of the torn and bleeding heroes that Rafn's soldiers were compelled to beat them back lest, in their cruel curiosity, they should tread one another underfoot.

Whilst this chaos was being reduced to a semblance of peace and order, the nobles looked on in utter indifference. For them all interest had died with that downward plunge of Erling's shining blade, and this unrestrained feeling on the part of the populace aroused in them no more than bored contempt. A living berserk was an interesting speculation well worth a wager or two, but a dead one could scarcely be regarded more than any other carrion. They were eager to be off; back to the hall where they might drain their ale-horns in comfort and settle their bets with right goodwill.



But in his secret heart Rafn harbored a more humane sentiment towards his men, and had it been compatible with the prevailing ideas of dignity he would have welcomed a less exacting honor. He was now determined to show himself magnanimous. When he could make himself heard, he stepped to the mound and in stentorian tones acknowledged his eternal gratitude to the men who had died defending his good name, and after exhausting his repertoire of praise he ordered his bodyguard to carry home the valorous dead, that they might be given suitable burial in consecrated ground. Having so spoken, he turned on his heel and without so much as a glance in Erling's direction, quitted the field.

Now was the time arrived for Swart to act. As soon as Rafn and his coterie were well on their way, he leaped to a nearby boulder and, dangling his money-bag, appealed to the justice of the people. Was so brave and gallant a Norseman as Erling to be left to the mercy of his enemy and the loathesome funeral rites of the vultures? Was not a brave defence the outward mark of a courageous and sincere heart? Who dared judge the dead, and who withhold from the departed his honest due?

A hissing roar, as of the turning tide, was Swart's answer, and, quick to sense the awakening sympathy of his kind, he proceeded to confide to them his lady's trust. "Who, then," said he at the finish, "hath an heart to do the Lady Thorgunna's bidding?"

More than enough responded. Indeed, so many stalwart lads stepped forward that the difficulty resolved itself into an unbiased choice. But at last Swart settled upon six youths from the interior of the island, concluding wisely that it were as well for the participants in this kindly act to be recruited from amongst such of Rafn's people as were not under his immediate eye.

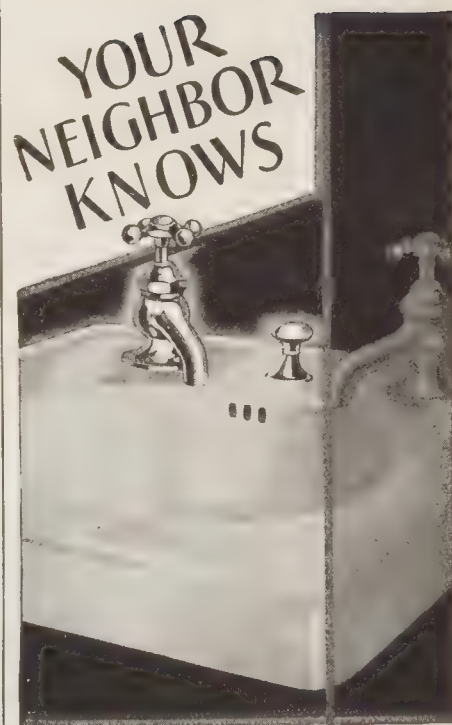
So it came to pass that Thorgunna, watching from her bower with nervous impatience, saw at last where a procession, scarcely less dignified than the one which signalled the coming of Rafn's berserks, wended its way down from the hills. True, the lads carrying Erling's inert body on his dented and gory shield were not clad in the glittering costly habiliments of Rafn's bodyguard; their coarse tunics were brown as the earth they tended, but their mien was as marked with native dignity as the rugged Hebridean hills.

Tears sprang to Thorgunna's eyes, and at her side poor Elspeth groaned and crossed herself devoutly. "Peace to his soul," muttered the old woman huskily, but her mistress said no word until the sad group halted before her doorway. Then, true to her Norse blood, she drew herself up proudly and, motioning them to enter, spoke the time-honored greeting: "Home comes the warrior dead. To him be everlasting glory. Nor with him enter grief nor dark dismay, but deathless pride to take its kingly seat and to forever bide." No greater homage could the lady pay.

But Thorgunna was not a woman to be content with sentimental utterances alone. There was much to be done, and it must be done hastily ere her sire got wind of it. With exceeding calmness she outlined her plans. She meant to have the dead man conveyed to her bird-isles and buried there in a certain cave looking out to sea. His armor and weapons were to be cleaned of their livid stains and polished as befitted so bold a warrior, and his body prepared for interment with all the care customarily reserved for those of nobler origin. This she would have done if perchance it might ease the burden of remorse which weighed so heavily upon her soul.

Of that little company every one was eager to do her bidding, and while the hill-men were polishing the armor, Swart and Elspeth set about bathing the frightfully mutilated body of the young soldier. Elspeth wept and groaned at each new wound revealed, the mother-heart in her stirred to rebellion at such reckless annihilation of precious life.

[Continued on page 40]



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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 37

It was a sad duty this of hiding ghastly, gaping wounds in the tender flesh under vestments of new-spun linen. Elspeth's tears flowed fast and her prayers were tireless. Nor was her grief the less when, their office concluded, Erling lay upon his impromptu couch in all the splendid dignity of death. She could not leave him. It was as if his dark and solemn beauty held her in a spell. Thorgunna, too, seemed incapable of further action and sat at Erling's head, her hands lying idly in her lap, her thoughts going round and round in a tortuous treadmill of misery. For the first time she doubted the code of her fathers. What, after all, was honor that it should be so dearly purchased? Nay, nay, that was not the question! But was honor honor if so upheld? And was not love in itself a worthy thing? but what was love? To Rafn it was a passion for renown; to her it was a memory of Leif. And to this honest Erling, dead before her, what but the smiles she had so falsely given? So round and round in relentless questioning her troubled thoughts took their way. And in the background of her heart and mind burned the intolerable knowledge of her sheer deception.

A sudden scream from Elspeth broke in upon the torpor of her misery. "Michael defend us! The holy angels guard our senses! Sawest it, my lady?"

"Sawest what?" queried Thorgunna fearfully.

"God's mercy!" screamed Elspeth again. "Tis true, he lives! He is not dead!"

It was true enough. Somewhere a spark of life had lain hidden, and now manifested itself in a slow tremor which troubled the quiet body of Erling as a passing wind may momentarily disturb the tranquillity of a calm sea. In a fever of sudden hopes and fears the women resorted to what simple restoratives they knew, and in an agony of suspense hovered over the soldier.

In response, whether to prayer or potion, the pale lids lifted at last from Erling's good brown eyes, and in that second Thorgunna's humanity triumphed over her station. With a cry of thankfulness she dropped to her knees and, taking a poor bruised hand in her own, began pouring out her remorse and undying gratitude. With the tears streaming down her lovely face, she confessed her wretched behavior and implored his pardon. And as she wept and agonized, it seemed the fire of her distress entered the body of Erling to revive it.

From who shall say what depths of eternity consciousness was returning; the glassy eyes softened as the light of reason entered once again, and at last an unmistakable smile curved the corners of the laughter-loving lips.

"My lady, my lady," sobbed Elspeth, "compose thyself, for 'tis plain our Erling wishes us to know somewhat."

It was true. The dying man was gathering his little spark of life in one last splendid effort. And he being Nature's child—Nature, whose very name is struggle, whose aim an overcoming—she did not let him fail. "God rest thee lady, and speed thy lord's return." The words came very slowly, very faintly, but they struck upon Thorgunna's heart like hammers of steel. Her eyes dilated and she thought for a moment that her reason was failing. . . . He knew . . . he knew! He had always known the truth! At that a great light flooded her soul. And then the Lady Thorgunna did a beautiful thing. With loving care she slipped her arms around the expiring Erling and, drawing his head to her bosom, kissed the pallid brow. "Dear brother of my heart," she sobbed, "forgive our insolence and vanity. In life we held thee lowly; in death thou knowest our littleness. From the richness of thy heart forgive our pitiable insolence!"

But whether Erling heard this tearful plea or comprehended any part of it no one will ever know. A weary sigh, like the breath of lonely autumn stirring withered leaves, broke from his lips, and with no other heraldry his brave soul passed.

FORTUNATELY for the Lady Thorgunna an event now befell which was destined to absorb her father's attention to the exclusion of all else for some time to come. Before the ale-horns had been drained in memory of Rafn's berserks, a messenger stumbled in from the North to warn his master that the terrible Celts were preparing to storm the island he had so lately wrested from their fierce grasp.

Rafn paled at the news; not that he dreaded a fresh encounter with his arch-enemy, but because it struck him as singularly ominous that this uprising should take place on the eve of Erling's death. He could not escape a sense of guilt in the matter, though convention had justified his action. Certain it was that were it not for Erling's loyalty and heroic intervention on that fateful night when a Celtic javelin would have made quick work of him, he had not lived to enjoy his coveted possession.

This island had long been a bone of contention between the Hebridean chieftain and the Celtic tribes of the mainland; principally because of its situation in the Minch and its almost inaccessible approach, characteristics which made it especially desirable as the site of a formidable fortress. Such a fortress Rafn was ambitious to build. And now, just when success seemed assured, this new danger threatened him. Was it possible that a dead man's curse was about to be wreaked upon him? Had he been too hasty in his judgment and unjust in condemnation? But there was no time to give way to melancholy forebodings. The little handful of men he had left to guard his new possession would be overthrown quickly, and, once again entrenched behind those lofty crags and impregnable promontories, the enemy would hold out indefinitely.

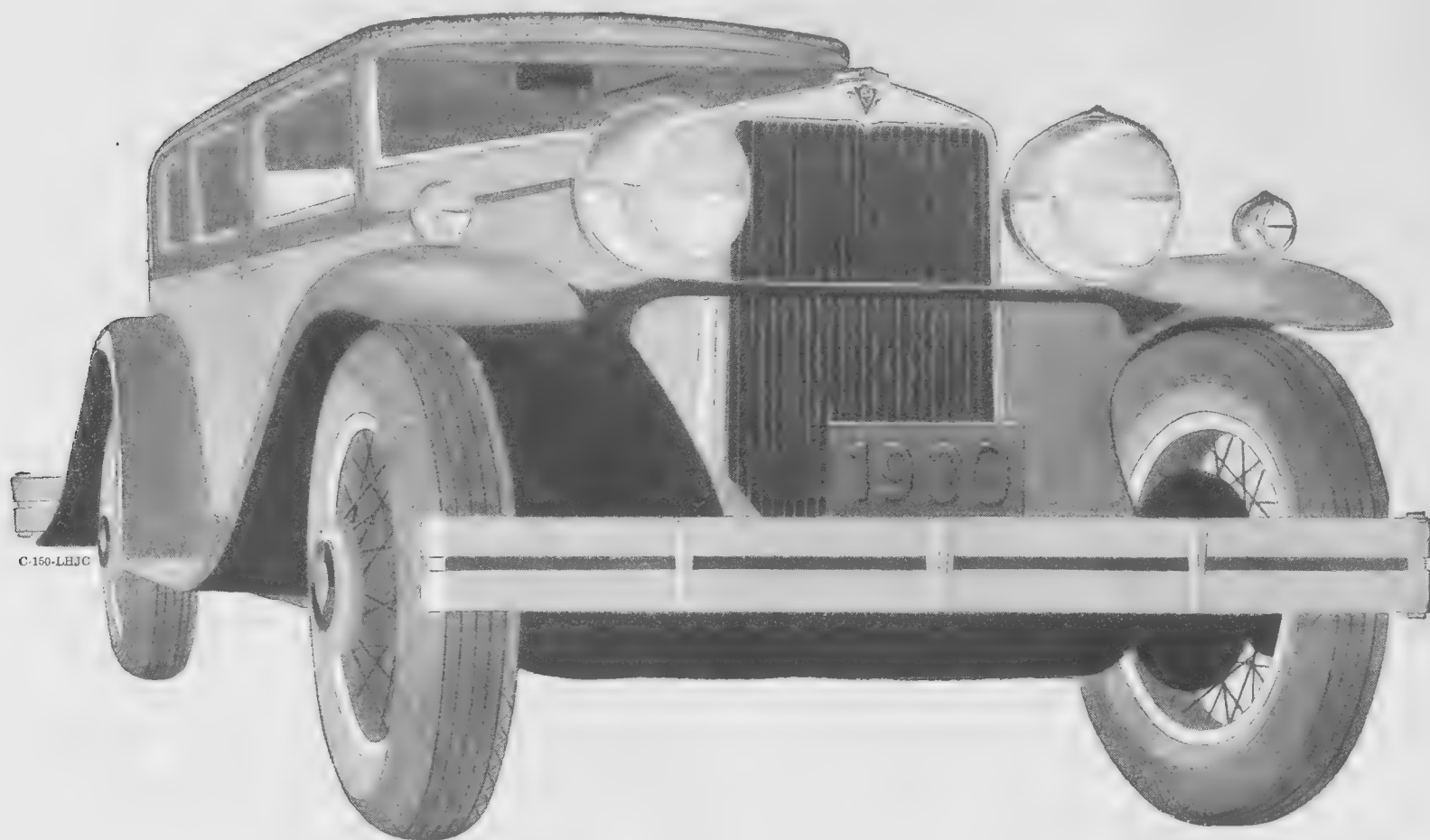
This knowledge eclipsed every other concern. Consequently Thorgunna and her insubordination faded from his mind—might, in fact, never have existed for all the thoughts he bestowed upon her. Leaving his tables still groaning beneath their burden of meats and wine, Rafn and his warriors embarked under cover of darkness, and, with hate to stiffen their muscles, made quick work of crossing the little Minch—that restless arm of sea which separated Rafn's holdings in the outer Hebrides from this coveted island of the inner group.

So while her sire waged his battles in the North, Thorgunna found temporary peace wherein to lave her troubled spirit and fortify it against the ordeals to come. Seldom now was she seen abroad. Even her splendid courage quailed at the thought of public curiosity and possible pity.

Most of the day she spent in her bower, weaving bits of tapestry, into the woof of which she fashioned her dreams. But oft-times at night she stole away in her little skiff and, with Swart to ply the oars, followed the dim seas to her bird-isle. Here, while her faithful thrall caught up with his interrupted sleep, she kept tryst with the memory of happier days and planned for that glad future when Leif and she should be reunited. Thus the slow months wore away, their drab quietness welcome enough to poor soul-weary Thorgunna, who knew not what her fate might be once her sire was returned and acquainted with her condition.

In the meantime Rafn had been entirely successful in routing his enemies, and though the uprising was in itself unimportant, it had the effect of rousing him to a clearer conception of the imperative need to fortify his island if he wished to retain possession of it. Most certainly he courted no other possibility. In fact, some considerable work had already been done to that end, as a mountainous pile of quarried rock and a solid and extensive foundation convincingly testified. Moreover, it was whispered abroad that the great headland was in truth honeycombed with serpentine labyrinths and secret dungeons, which valuable attributes were a touching memorial to the defeated hopes of the vanquished Celts. [Cont'd on page 42]

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 40

At any rate, thoroughly convinced of his need and the wisdom of his plans, Rafn now plunged into the work, driving his men night and day with characteristic fury. And not until a massive wall circled the brows of that inaccessible headland, enclosing jealously the rapidly growing castle, did he bethink himself of home and the pleasures there awaiting him.

He was, however, doomed to disappointment and chagrin. Though he had sent a herald to announce his homecoming, no radiant daughter sped to meet him, nor with her pretty charms cast a spell of graciousness over the banquet dutifully spread in his honor. His first reaction was sheer amazement. Why was she not there as filial affection demanded? What womanish whim possessed her?

Then came fear, and very paralyzing fear, for after his fashion the stormy chieftain loved his daughter. Something had befallen her; he saw it confirmed in the downcast faces about him. But what, and why had he not been notified? What terrible thing held his retainers thus glum and silent? Death? Nay, death had moved them to tears and sympathy. . . . Fear, contending with natural impatience, rendered him speechless for the moment. Nor was his apprehension lessened when he finally forced himself to voice his dread, only to be met with a still more leaden silence and an uneasy stir like the breaking of a destructive wave over the entire hall.

Certain now that his surmise was correct, he groaned in travail of spirit. "Oh, my daughter, my poor sweet daughter," he muttered. "She is dead, the mainstay of my hopes; she is dead, the light of mine house!"

At this display of unexpected sentiment in the rude old warrior, some light-headed retainer at the back of the great hall tittered foolishly. The sound affected the chieftain like a blow across the face. Livid and ashen in turn, he glared around the room. Not a man dared to meet his eye; from the least to the greatest not a subject but seemed turned to stone, and engraven on each face was the unmistakable consciousness of shame. Never had the proud chieftain endured such a moment: never in life was he to forget it. It was altogether intolerable, like some hideous nightmare from which there was no escape. He thought the heart must surely break in his bosom, for instinct, no less than his audience, confirmed his fear that some ghastly thing had overtaken the beloved and only child of his honest love. A thousand evils presented themselves. . . . mutilation. . . . madness. . . . sudden death. . . . But would such misfortune occasion laughter? And such insulting laughter! Came then—who can say from what mysterious source?—an ugly suspicion of the truth, sending his blood in rivers of ice through his veins. "God of my fathers, forfend us!" he groaned in sudden and passionate piety. And their fatalism, if not their deity, came to his aid. What the Fates had decreed must doubtless be, and a man must not cringe even before his destroyer. So much he recalled of his code, and it enabled him to summon up a smile, wry enough it is true, but after all, somewhat gallant, and, calling for the alehorns, he made as though to dismiss the matter from his mind.

"Truth, good friends," he cried, "of troubles there be plenty, but of ale never enough. Drink, then, and let us be rid of nagging misery. . . . at best she's but a glum-faced concubine. Drink on, my lads, to a better mistress and a softer bed!"

But howsoever much they affected carefree revelry, there was underlying it all a sinister something of which they were all aware. And Rafn, keenly alive to the situation, waited impatiently for the magic of his ale to dull the edge of idle curiosity and waken interest in less morbid issues. Then, leaving his company to their alcoholic dreams, he slipped out quietly and hurried to his daughter's bower.

She had known he would come and, pale as death but unbelievably composed

she waited his denunciation. The sight of her, confirming as it did his worst suspicions, quite unmanned him. There was about her, too, a strange dignity and a quiet strength before which he felt completely helpless. What could he say to this stately creature who was, after all, blood of his blood and, he now surmised, as impatient of convention as he of any barrier. Meeting her thus he seemed to be confronting his own rebel-nature face to face.

The knowledge of this might have softened his judgment had he not in fancy heard again that contemptuous snicker. The memory of it maddened him. By all the Holy Saints, how had she dared to drag his honor in the dust? To make herself a laughing-stock for fools and the butt of vulgar jesting! Cholerically always, he now almost strangled in the fury of his soaring rage. Dreadful was the word he hurled at her. At sound of it the nails of her little hands bit so deep into the tender palms that the blood broke through; but she said nothing. She let him heap malediction upon malediction until his anger had run its volcanic course. It left him sadly shaken and bewildered. Flinging himself on a bench, he fell to laughing foolishly. "God's rood! a man knoweth little what thing he nurseth in his bosom! The while he buildeth strongholds against the stranger, his own blood raiseth up dishonor to slay him! God wot, I had not deemed my daughter such a traitress!"

"My lord, were Norse pride less exacting, the wretched creature thou raillest at might even now be an honest matron, nor forced to hear thy shameful speeches!"

"Heaven-blest Michael!" gasped the amazed chieftain, momentarily dumbfounded by such temerity. And, being quite unconscious of her true meaning, concluding, naturally, that it was of Erling she thought, he immediately flew into an ungovernable rage—"Wert thou but a man I'd kill thee in thy tracks! Decadence taints thy blood; 'twere better off the earth! As God's my judge, thou wert much better dead!"

"My lord, if taint there be, who is the author of it? If not thyself, thou must have chosen ill in her who mothered me. And if not she. . . ."

"Silence!" roared the chieftain. He had no taste just then for family history. "By my saints, thou shalt be silenced properly."

At this old Elspeth, who had all the while been huddled in the corner, came and flung herself at her master's feet. "Oh, my good lord, be merciful. Think upon thy sainted lady these many years in paradise. Think upon her tears at knowledge of her dear child's misery. . . . Think how 'twas to thy care she left the babe. . . . And thou, my lord, hast thought more of wars than of her happiness? Think not of murdering thy child to escape the punishment of paternal duties undischarged."

Rafn glared at the old creature balefully, but in truth his heart was troubled. There was something in what she said—he had not considered his motherless daughter as he might have done. Why had he not, long ere this, married her off, safeguarded her from mischief and temptations? Why had he not considered what pitfalls line poor Beauty's path? Why not, indeed?

"Fool!" he barked at Elspeth, by way of easing his conscience, "who said aught of murder? Though, doubtless, thy years have taught thee to believe that nothing less may silence women's prattle! But know, good wench, mine is a better plan. Silenced ye shall be, and silenced every other wagging tongue besides. Thou needst not look so scandalized, my crone, 'tis but to piety I mean to wed a lovely daughter—aye, ye shall both have goodly opportunity to babble prayers and to reflect upon the soul's iniquity." Then he fell to laughing again, mirthlessly, his inflamed eyes running from one to the other in cruel meditateness.

"God's rood! 'Tis strange what deeds men do and the reasons of them! Had I but known my [Continued on page 44]



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SLEEPLESSNESS : : what a depressing misery it is! Nerves so excited by the exhausting demands of modern life that they simply will not be quieted . . long, tedious and trying hours of waiting for the sleep that never comes . . hours that find you going over the day's troubles again and again, wide awake when you should be sound asleep storing up new strength and energy.

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*snap!
crackle!
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Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 42

fortress was to home so fair a captive I might have builded even stouter walls! Yea, 'tis curious to think on it..."

"Master," old Elspeth began imploringly, "I pray thee put our minds at rest. Taunt us no more, nor torture us thus cruelly, but tell us what thy pleasure is in this?"

"Pleasure? Thinkest it pleasure to exile an only child?"

"Exile? Oh, good my lord—" broke from Thorgunna, vague hope stirring to life in her heart; but at the look in her father's eyes she checked herself abruptly and bent her head submissively.

"Wretched creature, think not to air thy shame in distant lands, to work more havoc amongst decent folk. Nay, thou shalt be made to rue thy worthlessness. These shores will see the last of thee ere long, and that proud island which cost me such great price shall keep thee safe—" again that horrible laughter shook him—"Aye, my sea-girt Dun David—ah, thou seest the humor of thy blind sire's choice of names! A brave name for a bold fortress, thought I—well, thou wilt have time enough to coin the laughter of it, for, as God's my Truth, 'twill keep thee out of mischief for a while!"

"Truly, my lord," his daughter somehow had wit and courage to respond, "'tis not so humorous as just. If 'twas meet to honor my grandsire's memory by so grim a pile—he who scrupled not to take love where he found it—'tis not unsuited to add a sacrifice of human devotion. A prison built to honor David Rafn without its prisoner of love were but a farce indeed!"

OVER his father's bier Lief assumed official command at Brattalid. Men drained the farewell horn to the old lord and pledged allegiance to the new upon that impressive occasion. All the district was there to render honor to their country's founder. Yet, despite this proof of affection, many an old man, though confessing the new religion of simplicity, felt that an indignity was being done the venerable chieftain because the funeral rites were so lacking in that magnificence which once would have been considered his indispensable due.

But in all things Lief had respected his father's desires. He had the funeral-mound raised high on a promontory overlooking the sea, and thither was the body of the aged chieftain carried in solemn silence. In yet deeper silence he was lifted into the throne-seat awaiting him in the mound. Seated there in state, his battle-axe and shield and sword beside him, Eric of the proud heart appeared to smile out upon his people a beneficent farewell.

When the mound had been walled in it was heaped high with earth and rock that none might know it from the Greenland hill. And, in further concession to Eric's wish, a fire was kindled upon the mound, a leaping blaze to light his lonely soul to Valhalla and to shine out upon the darkling seas he had loved so well. And this beacon, lighting for him the way to fields Elysian, was to be kept burning through the winter twilight that it might greet the spring and with it the first mariner home from the sea.

Despite her Christian fervor, Thorhild had returned to Brattalid to participate in her late lord's wake. Now he was dead her heart reproached her for her former coldness, and to make amends she gratefully accepted any opportunity wherein she might show honor to his memory. With the help of the disconsolate Gudrid, she served the guests "the horn of remembrance" with a touching dignity which transformed the old custom into a beautiful and holy rite.

Clad in their finest robes the women passed round the hall; preceding them walked a diminutive thrall, all decked in green and gold, carrying a silver bowl and dippers. From this bowl of ceremonial wine the ladies filled the drinking-horn of each guest, beginning with the most distinguished noble and ending with the humble retainers who lined the outer benches. When all were served Lief rose to his feet and called upon the

assembly to pledge an oath to Eric's memory—to hold it inviolate above all reproach and indignity, as they had held him in life. Never was a "skal" to a Norseman's memory more readily drained, for with all his faults Eric had been greatly respected.

The ladies now retired, leaving the men to their banquet when, like every other wake, it resolved itself into a great emotional revival. Friendships were renewed, forgotten ambitions re-energized, and noble resolutions burst forth with hot intensity.

"Let our honor be tangible and noteworthy," began one greybeard; "let us honor our lamented leader by living greater lives."

"Aye! Aye! Let us live greatly, as Eric lived!"

"Let us make this country such as he dreamed," another voice responded; "a greater Greenland is the fittest memorial."

"'Tis well put," agreed the first speaker, who, besides being the oldest guest present, was perhaps the most distinguished so far as lineage went, and was, therefore, privileged to be heard. "'Tis well and sanely put, and to that end let us now pledge his son, whose valor we know and whose sagacity we may well trust."

There was no half-heartedness about the response which followed. Not a man but sprang to his feet eager to demonstrate his loyalty to Eric's son. They drank to his house and they drank to his kindred. And, since the true Norse nature has about it something of the vastness and stern dignity of the eternal hills which first cradled the race, there was no question of compromise. Lief was their chosen leader henceforth. In all things they were to uphold him and the pride of Brattalid.

Yet, notwithstanding these sincere protestations, Lief smiled to himself in sorry humor when at last he was left alone. "In all things to uphold me!" He turned the words over in his mind as a connoisseur of ancient trinkets turns a new acquisition over in his palm. And he reflected that in common with all antiquity the principal value of the avowal of loyalty lay in the glamor it carried from the past. Their fervor was indeed good to look upon, but quite possibly it was not suited to a workaday world. He knew for a certainty that every man who had taken that pledge would follow him to death in any quarrel, but would they follow him in the dull pursuits of peace? He thought not. Nonetheless, since he was doomed to a life of service in this barren country, he meant to make that service worthy. "Ye shall indeed uphold me, my good countrymen," Lief told himself, adding grimly: "and for that upholding I doubt not ye shall hate me mightily."

DURING his pilgrimage in the cause of the Holy Faith, Lief had conscientiously observed the ways and means of life in Greenland, and he had come to the conclusion that much of the prevailing distress was the direct result of poor management. Of the available produce the distribution was both inadequate and unequal. The wretched condition of the few existing roads, which connected the two main settlements with their far-flung and isolated whaling firths and fishing-grounds was, he thought, the worst contributing factor in a bad situation. Obviously, then, his first effort must be towards the betterment of that condition. And so the greatest of adventurers, denied the freedom of the seas he loved, decided to carve out for himself a passable highway over the sullen country which was his living prison. Indeed, as has been said, there was in Lief the foreshadowing of a new type—the invincible Norman type—observant, appropriating, retentive. While in Norway he had not been content merely to bask in the King's favor, or mechanically to carry out the Royal will. He had taken the keenest interest in the economic and social advancement of the people. He had been especially attracted by the cod and whale-oil industry which [Continued on page 46]

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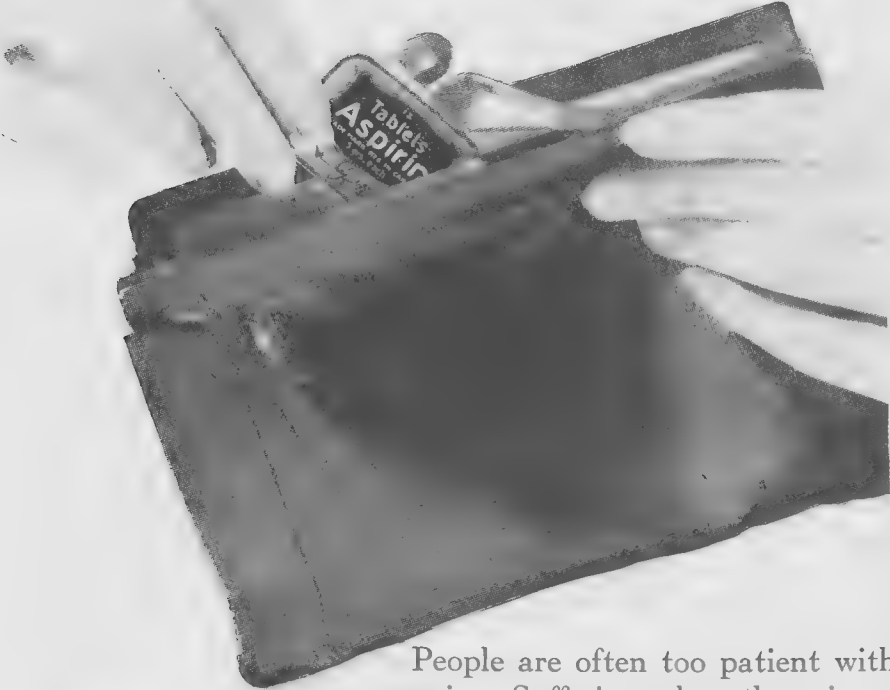
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And an Aspirin tablet would bring immediate relief!

The best time to take Aspirin is the moment you first feel the pain. Why postpone relief until the pain has reached its height? Why hesitate to take anything so harmless as these tablets? They can't hurt you; can't form any "habit."

There are numerous uses of Aspirin that everyone should know. Read the proven directions for checking colds, easing a sore throat; relieving headaches and the pains of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc.

You may take Aspirin as often as there is any need. You can always count on its quick comfort. But if the pain is of frequent recurrence, see a doctor as to its cause.

ASPIRIN



Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 44

was rapidly growing into an invaluable asset to Norway. Such an industry might well be fostered in Greenland. Indeed, he already dreamed of an overland highway, with storehouses at stated intervals, where huge quantities of cured fish and oils. Whalebone (Greenland ivory) and hides, should be stored for future supply and export.

If he could bring this about, and additionally could institute a yearly expedition to Vinland, he felt certain that Greenland's comfort would be fairly assured even though Norwegian traders failed them. In any case he thought it just as well not to be entirely dependent upon royal caprice.

King Olaf would make good his promise to send ships, this Leif knew. But after Olaf, what then? Olaf was not of such stuff as dies in dotage! No, something warned Leif that a king as fiery as Olaf was destined to flash across Norway like a mighty comet—no sooner recognized than gone. Such is the common fate of glory.

Nonetheless, howsoever wise his decision might be, Leif knew that his efforts would be impeded on every hand by prejudice and intolerance. The leading men of Greenland were recruited, in most part, from the fighting stock of Iceland, and for men of that breed the building of roads and the peaceable pursuits of commerce had little fascination or appeal. Such men were accustomed through precedent to leave the care of the field and herd and hall to slave and house-karl. If the seasons brought failure it troubled them little. Why should it? Was there not a wide sea, without their borders? And were not their longships equal to any chase? To men accustomed so to reason, Leif's economic ambitions were bound to appear singular in the extreme. Small wonder, then, that an iron determination, cold and calculating, by degrees usurped what in him was formerly buoyant enthusiasm. In truth, this period would have been unbearable to Leif but for the quiet ministrations of Gudrid.

Gudrid had lost both husband and father in the same season, since which terrible time she had adopted the charge of Brattalid, for Thorhild would not leave her church. There was comfort in her gentle ways and subtle sympathy. She went about the old Hall with sweet solemnity, like a ray of golden light gliding over cloistered walls. She seldom spoke, and always with a soft gravity, as if each word were lifted from the sacred places of her heart.

Leif often watched her with an intense, absorbing gaze as she stepped about the Hall filling the horns of an evening, so small and fragile, yet with that unmistakable dignity. Weak she might be, but as safe in that weakness as a colossus in his strength, for she was that type of noblewoman which none might mistake. And since she was incapable of suspecting indignity from any man, the meanest thrall would have died to save her from disillusionment.

Leif found her gifted in understanding as well as in sympathy. On many an evening he left his own seat and uncereemoniously seated himself on a footstool before her cross-bench. Then he would tell her of the plans which burned within him, and always she listened with pretty respect. And ever she found these plans entrancing and wonderful.

"My lord," she once said to him, "all that I possess I offer gladly if so it be it may serve thee."

"Thou art much too generous, my sister," he returned smilingly, and read only womanly modesty in the rosy wave which swept across her fair face.

But on the day Leif set forth to interview the district leaders on the subject of road-building, the old steward, who was his sole companion, mentioned Gudrid significantly as they cantered up the hills of Brattalid.

"A fairer mistress this great Hall could not boast," said he.

Leif experienced a distinct sense of shock, disagreeable shock, and for the moment was really angry with the old man. But Erlind seemed unconscious of

the reproving frown. "There is none fairer in Greenland," he stubbornly continued.

"True, true," Leif agreed irritably, "yet if she be such a treasure the less we boast the better—lest we lose her."

"There is a surer remedy, my lord—" "In remedies I am little learned, good sir."

Then: "There is a duty . . ." the steward insisted.

"Of duties I have in plenty," Leif interrupted sharply, as he spurred his horse into a brisker pace. He permitted no reopening of the subject and soon forgot the old man's insistence and foolish insinuation in the stress of the day's events.

Leif was warmly welcomed wherever he went, but, as he had anticipated, found little enough interest in his proposal, and very few anxious to join him in his purpose. This only served to make him the more determined to win. He would batter down their indifference! He would wear them out with repeated attacks—at least, he mused humorously, the problem will vex them! And what, if not vexation, could rouse a Norseman to furious activity?

IN RETURNING after weary days of hard travel and still harder effort at persuasion, Leif came homeward by way of Gardar. There all was in its usual state of bustling commotion. Certainly the air of constant activity had not diminished under the sharp eyes of the new mistress. Freydis had a way with her and the way was effective.

She had her share of intelligence, this black-eyed daughter of Eric, and with it a keen sense of management. Very little explanation was necessary to convince her of the wisdom of Leif's plans. She saw in a flash what it would mean to her husband's scattered possessions if this scheme of bettering distribution and foreign trade materialized. Why, the overland highway alone would save them huge losses in waste product! She would support him, never fear! Gardar would support him, she assured her brother heartily.

Leif was wickedly amused to see how completely Freydis ignored her husband's right to an opinion. It was very evident that Thorvald had not so much taken to bosom a wife as a master. He would have preferred to maintain an existence of easy comfort, trusting to his treasure-chests for future safety. His ambitious lady was otherwise inclined. Treasure-chests, she reminded him scornfully, were not to be emptied, but filled. Indeed, she was all for making a legal contract with her brother, and that immediately.

But though Leif reproached himself for lack of appreciation, he could not for the life of him respond to this extreme enthusiasm, which, despite his need, repelled rather than encouraged him. He avoided a clash by declaring that the situation did not call for any such heroic and hasty measures, a rebuke which the hot-tempered Freydis accepted with admirable grace. Over the evening meal—not quite so lavish as Leif remembered Thorvald's meals to have been of old—she introduced another topic:

"It is said that Gudrid makes a fair mistress at Brattalid. No doubt such is her ambition."

"Madame," Leif returned with quiet irony, "tis scarce conceivable she could be aught else—she was not idly named Gudrid the Fair."

Freydis laughed gaily at the retort, but her dark face flushed hotly. "Claws are hid in soft cushions, my lord brother, and a gentle hand may itch for gold . . . In truth, 'twould grieve me sore to have thee played upon."

"Thou art unduly concerned," retorted Leif haughtily, "and meseems it ill becomes thee. Yet, lest thou shouldst grow wrinkled with anxiety for me, I do assure thee that no lady in Greenland dreams of Leif but to her own distress."

"Poor maids!" Freydis trilled merrily, pleased with his answer, and equally pleased to have ruffled his pride; "poor, unhappy maids" [Continued on page 48]

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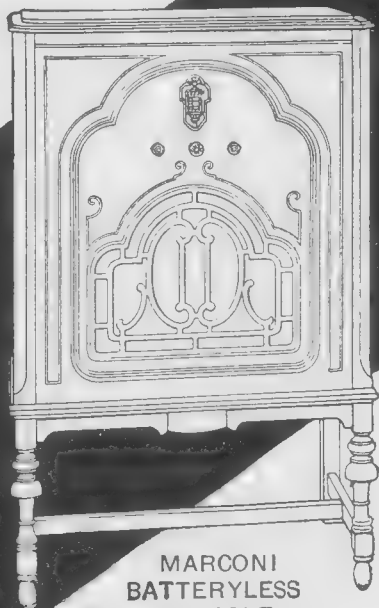
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CANADIAN MARCONI COMPANY

OWNING AND OPERATING RADIO STATION CFCF AT MONTREAL + MAKERS OF THE MARCONI R.V.C. RADIOTRONS

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 46

Then, summoning a thrall, she ordered a bowl of spiced ale and with her own hands she served her brother.

During the remainder of Leif's visit Freydis showered comforts upon him; the entire retinue of servants were at his beck and call—and woe to those who should displease him! She did more. Having recognized how deep-seated her brother's prejudice was toward herself, she sedulously avoided further reference to his plans. Instead, she harangued her poor husband in secret and through him accomplished her desire.

When Leif took his departure he had won Thorvald's promised support—so he believed—and Freydis was content to let him believe it. She was graciousness itself; no courtesy was omitted. Before he was permitted to ride away she insisted, with happy pride, that small Eric must present the drink from the little boy's hand. The child was comely enough, and certainly not lacking in fine attire. His bright blue jerkin was bordered in silver, and the grey cape swinging from his shoulders was lined with richest scarlet. A handsome lad he was, but with his mother's swarthy complexion predominant.

Noting all this, Leif could not check an indescribable gesture of amused contempt. For there had flashed into his mind the unpleasant memory of how this swarthiness was acquired. "He looks over-much like his grandmother to bear the name of Eric," he thought to himself, but to Freydis he replied sensibly, if somewhat coldly: "The lad seems sound enough—and in a man-child 'tis what's required. Step back, young Eric. Farewell, good mistress, farewell!"

Freydis stood, her son's hand in hers, watching the gallant rider disappearing down the glade, black anger in her heart. "Aye, my haughty brother," she whispered through clenched teeth, "sound enough to sit one day in Eric's Hall."

In sudden passion she caught the little boy to her bosom, crushing him in so fierce an embrace that he shrieked, and in a swift fury sank his little teeth in the firm column of her throat.

Freydis' laughter rang out sheer and sharp with the delight of it. "Oh, thou art a Viking, my Eric. Thou wilt avenge the stain upon thy mother's name." And in the best of spirits she swept into the Hall and hunted up her lord that she might show him the marks of the fierce young teeth.

WHEN Leif and his companion topped the hills of Brattalid they reined abruptly, so unexpected and astonishing was the scene which greeted their eyes. Far below lay the fiord in broad silver folds, and, riding the restless swell, a strange ship. It was a wondrous ship—a black dragon, encrusted with gold-tipped scales—and in the sharply-reflected sunlight the effect produced by this singular coloring resembled a constant play of leaping flames—darting tongues that flickered and flashed about the noble bows and arching neck of the huge vessel.

Frozen and transfixed with the suddenness of the sight, Leif dared not believe his eyes. Cruel, icy tremors, tortuous as an ague chill, pervaded his hardy frame, and more cruel than these was the alternate tide of hot fears and joyous hopes. What if she had come at last? What if this ship of flame had brought his loved and never-to-be-forgotten lady? The mere possibility acted like a drug on his senses, reducing to helplessness while it incited to madness. Life seemed to hang suspended, in that exciting moment, betwixt two dread extremes.

Fortunately the old steward, intent upon the same sight, had not observed the play of strong emotions so manifest in Leif's face, but he did give vent to a peevish exclamation when the young lord's horse suddenly reared high under an impatient heel and, like a winged creature, dashed down the sharp decline. "Now by the new devil of the Christians,

my lord thinks mischief!" muttered the old man, and made after him as fast as age and caution permitted.

Leif did indeed find a distinguished visitor waiting him at Brattalid, one of the wealthiest traders of the time—Karlsefne, the Iclander. But he was doomed to disappointment in matters of the heart; there were no women in Karlsefne's party. His mission was one of traffic only. He had sixty men in his crew and a rich cargo, and he proved a most generous and jovial guest.

Karlsefne spent the winter at Brattalid, giving himself heartily to the merrymaking. But this did not prevent him from carrying on a thriving trade. From far and near visitors flocked to meet the entertaining Iclander, and ended by bringing him skins and ivory and Greenland freize in exchange for his grain and nails and much-needed tar.

Naturally, Karlsefne became profoundly interested in Leif's tale of Vinland, and as spring drew near began to question the wisdom of returning home without venturing thither. Now that he had come thus far westward, why should he not press on to that much-lauded land of luscious fruits and teeming waters? In truth, he was almost resolved to do it. There was only one thing he desired more. But then, the question was, must the one be sacrificed to the other? That problem still perplexed him. However, true to his Norse nature, he did not intend to let it vex him long, but straightaway went to Leif about it. He was greatly enamored of the gentle Gudrid, and now confessed to his host a deep and abiding admiration for the fair widow. Leif was not ill-pleased. Karlsefne, although a trader, was a well-born gentleman, and in character and talent all that a Norseman should be. Nonetheless, Leif referred the lover to the lady, for in her status as a widow Gudrid was entitled to settle the matter for herself; whereupon Gudrid veiled her soft blue eyes and to all Karlsefne's urging replied only that she wished to abide by the lord Leif's decision.

That night Leif re-opened the subject as Gudrid sat at her weaving. With careless grace he lounged on a bench at her side, admiring her deft little hands and the winsome grace of her manner. "Thou art aware of our friend's desire toward thee?" he began. "Twould please me to know thy true will in the matter."

Once again the tell-tale red swept Gudrid's lovely face, and her hands toyed nervously with the golden clasp of her girdle. "My lord," she managed faintly, "it is my sole desire in all things to be guided by thee . . . oh, good my lord, in all things would I please thee!"

Leif regarded her in sudden gloomy penetration. How fair she was; how fair and how affectionate! "Happy the man," he thought, "whose love is reposed in so gentle a bosom." Then with one of his swift smiles, so like a flash of brilliant light across a brooding sky, he replied in whimsical melancholy: "'Tis sure the heart of gallantry lives not in me, for loth am I to lose the sunshine from my house. Loth, indeed, though in so good a cause! Still, forsooth, there's none more worthy of my Gudrid than this Karlsefne. And yet I envy him so sweet a fortune."

Gudrid rose to her feet in obvious confusion, her star-like eyes dark with pain, her bosom stirred to agony. She spoke with unusual fire. "My lord, 'tis evidently thy pleasure to make jest of me. Yet I assure thee thou shalt have no cause to find fault in me—what it pleaseth thee to give away so freely shall remain a gift worthy of thee!" So saying, she swept from the room, her little golden head very high and her long red robe rustling proudly.

The astonishment which flooded Leif at witnessing this strange display of spirit in a hitherto docile and selfless lady was only the forerunner of many similar experiences. With her betrothal to Karlsefne Gudrid seemed to have assumed something of her future lord's determination. She developed views and ideas, and she expressed them. She let it be known that so soon as his ship was ready for the [Continued on page 50]



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The Latest Opinions of
SCIENCE on SLEEP

Written by an
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**RECHARGING
YOUR BATTERY**

Your Battery Is Your Brain
**HOW TO KEEP IT FROM
RUNNING DOWN**

You find that your car doesn't start promptly, and you rightly conclude that there is something wrong with the electric system or ignition.

Your garage man will tell you, that your battery is run down. He disconnects the wires and recharges the battery by connecting it with a huge power plant, and instead of your battery having to give out energy it takes it in.

What about the battery inside your body?
How do you prevent your battery, your brain from running down?

Well, if you have ever thought of it, you will remember that the lungs rest between inspiration and expiration, and the heart rests between beats.

And so with your battery or brain. It must get a rest and charges your battery or brain recharged by means of sleep.

When you sleep, Nature disconnects your battery or brain just as the garage man recharged the battery of your car. Nature connects, to a wonderful extent, the wires from the body, so that it cannot receive impulses from the body calling on it to work. With these wires disconnected, and the body thus not asking the brain to work, the brain does exactly what the heart, lungs and other organs do; it rests.

You can readily see then that sound, restful sleep consists in having the brain rest itself. With this rest, your body will act just like the recharged battery in your car. It will do its own work and enable all the other organs to do theirs in the best possible way.

You'll say
"The Best \$12 I Ever Spent"

Nature expects you to rest completely—every night! Nerves need it. Energy calls for it. Health demands it.

Slumber King brings it! For \$12 Slumber King repays you in comfort and health for a lifetime. A few nights' sleep on a Slumber King and you'll say "It is the best investment I ever made."

Twenty-six broad ribbons of steel are "spring suspended" from each end of the pressed steel frame—while four cross rows of flexible coils hold the ribbons together and give extra strength. This unique combination completely adjusts itself to every movement of the body at every turn of the sleeper.

Slumber King is built to box-spring height for distinctive daytime appearance. The extra wide, rolled edge, border strips give added strength and protect coverlets and sheets from all sharp edges. Slumber King cannot sag.

See it at your nearest good Furniture Store.

Simmons
SLUMBER KING
SPRINGS
"BUILT FOR SLEEP"

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 46

Vinland voyage, she was ready to become his bride, and not before; nor would she countenance the idea of being left behind in Greenland.

Nothing could have so much delighted the enamored Karlsefne, nor, if the truth were told, surprised him more. He was familiar with the tale of Thorstein's unfortunate voyage, and had anticipated an altogether different attitude on the part of his future bride. "But no," she told him, "this harsh land grows wearisome and I hunger to feel the roll of the waves under my feet. 'Twill rejoice me, my lord, to see the ship leaping the billows," and in her heart she added: "what matter if it leap to death!"

And so the preparation went on gaily, and when the Black Dragon was ready to leave a great company was gathered to wish her Fortune's favor. Certainly, of these boisterous well-wishers, Freydis was not the least effusive. With tenderest solicitations for her sweet Gudrid's health and happiness, she flung an elaborate and costly mantle over the bride's shoulders as a parting gift. Whereat Gudrid, whose heart was guileless as a child's, kissed the stately dame in sweet contrition and gratitude, chiding herself the while for her former doubts of the lady's charity.

Leif smiled to himself as he watched the pretty tableau, vastly amused, as always, at his sister's hypocrisy. Some while later he could not withhold the taunt which sprang to his lips: "Wert thou not too generous to a grasping hand?" he twitted her wickedly.

Freydis was in excellent humor and replied with gay if ruthless honesty: "Nay, brother, ten cloaks were not too great a price to rid thee of so soft a pair of eyes."

Leif, too, was in high spirits, having just seen off the first expedition to his beloved Vinland, and that under such able leadership. He found it easy to be lenient. "Thou hast the courage of thy mischief-brewing convictions, at any rate, sister, which is somewhat of a virtue. But now let us to the Hall. 'Tis in my mind to consult with Thorvald on my new plans for the Eastern highway. By my cross! Freydis, this Greenland shall yet be made to seem a country fit for men!"

THOUGH the colonists had been so reluctant to enter into Leif's schemes, yet when the first rough stretch of road marked the beginnings of a determined effort, the thing of itself induced a sort of mad contagion. It became a matter of pride, a war between human ingenuity and patience and Nature's cruel obstacles and cold imperialism.

More and more the discontented freedmen inclined to Leif's service and contrived to join his forces. As the work progressed the entire community began to speak of it with affectionate partisanship. "When our road is completed," became the open sesame to all excellence. Children were to be christened "when our road is completed"; maidens were given in marriage and bumpers drained to the dead. And old wives had already coined such phrases as: "Mind ye not he was born when our road had but reached the Blue-Jokle?"

That was a happy and prosperous season in more ways than one, for Leif encouraged his fishermen no less than his road-maker. And disagreeable as these occupations had ever been to a pastoral and fighting people, he managed to make them more appealing through the prism of his foresight.

For him life was certainly arduous. In addition to superintending his numerous works, he was compelled, upon occasion, to fly to the rescue of his priests when they were deeply embroiled in one dispute or another. And as first chieftain of the country he must, necessarily, preside at the Parliament and be prepared to argue the people's case upon appeal, and, as a matter of course, give his undivided attention to each and every charge.

All this, added to the constant inner strife, the consuming desire to be off where love and freedom beckoned, and an iron restraint upon a naturally fervent nature, had made of the once-merry hearted adventurer a stern and silent man. Yet, despite this harsher aspect, his generosity was not diminished and his entertainments, whether of friends or laborers, would have done justice to old Eric. For this the people loved him.

Moreover, Leif had devised the plan of paying such hirelings as were bound to him for the entire season in quantities of corn and fats, paid at short intervals. The consequence was that such men found life infinitely more enjoyable than did their neighbors, who had feared to trust to Leif for their maintenance. This, too, increased his popularity and his people's faith in him.

Freydis, however, found fault with Leif's policy and chided him roundly for such rash extravagance. He would ruin himself, she said, and when the supplies Karlsefne had imported were exhausted, he would have a thankless and greedy populace down upon him at once. "Thou but enlargest their stomachs, not their hearts, my lord, by this fat feeding," she warned him. To none of which he paid the slightest heed beyond assuring her that the booths of Brattalid were safe for a long time to come.

Time fled by and with the approach of winter Leif was forced to suspend his enterprise. With real reluctance he dismissed his men, but it was imperative that they hasten home to get their huts in readiness against the dreaded cold. For himself, he prophesied an interminable stretch of loneliness, of black days and nights when the very memory of happier times would but enhance the melancholy atmosphere of Brattalid. Fortunately, at this crisis, Thorhild's interests swerved from the Church to her handsome son. She was not only become aware, but greatly worried over the worn and harassed appearance he so often presented. Convinced that he needed care and that in administering to the promoter of the faith she was certainly serving the Cause, she resolutely locked the door of her cloistered cell in the church she had built and, quite her wilful self, set out for Brattalid.

Her arrival was well-timed, for the day was cold and dark and the brows of her brooding son darker still. Woman-like, she enjoyed the situation and her dramatic reception. "Madam!" gasped the astonished steward, his old face twitching with sudden emotion. "Aye, aye, 'tis the dear mistress herself!"

"Mother!" cried Leif, as he sprang to meet the proud figure. "Madam, my dearest mother, welcome to our Brattalid!" How they laughed at that. But oh, how sweet it was to be seated again in her old accustomed place. How good, how ineffably good! And there, down the dim old hall, stood the great throne chair, her Eric's chair. In the illusion created by the firelight it seemed as if the falcons, on whose dark heads his hands had so long rested, nodded understandingly. "Welcome, mistress," they seemed to say, "Welcome to Eric's Hall!"

But Leif was watching her and to all appearances what he needed was mirth. Up came her proud old head and laughing merrily, she launched into the absurdities of the hour.

Not for many a long day had Leif been conscious of so light a heart. While listening to his mother's flow of reminiscences and cheery gossip he felt the strain of care and worry slipping away on the tide of her gaiety. "The fires take on a deeper brilliance now thou art come, and these old walls a glow of comfort," he told her gallantly, which pleased the dame despite her new penchant for humility.

"Oh, thou hast a ready tongue and a smooth manner my lordly son," she chuckled contentedly. And then, in true maternal concern, she added: "But art thou not thin? Aye, as thin as a field-thrall. I must see to thy table."

(To be continued next month.)



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BENDING over the foaming lawn and lace of Baby's crib, Mother dreams of all the splendid things her sleeping cherub will have and be.

The tenderness of that unselfish longing is like a flame in her heart. She sends her imagination questing down the years to meet the dangers that await her child—to meet them and overcome.

Yet, mothers of the past have not foreseen how cruelly one neglect can rob her child of an endowment of beauty. All normal babies have rosebud lips—petals of placid sweetness in sleep; dewy miracles of grace caressed by awakening smiles.

But how rarely do we see truly lovely lips later on! Everywhere we see pleasant, even beautiful faces spoiled by ill-shaped lips and unlovely mouths.

Two things only rob baby of its first endowment of beauty. One, no longer a serious thing in these days of scientific motherhood, is the General Care, which makes for health and happy babies.

The other, which today's wise mothers only need to be told about to understand, is the use of nipples in bottle feeding which do not give Time Measured Feeding.

About the Baby's tender mouth is a network of tiny muscles which must be exercised properly to gain strength, firmness of contour, and that team-play which is harmony in itself and harmony is beauty.

Too rapid feeding doesn't give the little mouth muscles the right exercise. And the result, apart from present digestive troubles and the danger of lifetime ill-health later on, is **WRONGLY SHAPED OR UNSHAPED LIPS**. More, upon proper natural exercise of the feeding muscles of the Baby depends the development of the lower face into grace and beauty.

You get Measured Time Feeding with the famous patented ARISTO Nipples.

The automatic Time Measure Feeding feature is also subject to your control. If conditions warrant, mother or nurse can make their own adjustment and without trouble. Full instructions on every package.

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Vegetables— the “balance-wheel” of modern diet

How often will you serve them this winter? Have you learned how to be sure of their quality and flavor?

One thing is certain! We all need vegetables in our diet. Particularly at this season. “A starchy vegetable and a leafy green in every major meal” is the rule of dietitians. And a good rule for most of us to follow.

There's just one drawback about it—we sometimes have difficulty in providing sufficient variety, day after day. What vegetables to serve—which vegetables are best—how to prepare them—the most economical way to buy them—these are only a few of many questions which demand a simple, practical answer.

Fortunately for the housewife who has learned to judge values, who knows what

acres,” a large percentage of them owned or operated by the DEL MONTE organization itself. Through scientific farming, thorough study of the soil, intensive cultivation and care—from the planting of the seed to the harvesting of the crop—flavor is built “in” before the canning process even starts.

As a result, under the DEL MONTE label you are always sure of sweet, delicious peas—with real pea-flavor in every can! Or solid, red-ripe tomatoes—with nothing in the can but the fruit and its own delicious juices. Or such a useful delicacy as DEL MONTE Asparagus. Or DEL MONTE Spinach, clean and ready to serve.

In fact, DEL MONTE is a “vegetable market” in itself—a wide assortment of almost every vegetable you could wish to serve, in convenient form, cooked, at their tender best. There are DEL MONTE Beets, canned both sliced and whole; DEL MONTE Carrots, small and delicious; DEL MONTE Lima Beans—young, green “limas”; DEL MONTE String Beans, equally tender and fresh. DEL MONTE Corn is packed in two “styles”—the familiar cream style and the new, tempting “whole kernel” pack. DEL MONTE Sauerkraut has just that snap and zest for which we prize this healthful food. Hominy, sweet potatoes, chili peppers and pimientos—these and many others are always at their best under the DEL MONTE Brand.

As for vitamins, everyone knows that vegetables are one of the richest sources we have—and canned vegetables, when packed from such prime raw materials as go in the DEL MONTE can—with such unending care—insure them to you, often in larger quantities than the finest raw vegetables, cooked in your own kitchen.

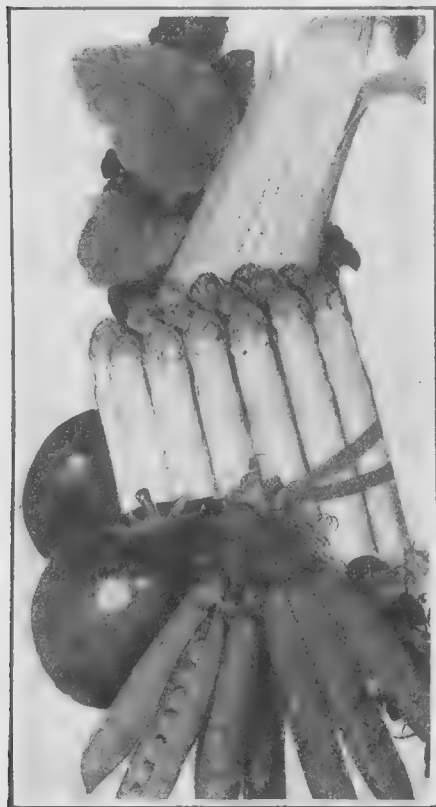
With such variety to choose from, isn't it worth while to insist that your grocer supply you with the DEL MONTE Vegetables you want? He should have them—or can get them with little trouble. And many other DEL MONTE varieties, too! The DEL MONTE Brand stands for uniform, dependable quality in every product it marks—a complete line of quality canned fruits, vegetables, canned fish, condiments and relishes, dried fruits, raisins and many prepared foods—economical in cost, ready to help prepare better menus, with less bother and work.

Send for This Recipe Collection

In the DEL MONTE recipe collection—7 handy-size books and folders—you'll find over 260 suggestions for serving fruits and vegetables in new and tempting ways. All of them prepared with an eye to economical service—all kitchen-tested. May we send them—free? Address Department 37-B, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.



Del Monte Tomatoes—
“field-ripened” for flavor



modern science has done for her table, there is an answer—on almost every grocer's shelf! Fresh vegetables may be out of season, expensive or too much trouble to prepare—but the DEL MONTE Brand still gives you your choice of the very best. Here is the same wide variety IN VEGETABLES, the same unfailing quality you now enjoy in DEL MONTE Fruits.

To bring you just the vegetables you want—to put them on your table at every season—DEL MONTE today draws its supplies from thousands of the finest “garden-



The Hinterland

Continued from page 9

Now, however, he realized that he had been wrong in his supposition, although it seemed strange that Langford's message and token had come into his hands in Coady's post. Pondering on this strangeness that struck him continually as an attribute of north-land life, he unscaled the bottom of the grimy paper and unrolled the part that held the token.

At a glance Brunswick recognized the token as one of the hundred-year-old coins of brass that had formed the early trade coinage throughout the north and west of Canada and in California and Oregon as well. Of the four denominations first put out about 1812 as beaver tokens to be traded with at the standard value of a beaver skin, the one Brunswick held was the half beaver token.

On the obverse side he scanned the Company's familiar coat-of-arms and their slogan PRO PELLE CUTEM. On the reverse side he read the Hudson's Bay Company's initials and the letters E. M., standing for the district of East Main where the coinage was first circulated. It was a strange and beautiful token he looked on, a token polished till it glittered like gold, and Brunswick knew it was more precious than its weight in gold. Precious not for its intrinsic worth but for its rarity, because few sets of the ancient coins remained in existence. He had heard of some at Hudson's Bay House in London. He remembered about a man named Beddoe, down in Pittsburg, who had salvaged a set somewhere. Outside of these, so far as he was aware, there were no complete sets in existence in the haunts of civilization.

Here this fabled Barren Grounds tribe, swayed by a beautiful white woman, had a hoard of them in their camps. They were perhaps tokens remaining untraded when their owners ceased to visit Hudson's Bay Posts in the last generation or maybe stored up in secret by some speculatively-inclined patriarchs of the tribe and handed down as trinkets to their children.

The value of the half beaver token Brunswick held would not have exceeded the sum of one dollar in its ancient time of trade, but now with one hundred years gone by since swarthy hands palmed it over Hudson's Bay counters, it was worth to the eager collector fully one hundred dollars. So what might not the whole hoard be worth? All over the world public and private museums would snap them up from the person who would bring them south. A treasure of tokens, they waited, buried in the heart of the wild, now paid out among the hunters for fur, now coming back again into Dawn Redpath's hands as the Nascapues took up their debt.

Veritably a token treasure it waited for some one to bring it to light, and Brunswick, the fever of adventure burning in his veins, wondered if after all his dark years it waited for him. Success at last! Therese Raymond at last! Therese, down yonder, the daughter of Jules Raymond who had met a tragic death, living her lonely life while he prosecuted his search; Therese to whom his heart was pledged but back to whom he could not go till his quest was ended. The thought of success and Therese made him dizzy, and his brain hummed with the intensity of his thoughts. Though the meeting of Reverend Charles Langford would be the primary reason for his going up to Black Otter Lake, the other reason, the lure of treasure, was scarcely less impelling. Neglected by his roving father, farmed out to the fur lords by Coady, it would take a fortune to restore the holdings that Langford's evidence would return to him. That fortune might well come from the tokens if by any chance he could bring them back south. Phillip felt himself at the forking of the trails. He seemed to see position, fortune, the companionship of Therese Raymond coming like a blaze of daylight after the desolate Arctic night of his life. What was to hinder? Then he could go back to the life that befitted an artist and a gentle-

man out of this barrenness and solitude.

In Brunswick's exaltation and intense excitement at his discovery his woodsman wariness lapsed unconsciously. Behind his back and undetected by Philip's rapt eyes Coady stepped in lynx-footed on his moccasins, his shrewd glance shooting in silence over Philip's shoulder, raking the naked body, reading the writing and scrutinizing the token in his clerk's hand. A change swept over Coady's face as he stared. Surprise, greed, cunning mingled there. He backed softly away till he stood again upon the doorstep and there scuffled his moccasins noisily as if he were just coming in.

Brunswick wheeled at the sound. As if at first sight of the stark corpse on his counter Coady affected an abrupt start and stopped short, his squat, bulky, half-crouching frame striking a deep contrast to Brunswick's tall, sleek-muscled body poising in the middle of the floor.

“Who you got there, Phil?” he demanded in his blustery tone.

“Come and see, Jean.”

Coady strode across to the counter, his swarthy, coarse-lipped, hawk-nosed face limned by the lamplight as he peered down.

“Herbert,” he growled. “Still you don't surprise me none, Phil. Just what I expected when he went in. Figured he'd never come out or else come out something like this. It's the end of all them scientific fellows. They ain't fit for the woods.”

Involuntarily Brunswick's hatred and contempt stirred. His strong bronzed hands quivered as if they longed to catch Coady by the throat, and from Philip's uncovered neck a flush ran like flame over his smooth-sculptured features and died in the waves of his chestnut hair. His blue eyes, vivid as the sapphire flash of northern lakes, flared into Coady's cruel brown ones as if to shrivel the other's soul. The agent's vacancy, his lack of imagination, his brutishness and utter callousness struck fire against the well tempered steel of Brunswick's spirit. Philip himself had a vision of Herbert, strong of muscle, quick of eye, skilful of paddle, caught in unforeseen disaster in the rapids, no doubt in the rapids of the Kaniapiskau River somewhere to the north. He could see him go down in the white smother, canoe smashed, records lost, arms and supplies swept away in the current. Also, he beheld him emerge from the river by dint of his lusty strength and, weaponless and foodless, bend forward afoot on the long trail that led him to Kaniapiskau Post.

“Is that all you have to say about him, Jean? Is that all the tribute you can pay him, lying there, the shadow of a mighty man?”

“What else is there to say?” scowled Coady, unimaginative, even under spur. “A dead man's dead. That's all I can say, except that I don't want him long on my hands and him unaccounted for. That's the way to get in bad with the Mounted Police.”

“What do you intend to do, then?”

“Nachi and Ossok, our post runners will be back from Nichikun tonight or in the morning. I'll send 'em down hotfoot to the nearest police post.”

“You seem to have a morbid fear of the police, Jean,” taunted Brunswick. “Maybe you have reason, eh?”

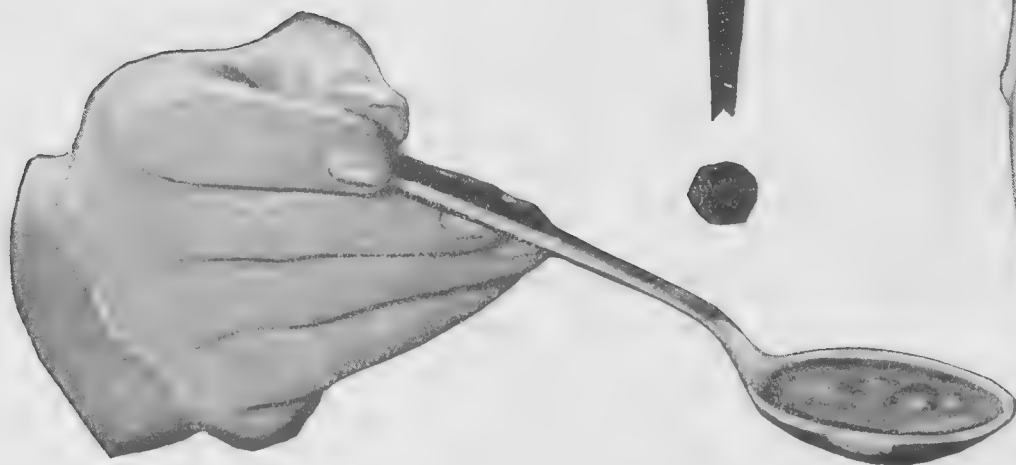
Coady bared his yellow teeth in an animal-like snarl.

“Don't give me none of your bully-rag, Phil,” he blustered. “I do as I say. It's the common-sense and proper and lawful thing to do, and you ain't got no call to throw them insults round.”

“And meantime?” questioned Brunswick, pointing significantly at the body. “You know the nearest police post is quite a way from here.”

“Meantime?” Coady shrugged his shoulders serenely. “I'll get Nachi and Ossok to work on him for a while before they start. We can't bury him, you see—talking quiet and cousinly—because it wouldn't do and might hatch rumors. He's got [Continued on page 56]

Um-m-m-m Perfect!



WHERE, oh where, have I tasted such vegetable soup before . . . when did such a delicious aroma as this come my way . . . A-ha-a-a-a! the dear old home "down on the farm."

The fields . . . the corn . . . the tang of vegetables in the air . . . carrots, peas, potatoes, turnips, simmering in the big black pot hanging over the kitchen fire. A-ha-a-a-a! . . . twice A-ha-a-a-a!

I wouldn't have missed this for worlds.

And that's just what CLARK'S VEGETABLE SOUP is . . . a little bit of old-time soup. Better than Mother used to make . . . just that and nothing more!

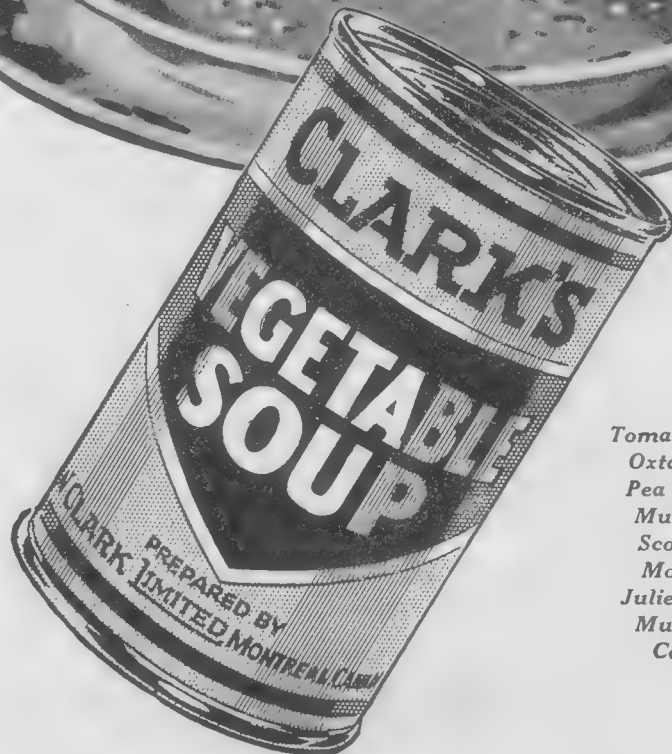


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Now he can get the fresh air and exercise he needs. And all because, last night at bedtime, Mother rubbed his throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub.

First, there was a pleasant, warm glow and a comfortable tingling in his chest, as Vicks began to "draw out" all the tightness and soreness, like a gentle but effective poultice.

Then, as the salve got warm from his body, it gave off strong, clean-smelling vapors that he breathed right in. He could feel them all the way to his lungs, clearing his choked-up nose and throat, and making his breathing easy again.

He quickly fell asleep, but Vicks' double action went on for hours and, by morning, the worst of his cold was over.

That other "Boy"—his Dad

Grown-up boys are also likely to be careless about their little colds. Thoughtful wives see to it that father, too, is rubbed with Vicks at bedtime, whenever a cold threatens. For of course, this quick double-action salve is just as good for adults as it is for youngsters.

For free sample and interesting booklet, write to J. T. Wait Co., Ltd., 451 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.

VICKS
VAPORUB

FOR COLDS OF ALL THE FAMILY

When Homer Nods

Continued from page 6

Homer threw out his chest a little as he replied:

"Well, in a way. I'm going into business for myself."

"That's excellent!" said Mr. Jones.

"May I ask what line? Millinery?"

"No said Homer, "not millinery."

He paused, because he hadn't the slightest idea what business he was going to name. Suddenly into his mind came that reiterated phrase of the night before: "I've bought a horse!"

"Horses," said Homer.

"Horses!" repeated Mr. Jones.

"Horses," said Homer, again waving his hand with a gesture that included the whole horse kingdom. "I've already swung a nice little deal with Jim Gray, and I expect to broaden out."

"Jim Gray!" repeated Mr. Jones. "Is that Gray, the horseman, of Gray & Bower?"

"The same man," said Homer. "Nice chap, too—in the army with me."

"H-m!" mused Mr. Jones. "You're quite close to Mr. Gray?"

There was a subdued eagerness in Jones's voice, and Homer caught it; but he didn't make the mistake of boasting.

"Oh, we're tolerably well acquainted through the army and—business matters," he remarked.

His tone conveyed a subtle suggestion that he didn't care to discuss social intimacies too minutely.

Jones rose swiftly to the bait.

"I'm a great lover of horses myself," he said. "Perhaps you don't know, Mr. Breeze, that my riding horse, Glimmering Dawn, took a blue ribbon at the horse show last year."

"Do you own that horse?" exclaimed Homer with genuine enthusiasm. "Funny I didn't know that. It's a glorious animal, Mr. Jones! You have a right to be proud of him."

"I am," admitted Jones; "but I was going to add that I've often thought it would be interesting to combine sport with business, and perhaps take a little flier in horses. I'm not much of a gambler—" Homer smiled, for he knew that Jones was one of the most daring gamblers in the millinery business—"but I confess that my besetting vice is playing the races. It's cost me a lot of money, and that's why the idea of making money out of horses appeals to me. Now, if you think you could use a silent partner in your deals, I might be able to supply a little capital. Do you think Mr. Gray would object?"

Homer considered for a moment. He wanted to make a flying leap at Mr. Jones and shout:

"Gimme the money!"

He restrained himself, however, and continued to consider. Mr. Jones waited, and Homer readily detected that he was waiting anxiously.

"Why, no," Homer said at last. "I don't believe he would. As a matter of fact, his interests are so diversified that he can't conveniently spare all we need; so if you care to go in to the extent of—"

Homer stopped again. He was just going to say "a thousand dollars," when it occurred to him that such a sum was ridiculous in the light of his broad mention of "horses."

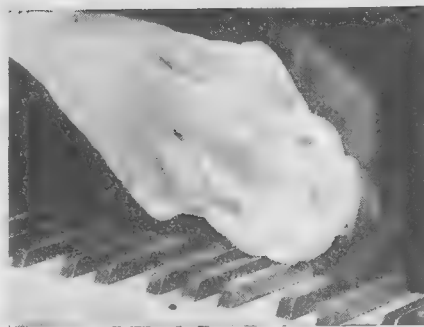
Mr. Jones pulled his check-book toward him as Homer hesitated over the amount. Then he drew a deep breath and plunged.

"Of course we're going into things on a comparatively small scale at first," he said, "and we won't need large capital immediately. I'm not contributing much money, because buying and selling and judging horses constitutes my end of it; but another five thousand dollars would be useful just now."

"That's moderate enough," replied Mr. Jones, writing a check. "I hope you're not being too moderate. Can't do much without capital these days."

"Five thousand will do now," said Homer. "Later, if we do well with our first deals, we can expand, and I may call on you for more."

He took the check, folded it, and put it into his pocket. [Cont'd on page 55]



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When Homer Nods

Continued from page 54

"I'll have my lawyer draw up a contract of partnership, Mr. Jones," he said grandly. "Meanwhile, if you want a receipt—"

Mr. Jones rose and bowed.

"I trust my partner, Mr. Morganstern," he said. "I think I can trust my partners, Breeze and Gray. When the contract is ready, send me a copy for signature. And here's good luck to you and to the firm, Mr. Breeze!"

He shook hands with the millinery salesman whom he had just fired, and accompanied him to the door of the office.

"What'd he do—give you a raise?" asked the telephone girl as Homer swaggered past her.

"Nope!" said Homer. "In me you see a jobless vagabond fired forthwith from his regular means of livelihood. Free and untrammelled I ride away with all the world before me!"

"That's the darndest queer way to act for a man who's been canned," exclaimed the telephone girl to the office boy, as the door closed behind Homer. "You'd think he'd just had news that his millionaire aunt had died!"

"Aw, you never can tell about these army guys," said the office boy.

SOMETHING had happened almost overnight to Homer's attitude toward finance. Contemptuous as he had been in the past about nickels, dimes, quarters, and occasionally dollars, he had always regarded a thousand dollars as "important money." It had never seemed more important to him than when he owed it for a horse he couldn't pay for. But the casual manner in which Jim Gray had lent him two hundred, and the matter-of-fact way in which his friend had spoken of the buying of Muhammed Noir, colored his own imagination similarly. When Mr. Jones had spoken of the five-thousand-dollar check as "moderate," the alteration in his attitude was almost complete.

So, while the check nestled gratefully in his new pigskin wallet, Homer, though elated, was neither highly excited by the amount it represented nor staggered by the responsibility. He still had no idea just how he was going to make good on his large reference to "horses," but he felt confident that inspiration would come.

"Anyhow," Homer said to himself as he waved to a taxi in a lordly fashion, "I know horses! As a matter of fact, I know 'em a lot better than I ever did hats. Yet I sold hats—not enough hats to keep my job when business is slow, but quite a few. I ought to be able to sell horses. Why not? I've bought one!"

It was the desire to look over his purchase, as well as to complete the payment for it, that led him to tell the taxi-driver to take him to Dorlan's. On the way, however, he stopped at the Textile Bank, where he was known, and deposited his check.

"Hello!" commented the receiving teller, as he glanced at the figures. "What's this—Jones using you as a dummy in a stock transaction?"

"Well, you might call it a stock transaction," said Homer; "but I'm no dummy. So long!"

At Dorlan's, Homer dropped into the office and gave his check for Muhammed Noir, then he went down to the stables to look over his buy.

The horse had just been curried and brushed, and his sleek sides shone. As Homer stepped into the stall beside him, Muhammed turned his fine head and eyed his owner with big, intelligent eyes. Then, as Homer patted his nose and put an arm over his neck, he whinnied contentedly.

"Like me, old top?" queried Homer softly.

This was not a new experience for Breeze. It was a saying in his regiment that Homer must be "part horse, the way animals fell for him."

For answer, Muhammed nuzzled his shoulder.

"You're a beauty!" Homer said affectionately. "Only the trouble is that I shall have to sell you, and then I shall feel badly about it. A horse-

dealer hasn't any business to have personal feelings about his stock-in-trade; but it'll be a wrench to let a good horse go every time I do it, and I don't intend to buy anything but good horses. You're a bit too fat, old-timer. You need exercise!"

Suddenly Homer remembered that Jacqueline Gray would probably be riding in the park at about this hour. He called to the groom.

"I can hire a saddle here, can't I?" he asked.

"Sure!"

"All right—saddle Muhammed, for me. I think I'll take a canter. Haven't my riding-togs with me, but I'll do without them today."

It isn't so hard to find anybody on the bridge-paths of Central Park if you know their favorite rides. Homer caught a glimpse of Jack soon after Muhammed's hoofs began digging into the loose earth.

"Oh, rats!" said Homer. "She isn't alone."

Nevertheless he galloped on and overtook Jack and her escort.

"Couldn't wait until I got on my riding-clothes," he explained, after he had been introduced to Graham Baldrick, the other man. "I wanted to try out my horse right away."

"How do you like him?" asked Jack.

"He's a corker!" Homer declared. "I've never ridden a better animal. Full of spirit and fire, yet he's easy to handle, and he can do anything from single-footing to running a mile in nothing whatever."

"A little big in the barrel, isn't he?" asked Baldrick.

"Fat," said Homer. "He's been eating his head off in some stable. I'll soon have that off him."

"I'd like a good horse myself," said Baldrick. "This one I hired. My old horse is out in the country—too old to ride much, anyway. I intended to get in to the auction last night, but couldn't make it. I thought I might bid on Muhammed Noir," Baldrick continued. "Somebody told me—why, I guess it was you, Miss Gray—that he'd be a good horse for me. What did he sell for, Miss Gray?"

"A thousand dollars," said Jack. "Mr. Breeze was—"

"I was at the auction," interrupted Homer, "and I think even the bidder who got him was surprised to get him at the price."

Jack, puzzled, glanced inquiringly at Homer, who winked.

"Yes, it was a wonderful bargain," she exclaimed. "Too bad you weren't there to bid!"

Homer gave her a grateful smile.

"Why, a thousand dollars is no price for any kind of a riding horse these days," mourned Baldrick. "I would gladly have paid fifteen hundred for Muhammed Noir, if I had been there."

"Would you pay fifteen hundred now?" queried Homer.

"In a minute," said Baldrick, "simply on Miss Gray's remark that he is a fine horse. She knows horses."

"It's a deal," declared Homer.

"I don't understand," Baldrick said.

"This is Muhammed Noir," Homer answered, patting the smooth neck of his mount. "Do you want him? I know it's a faux pas to do business while on pleasure bent, but—well, if I rode Muhammed again I'm afraid I should be too fond of him to sell him."

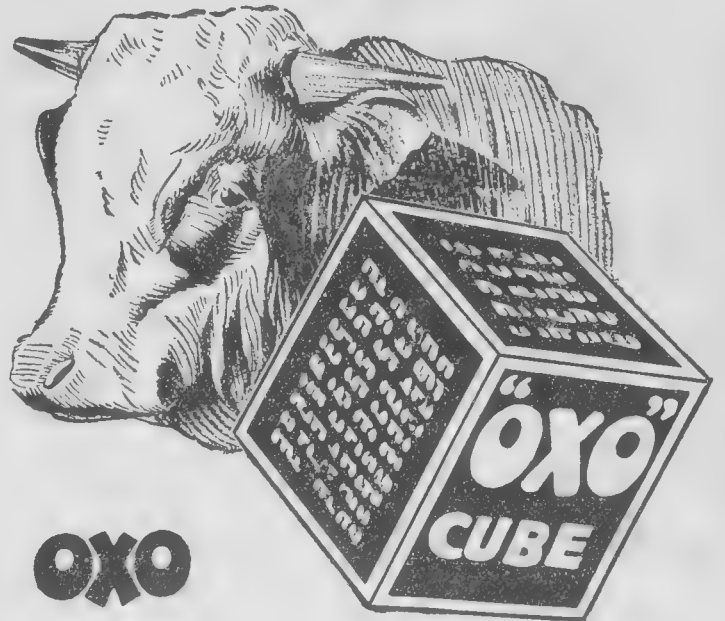
"You've sold a horse," said Baldrick promptly. "I'll give you a check when we get to Dorlan's. I hope"—he turned to Jack—"you don't object to our swapping horses in the middle of the bridge-path?"

Jack laughed. "Any time is a good time to buy a horse," said she, "or to sell one!"

Homer nodded.

The fact that some six months later he was to see Muhammed Noir sold for forty-five hundred dollars might have somewhat diminished his present satisfaction; but of course, he couldn't know that. The man who first sold Man o' War has at least the consolation that he sold a good horse.

[Continued on page 62]



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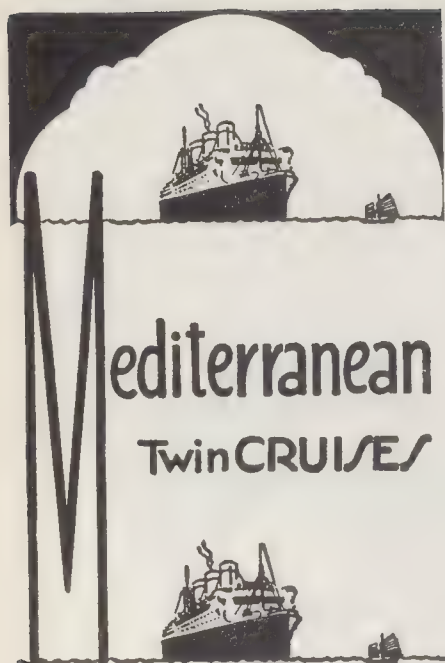
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The Hinterland

Continued from page 52

to be produced for police inspection just as we found him."

"Then you intend to embalm?"

"Sure. Them Nescapuees, Nachi and Ossok, know all kinds of magic and doctoring. They'll cook him up to keep, all right. But say, Phil, before they happen along, just hand over them things Herbert had on him, will you?"

Philip looked up with a startled exclamation, to stare into the ugly blue mouth of Coady's pistol.

"I know you got 'em hidden in your hand," the agent grinned. "Don't worry, I saw 'em. So fork 'em over. I'm the very fellow Langford needs, and I'm going after that girl and loot myself."

Brunswick tensed himself, watching for the flutter of Coady's mind, for the one instant's unalertness that might give him the chance to spring.

"You can't make it nohow, Phil," mocked Coady. "I read her plain and I certainly ain't going to let you start for Black Otter Lake on the sly. There's too much at stake. See? Now hand 'em over for the third and last time."

For several stubborn seconds Brunswick started, waiting for that moment of Coady's carelessness that would not come, and as he waited tensely, the splash of a backwatering paddle floated up through the night from the lake beach.

"Quick," snarled Coady. "There's them Indians Nachi and Ossok back from Nichikun Lake. They don't need to know anything about this."

"Then you'd better put away that gun, Jean, or they'll surely hear it go off," advised Brunswick evenly, as he slipped Langford's message and token into his pocket.

Coady partly turned toward the doorway. Then with another snarl he jumped at Brunswick.

"Condemn you, gimme—"

The instant he wavered was the instant Brunswick moved. He plucked the body of Herbert from the counter and crashed into Coady under cover of the grisly shield. Coady's weapon met Herbert's breast. The tin lamp jumped and flared to the pistol sound but before Coady could fire again Brunswick clinched and wrestled for the weapon. While they staggered about the trading room, sounds continued to come up distinctly from the beach. They could hear a canoe being lifted from the water and then turned upside down upon the shore. A cooking outfit rattled in its canvas pack, and there came the spiff-spiff of moccasins advancing through the yard.

"Quit," entreated Coady, struggling in Brunswick's grip. "Hide him, Phil. Hide him with that hole in his breast, Nachi and Ossok'll think we murdered him. They'll bolt and slam south with the tale. Shove him under the counter till we get 'em out of the road."

Coady backed off, thrusting his weapon into his trousers' pocket and blocking the doorway with his bulk for a moment to allow Brunswick to do his part. Instead of a pair of Nescapuee Indians, a single white man stepped out of the dark into the spray of lamplight from the doorway, a sinewy, mustached Mounted Policeman with a long, lean face and eyes of piercing black.

"Night," he greeted Coady. "What did you shoot?"

"Nothing," growled Coady. "Cussed thieving carcajou been sneaking round for seven nights, but I'll get him yet. Parted his back hair this trip."

"That's good shooting in the dark," nodded the Mounted man genially.

He grounded his rifle and packsack on the threshold, poising half a head taller than Coady.

"Jean Coady, isn't it?" he asked. "And," nodding to Coady's late opponent, "Philip Brunswick, too? They told me your names at the Hudson's Bay post on Nichikun Lake."

"You've come through from there?" ventured Brunswick.

"Have you seen our Indian post runners Nachi and Ossok?"

"They're just behind," the Mounted man informed them. "I travelled with them most of the way, but they sprang

a leak in their canoe about five miles back and had to stop to fix it. So I came on. I'm Victor Plant, of the Flame River Post."

Involuntarily Coady started, and to cover his start raked the cooking fire in the sheet iron stove, set the coffee pot on to warm and plied Plant with food. To the watching Brunswick Jean's manner seemed unusual, as if the morbid fear of the police about which he had taunted the agent was becoming very real with Plant's presence.

"You'd find it rather a long patrol, eh, Plant?" Philip ventured.

"Yes," answered Plant between bites, "but it's the second time I've been this far into the Labrador."

"That so? When was the other time?"

"Before you were here, I guess. I was up four years ago to look for traces of the murderer of Jules Raymond. You no doubt remember the Raymond case?"

A shadow crossed Brunswick's face, for well he remembered it and the promised romance it had broken; remembered so well that Plant's simple words summoned the vision of Therese Raymond also.

"Yes," Philip sighed, "they were my neighbors. Their lands adjoined mine—I mean those that were mine—down on Lake St. John. The violent death of Jules was a shock, and I believe the sudden disappearance of his two Indian servants was suspicious. I suppose there was never any trace of them?"

Plant shook his head.

"And now you come again?" prompted Brunswick.

"Looking for Herbert of the Geological Survey," Plant enlightened. "You haven't seen anything of him, I judge?"

Again Coady started, clanged the stove door open, hurled in another stick and slammed the door shut with unnecessary noise and bluster. It was abominably awkward having Herbert there, stark naked under the counter with a powder-blackened hole in his chest. He felt like blurting the truth to Plant, but the trouble was, would Plant believe him? And would the Mounted man be capable of deciding that the wound was inflicted after death? He might not be, and that would entail delay. Also, would Brunswick corroborate his story? Philip had no cause to love him. Philip would not back up his statements, and then he would be in a worse position than ever. Brunswick would like nothing better than to see him in custody so that he might make his own get-away to Black Otter Lake.

No, Coady decided, he had to keep a shut mouth and somehow manage to start by himself while Plant ate and Brunswick talked to him. He looked at Philip out of the corner of his eye and knew by the impassive face that he was going to volunteer no information. Which was Brunswick's very attitude! He, like Coady, felt that it was abominably awkward, but he waited, as he had waited in front of Coady's pistol, for a way out. Once he was out of it, Coady could do the explaining. Coady had made the mess, so he could clear it up.

"Didn't Herbert go through here into the hinterland?" demanded Plant, looking up from his eating.

Fleeting mockery gleamed in Brunswick's eyes as his glance challenged Coady and forced him to answer.

"Herbert?" rumbled Coady, scowling. "Yes, he went through a year ago. Never came back. No word of him outside, Plant?"

"Just the rumor that sends me up," confided the policeman. "The rumor came down through the Hudson's Bay posts that Herbert was killed by hostile Nascapuees in the interior. He hasn't made Fort Chimo. He hasn't made Davis Inlet. If he hadn't made Kaniapiskau Post, then I was to go on and find him or learn the circumstances of his death among the Nascapuees. I guess it's the long trail for me, all right."

Plant laughed ingenuously, for no trail was too long to daunt him. He was born to the trails, and the lure of the far places swayed him as the planets sway the tides. He belonged to the brotherhood of wearers of pack-straps and paddlers of canoes, cruisers, all, over the Height of Land into the untracked north. Brunswick knew his breed, and his blue eyes appraised Plant as one of the shrewdest, hardest, most daring men of that brotherhood. Even while he watched the Mounted man at his meal, the sound for which he was straining his ears came echoing over the calm lake, the whispering dip of paddles trickling like the liquid flow of language in the mouths of Indian maids.

"Here are Nachi and Ossok, our Indians," he announced. "They've mended up and come on at last."

Briskly Philip turned and strode out through the trading room doorway. One would have thought he was making for the landing to meet them, but under cover of the dark he swerved off to where his own canoe lay upon the lake edge. With its light freight of outfit, provisions, rod, rifle and violin he shoved off, silently heading up the Kaniapiskau River before Nachi and Ossok could effect their landing. Above the sandy ridges, clothed with maiden birch, magic forelights of the moonrise were spreading, creamy shafts so deep as to be almost vermilion, banks of ashy bronze, in tint and texture delicate as an artist's dream. From the low swamps and innumerable small lakes that intersected the barren upland plateaus rose the hunger cry of the mosquitoes, chanting hordes of them, shrilling like the whine of bullets in the cathedral calm. No other sound broke the stillness except the occasional splash of a namaycush wrinking the plastic lake surface in a leap for the dancing fly.

ONLY the immediate foreground of that lake surface was visible to Brunswick's keen eye. All the rest was wrapped in a drifting night haze that hid Nachi and Ossok as they drew in to the shore. Faintly he caught the rhythm of their singing voices rising above the blood-chant of the mosquitoes and the splashing of the trout. Singing in Cree, they came, timing their slow paddles to the bars of a new hymn they doubtless had picked up at Reverend Charles Langford's old mission down on Nichikun Lake:

"Tapwa meyo ootaskewuk,

I spemik ayachik—"

Like a tocsin from the southland the measure called him back:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign—"

The south was in Philip's eyes again with its ordered procession of things, its creeds and faiths and possessions which the never-ceasing unrest within him had never let him enjoy. In imagination he stood upon the shores of Lake St. John once more, his filched lands rolling away before him. The vision faded as swiftly as it came. His paddle took the sluggish lake water, and the north enveloped him again, the savage, abysmal, inscrutable north that held his happiness in its wilderness.

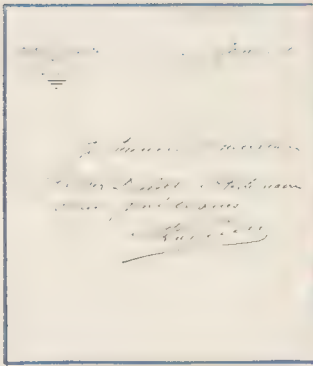
Coady, inside, heard the beaching, but he could not distinguish Brunswick's voice amid the whining Nascapuee talk that went on upon the shore.

"Just a minute, Plant," he excused himself. "I got to go across to the storehouse and show 'em where to put the food packs."

Once outside Coady ran, soft-footed as a wraith, straight to the place where Brunswick's canoe had lain in the evening. His groping hands found nothing but the shelving beach, and he dashed back to the store-house. Nachi and Ossok were still engaged unloading their canoe at the waterline, so there was nobody to observe his actions. Hastily he procured what outfit, food and weapons he needed, carried his own light canoe down to the lake edge, and pushed off in Brunswick's wake. [Continued on page 61]



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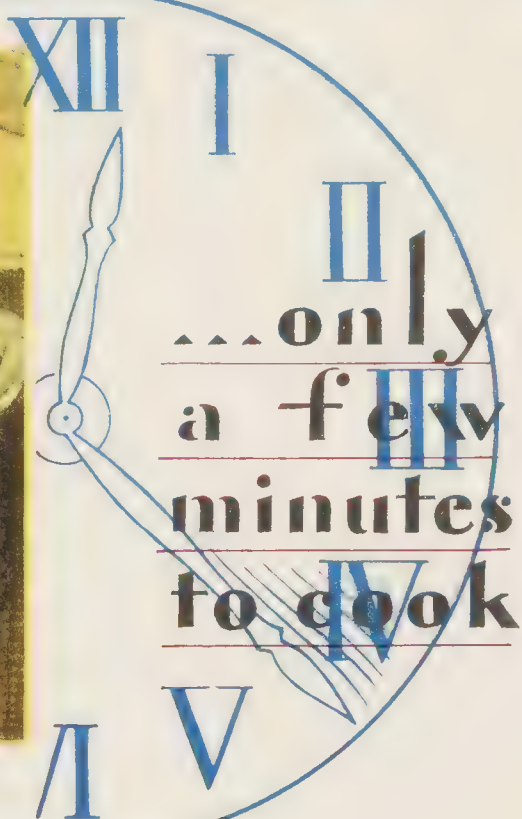
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CATELLI'S *Nourishing* **NOODLES**

The Hinterland

Continued from page 56

NACHI and Ossok finished their unloading, shouldered their packs up to the storehouse and deposited them there for Coady's checking. Though a lamp burned in the storehouse, they saw that the agent was not there, so they came on to the trading room.

"Well, you're here at last where your paddles may rest," Plant greeted them in Cree, as he rose from the remnants of his meal and flared a match over the stuffed bowl of his pipe.

"So," answered Nachi, speaking also in Cree. "It was not a bad leak in the canoe. We mended it quickly, and we are not long behind you."

"And half starved, like me, eh?" Plant grinned. "Come and eat."

"We must first tally the packs," Ossok pointed out. "Where is the agent? Where is Silver Sinews?"

"Silver Sinews?" demanded Plant, puzzled.

"The clerk who plays," interpreted Nachi, going through the pantomime of bowing on a violin. "His strings are of silver, else they would not make for our ears the music of running streams, of sighing winds or the ready clamor of wild duck pinions in the clouds."

"Brunswick, you mean?" cried Plant, who had heard at Nichikun Lake of the clerk's skill on the violin. "He went to the landing to meet you. Didn't you see him?"

Nachi and Ossok shook their heads, standing stoically in the lamplight, slim, lithe Nascauppee men with the tawny skins and elongated features of their race. They were clad in summer gear after the fashion the whites had taught them, wearing nothing but moccasins, blue jeans and cotton trade shirts. From their bare heads the long black hair was bound back by fillets flashing the only glint of color in their costumes. Round Nachi's head ran a vivid scarlet handkerchief, round Ossok's as vivid a vermilion one. Nachi was the taller of the two men. He ranged half a head over Ossok, a picturesque pagan with his fathomless black eyes gleaming under his vivid fillet and a thin pipe of stone set in lips that were puckered with a thousand wrinkles. In Ossok's face by some freak of impassiveness there showed not a single wrinkle, but from temple to chin his smoky visage was cleft by a scar, steel blue as a shaft of lightning, the mark of an encounter with the brown bear of the Barrens.

"We did not see him," they asserted. "Where is the agent that we may tally and eat?"

"Coady? Why, he went to the storehouse to show you where to put the packs."

"Yet he was not there," declared Nachi unemotionally. "We saw no one at all."

"That's strange," observed Plant. "Still, he must be there. You must have missed him in the dark, going or coming. Come on and see. I'll stroll over with you just to take the canoe cramps out of my legs."

The light burned brightly enough in the storehouse, shelved with provisions and stacked with the accoutrements usually found in northland posts, but nobody answered Plant's whistles and shouts.

"Where have they gone?" he demanded impatiently. "There's no need for them to go any place outside the post. So they must be—"

Nachi's lean brown hand on Plant's shoulder interrupted him.

"Look," the Nascauppee urged, pointing to the empty rack where Coady's canoe was accustomed to lie. "The canoe of the agent is gone. His outfit is gone. His weapons are gone. Therefore, he himself is gone."

"And Silver Sinews, too," announced Ossok, coming back from a rapid search of the beach. "His canoe is not in the storehouse. It is not upon the shore. He, too, is gone."

"Gone?" bellowed Plant. "Both gone? Then there is something wrong at this post."

He stared at the stoic Nascauppees, the recollection of several odd incidents

that he had dismissed from his mind as trivial rushing back upon him.

"I mention a missing man and these post keepers run for the woods," he broke out. "There was a shot as I came. What a fool I've been!"

All his bloodhound instincts aroused, Plant went tearing back to the trading house, Nachi and Ossok gliding in silent wonder at his heels. He leaped into the room he had left, his eyes picking out every detail, all his sinews a-quiver, every mental cell alert, poking into dark corners, tumbling the bedding out of the bunks, stooping to search under the trading-room counter.

"Thunderation!" he yelled abruptly.

His vehemence startled even the stoic Nascauppees out of their impassiveness. They wheeled from their own searching and stared at the grisly thing Plant held up before their eyes, the stripped body of the man he sought, emaciated, wilderness-flayed, with the powder-blackened .45 hole in the chest.

"The Man of Maps," identified Nachi with a glitter in his dark eyes that denoted sheer amazement. "You remember him, Ossok?"

Ossok nodded emphatically, so that the lamplight shimmered down his steel-blue scar strangely like the play of lightning.

"Yes, I remember," he intoned. "He went through this post a year ago, at the time of the crossing of the caribou."

"Yes, and he came back again while you were at Nichikun Lake," flashed Plant harshly. "He came—and just look at him."

Plant broke off to leap to a bunk with Herbert's body and flap a blanket over it. All his movements were like the snap of steel springs, and with another jump he had caught up his rifle and packsack and was on the doorstep.

"Don't bury him," he warned them. "I'll want his body, and I'll be back for it when I get Coady and Brunswick."

"Plant dived into the darkness, dropped his canoe from the beach into the lake shallows and shoved clear. Before his paddle blade wet itself in the first stroke he had settled his direction. Coady and Brunswick had fled—it seemed now according to prearrangement between the two—while the Nascauppees, Nachi and Ossok, were paddling up the lake arm and making their landing. They could scarcely have slipped past the Indians unnoticed and headed southward. They must have gone northward, and though he had lost valuable time, Plant was confident that he would strike sign of them on the Kaniapiskau River at



morning. A dislodged river snag, a moccasin print on a portage, even a sand groove where a canoe had been launched or landed would be enough. Like a live, palpitant thing his craft bored forward under his eager strength, threading the dim channel of the riverway that seemed only the narrow bottom in the vast abyss of night.

ALONE in the trading room, Nachi and Ossok stood and gazed at each other in the light of the tin lamp, eternally shifting the surface gleam of their eyes to the figure vaguely outlined under the blanket on the bunk. Their ears, like their eyes, were keen, and while they gazed they listened to the feverish haste of Plant's going. When the sound of his paddle, heading north, died away, Nachi drew on the stone pipe that had all but gone out in his puckered lips, drew and drew till the thin stone glowed and the smoke rolled forth in a haze.

"It was done here, Ossok," he decided abruptly. "Since it was done here, the agent did it. For Silver Sinews is not a murderer."

"No," concurred Ossok. "I have listened to the throb of his heart beating itself out through his strings, and I know there is no murder in his being. There is much in his being that needs healing, Nachi. You and I have read that. But there is no black evil like the spilled blood of a man. Nothing so black in his heart! And what of the agent's heart, Nachi?"

Nachi plucked his pipe away and quivered his upper lip in significant imitation of a wolf dog's snarl. They had no love for Coady, sullen slave driver as he was to them always, but Brunswick with the magic of his music and his quiet northland fellowship had won their pagan hearts. That he should be regarded as an accomplice of Coady's was a bitter brew to them, and Plant's vow that he would bring both back made Brunswick's danger clear. They had known innocent men of the posts involved before, and sometimes punished, by this strange law that reached up from the south.

"Nachi, we must follow," decided Ossok. "It does not pay to meddle with the law, so we must paddle wide of Plant and his law till we see what happens. If Plant does not catch them, all is well. If he does catch them and the law is stronger than their will, we must be at hand to spirit Silver Sinews out of the policeman's grip."

"That is wisdom," Nachi nodded. "Ossok, we belong to the Nenenot, the true men, and those are the words of a true man. Also there are Nenenot and Nascauppee, the true and the false, among the whites as well as among the Indians. Silver Sinews is one of the Nenenot whites, a true man and our brother by the bonds of the wilderness. Therefore, when he needs us we must go. Let us start."

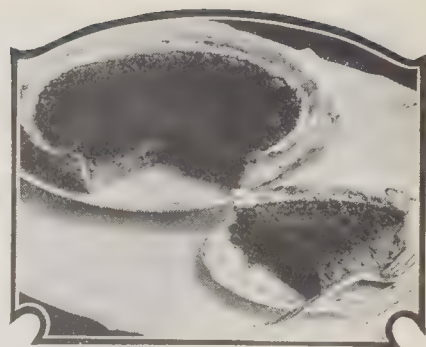
For a final stare at the vague, blanketed figure they stepped closer, and instantly their Indian eyes noted the true condition of Herbert's body, its emaciation, its exhaustion.

"This is strange," spoke Ossok. "He is starved to death, broken by the wilderness. He must have been near to death when he reached the post, and how could the ghost of a man make any fight?"

Nachi bent, removed the blanket and examined the powder-blackened hole in the chest.

"There was no fight," he pronounced. "He was dead when the shot was fired, and if the policeman had not been in such a hurry, he would have seen what we have seen. Ossok, I must work a little magic here, else it may go hard with Silver Sinews in the end. I must leave the truth for men to see, but while I do it, go you and bring me some spare clothes from my pack."

Ossok went off to ferret out the pack and find the clothes. Nachi closed the trading room door while he was gone and behind the closed door whatever record of the truth he was leaving appeared to be completed when Ossok returned with [Continued on page 72]



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Put the pumpkin in a bowl, add softened butter, milk and ground spices; mix well and stir in sugar and chopped coconut. Beat the eggs until light and add to mixture. Pour into two baked pastry shells and bake in a moderate oven — 350° F. — thirty minutes. When cold sprinkle with powdered sugar.

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When Homer Nods

Continued from page 61

WHATEVER happiness Homer felt over the consummation of his first deal was somewhat clouded by the prospect of explaining to Jim Gray how he had been brought into a partnership without consultation beforehand.

Homer was inclined to put this off, trusting that fate or luck or time would bring counsel as they had with his dilemma of the night before; but here Jacqueline interfered with the scheme.

"You're coming up to dinner with us tonight," she announced, as they stood in the glass-enclosed waiting-room at Dorlan's. "Jim told me to bring you. You haven't another engagement, have you?"

"No," said Homer. "I mean—oh, all right, I'll come!"

"How eagerly you accept!" smiled Jack.

"Well, you see," said Homer, "I was planning to ask you to take dinner with me I didn't know Jim was—"

"Jim said"—Jacqueline blushed just a little—"that he had an engagement for the evening, so I'd have to entertain you after he left."

"There is nothing like the loyalty of a true friend," commented Homer. "I shall be there!"

"JIM," said Homer, as they lighted their cigars after dinner—Jacqueline had left them to themselves for a while—"I want to give you a cheque for that two hundred right now before I forget it."

"No rush," said Jim. "don't let it bother you."

"I'd rather give it to you now while I think of it," Homer replied casually.

He wrote the cheque. It was somewhat disingenuous of him to mark it "No. 468."

"And now that's off my mind," Homer remarked, "I have a confession to make."

"If you haven't poisoned a horse," Jim smiled, "I guess I can stand it."

"The fact is," Homer began, "I've rather taken advantage of your social position in a business way."

"If my social position—whatever that is—can help your business any, shoot!" responded Jim.

"Well," Homer explained, "it's like this. I—I happened to mention to Jones, of the firm of Jones & Morganstern—they're in millinery, as you may know—that well, I'm afraid I gave him the impression that this deal on Muhammed Noir amounted to more than it does, and he sort of jumped to the conclusion that you and I were associated in buying and selling horses. You know he's a bit of a climber, and he immediately asked if we couldn't use a little more capital. I had just made up my mind that I was going to give up my former work—I was in the wholesale millinery trade—and go into horses. Buying Muhammed Noir gave me the idea. Jones's offer came at a time when I needed money—that is, a little more capital, and—well, I'm afraid he thinks he's a member of the firm of Gray, Breeze & Jones, horse-dealers."

Jim threw back his head and laughed.

"Homer, you're a wonder!" he exclaimed. "I don't know anything about Mr. Jones, but I'll say that the Breeze part of the firm is not likely to be greatly troubled by the wiles of other horse-traders. Consider the firm established, old man! How much money do you want from me? It'll be a genuine relief to make some money on horses after the years I've been spending it on them!"

"That's what Jones said, too," observed Homer; "but just at present I think the use of your name will be sufficient. Mr. Jones was generous, and I had a little money myself."

His conscience pricked him considerably at this, for though it cannot be denied that fourteen dollars is "a little money," Homer knew that his manner of mentioning it was not exactly frank.

"I'd like to meet my other partner some time," said Jim, "and congratulate him on his business acumen in picking a general manager. Whenever you want more capital, let me know. You'll excuse me, old" [Continued on page 63]

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When Homer Nods

Continued from page 62

man, if I beat it now. I've got to meet a chap at the club. Here's Jack. Jack, meet the president and general manager of the firm of Gray, Breeze & Jones."

The general manager of the new firm, left alone with Jacqueline Gray, found himself suddenly bereft of words. Aside from their rides together and the few moments the night before when, in the moonlight, he had kissed her, Homer had seen Jacqueline mostly in crowds, small or large. Now, with a whole evening before him, and Jack for that whole evening, it seemed that all he could do was to sit and look at her.

That was a pleasant enough occupation, because Jack was surely good to look at. Homer thought he never had realized how pretty she was, how utterly desirable, and how supremely kissable.

Kissable—that was it! Suddenly he decided that sitting and looking at her was not enough.

"Homer," said Jacqueline, "you haven't said a word for ten minutes. You've just sat there and stared at me. Are you going to spend a whole evening just sitting there and staring at me?"

"No," said Homer, "I'm not!" He laid down his cigar, rose to his feet, crossed to her chair, and, reaching down, picked her up in his arms. "I'm going to spend the whole evening making love to you!" Whereupon he kissed her. "That is," he added, smiling down into her eyes, "if you'll let me!"

"To kiss me, of course, you will have to use force," quoted Jack softly. Then, in a whisper very close to his ear, she went on: "and Lord knows you are stronger than I am!"

THE firm of Gray, Breeze & Jones is still a growing concern; but it has made so much money that the managing director no longer thinks of five thousand dollars as important money, though he recognizes it as a highly respectable amount. Much of the success of the firm is due to the fact that within the limits of human judgment as to horseflesh, Gray, Breeze & Jones are honest. Honesty in horse-dealing is rare enough to be a huge asset to a firm which cares to cultivate it.

Nowadays, when Homer nods in the buying-ring, it means something. He doesn't buy any more horses inadvertently. Lest he might, he makes it a strict rule not to engage in conversation when an auction is going on.

"For," as he said to Jack, the day before they were to be married, "that

kind of luck is all right for a starter, but if you play it all through you'll be stung with a bunch of skates!"

The remark followed a long and somewhat stammered and painful confession, to which Jack listened with a very serious face.

"So you see, dear," said Homer, "I was nobody, and I am still nobody—just a millinery salesman who was throwing a bluff, just a piker who happened to stumble into the most extraordinary luck. I should have had the courage to tell you this before, I know, but I didn't have. I hope you'll forgive me; but if you can't, it's not too late to let me go."

"But it is too late—much too late," said Jack with a frown. "My trousseau is all ready, the invitations are all out, and it would be a frightful scandal if we didn't get married now. It's too late for any other reason, too."

"What's that?" demanded Homer.

"Because I love you," said Jack. "Your confession would have been too late any time after I first met you—too late to prevent me from marrying you, I mean. Why, my dear, one of these silly little gossiping snobs that you find everywhere came to me the very first night we met and told me that you were nobody, as they said, and as you said; and I almost slapped her face. Nobody—you, nobody! Nobody—with a Croix de Guerre! Nobody—with the sweetest smile, and the strongest arms in the world to creep into like this—and the merriest, tenderest eyes in the world! Nobody—where do they get that stuff? Why, honey, when you bought Muhammed Noir, Jim knew you didn't have the money to pay for him. He was going to take Muhammed off your hands the next day. He was going to give you a nice job with his firm too; because he'd told me you were the finest chap he'd ever met, and that if I didn't somehow manage to marry you he'd spank me. He said he knew you'd make good—and you did, though not in the way he'd planned. My dear, the only thing I feel badly about is that you were afraid to tell me before. I take that as a reflection on my character, for it shows you thought I might be somewhat of a snob. But it's all right, dear—everything is all right. Only I want you to make me one promise."

Homer waited.

"And that is that you'll make all your confessions, after we're married, right away, instead of waiting until I find them out for myself. Will you?"

Homer nodded.



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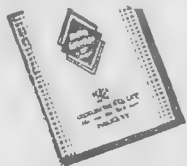
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Emmy Lukes, Knight Errant

Continued from page 28

moving stone-boat; she had boarded an ocean liner, but she had never boarded an ox. It was Roanie's large and comprehensive tummy which made the problem so trying. This met Emma's upward gaze, a vast mottled horizon. The animal's spinal column was not only out of sight, but almost out of reach. Emmy could barely touch it by standing on tip-toe and reaching up and over. Thinking deeply, she disturbed Roanie's mastication by putting on his bridle. Then she led him to the granary. Together they ambled around three corners of the wooden shanty, and at the fourth came upon a weather-beaten old packing-case. This would bridge the gap between the ground and Roanie's corporation—IF he could be persuaded to keep from shifting impulsively into unerucial positions to reach for stray bits of food—in short, if Roanie would only lend himself to the project.

Emmy led Roanie gently up beside the box, and began to climb upon it. Roanie saw a small clump of voluntary oats—reached for them with such determination that Emmy came sprawling off the box with a jerk of the lines. Patiently she placed the box again and clambered up. This time she made a quick lunge across Roanie's back; kicked desperately and got astride just as that imperturbable animal began making for another choice morsel.

"I am Mahomet," said Emmy triumphantly, "and this is the mountain."

Mahomet and the mountain now proceeded very slowly down the trail, the short fat legs of Mahomet sticking straight out on either side. Fortunately the morning wind was brisk, or thousands of mosquitoes would no doubt have piously followed this imposing Moslem procession.

"Now, Roanie, here's a hill," said Emmy. "Can't you run a bit"? and her little stick danced lightly up and down on the ox's tremendous hip-bones. Roanie smiled amiably along, but intimated that he was no saddle pony and always endeavored particularly not to run down hill. Instead he braced his feet at each step with a solid jerk which sent Emmy's heart into her mouth and caused her to cling desperately to the few hairs along Roanie's spine. With her feet she could not cling, for, as has been said, the area on top of Roanie caused them to stick out horizontally at either side. From the ground Roanie might appear round and fat, but Emmy learned, now, by bitter experience, that an ox's fat does not accumulate around his backbone. In fact the sharpness of this part of his structure resigned Emmy to the walking pace at which the roan ox so stolidly plunged along, and although the pace was not dangerously exciting, Emmy enjoyed the dizzy insecurity of her immense height, and by allowing her imagination plenty of scope she had a tolerably good time until the advent of Simon. Simon was a small and opinionated Spaniel—a yellow Spaniel. Simon walked speculatively out of the barnyard; seemed to gasp for a moment at the curious sight presented by Emmy and Roanie, then, recollecting his supposed duty, he started out at Roanie's heels, barking and growling dictatorially.

Fear caused Emmy's limbs to stiffen. "Get off there, Simon, and lie down." As Simon had been lying down all morning, he took no heed of Emmy's urgent suggestion and the next moment they were all plunging down the stable hill, Roanie swinging his bony legs in huge semi-circles. Emmy tried to roar "Whoa!" but it was a nightmare of a roar, and came out in little jerks and groans.

"Yap! Yap! Yap!" Emmy and Roanie and the little dog cavorted down the hill. Each time Emmy rose into the air she came down a little nearer the hind end of that terrible spinal column. Never had she been so thwacked; never so terrified. She actually wished for the inevitable moment when she must go flying off onto the hard brown prairie. At least it would put a stop to this frantic prancing up and down, even if it did break her neck. [Continued on page 65]



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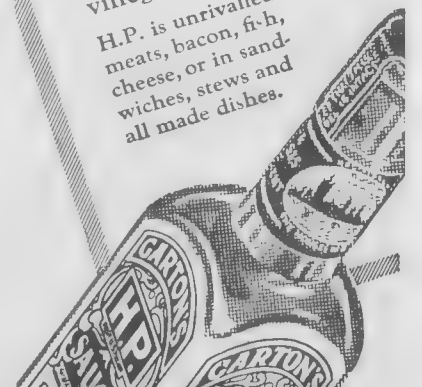
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Emmy Lukes, Knight Errant

Continued from page 64

Thud! The world swam round in a sickly blur. Some part of Emmy hurt very badly but she was not sure which part. She was dizzily sinking somewhere and felt sure that she was dying.

EMMY LUKES was lying in bed—in the bottom bunk to be exact, for she had been transferred. Having broken her leg in the ox-back adventure she must lie now, where she could be got at.

Looking back, Emmy could remember very little of events subsequent to her fall. What she did remember was the tempest of pain that accompanied the leg-setting process. First, temporary measures under the superintendence of Mrs. Lewson, a hastily summoned neighbor who had once been a nurse—and, later, more severe treatment at the hands of the doctor, who had appeared on the scene late that evening.

Emmy was told that she had been very brave. She took this little plum quite calmly as her due. Physically she was very brave, and she was proud of it. She heard now, too, that Andrew Bailey had carried her in unconscious. He had ridden up, her mother said, just as Emmy's solid little body had hurtled through the air, and Andrew it was who had gone for Mrs. Lewson, and then gone for the doctor.

Outwardly, Emmy heard the enthusiastic relation of these last facts with what her mother considered to be ungrateful indifference. This was nothing more, however, than a tinge of prairie stoicism, hardly won and watchfully practised. Inwardly, Emmy sighed with satisfaction. Mother liked Andrew now! She would be nice to him. When Mother was "not nice" to anyone, the outward and visible token was a careful and marked politeness. It was calculated to leave one a trifle cool, without one's knowing just why. Andrew had been subjected to this "cold storage" treatment, as Basil called it, for some time past. Mrs. Lukes had not really disliked Andrew, but she had felt a little stiffened, as it were, ever since the time he had begged so hard to take Emmy to a dance.

Andrew had been disinterested and kindly; Emmy, in deep sorrow because her family were not going to the neighborhood celebration as all the other families were (with their children, and if any, with their children's children). Mrs. Lukes was not unsociable, but she was shy of a social event so foreign to her experience as a country dance. As for taking Emmy! The very idea of taking a child of eleven years old to a dance! And as for letting her go with this young man—easy assurance and woolly chaps and friendly smile had simply no weight with Emmy's mother. What sort of a woman did she seem to be that he should think of suggesting such a thing! Andrew was not easily put "in cold storage." He had too much sense of humour. He even undertook to instruct Mrs. Lukes in some of the customs of prairie sociability.

"Oh, pshaw! Everybody goes, here. There's nothing else to go to, Mrs. Lukes." (Andrew was a city mouse originally) — "And, honestly, all the children go. There are places for them to sleep if they get tired," he added, slyly coaxing. This indeed was true. As the evening progressed the younger children would drop out, one by one, and might be found, like a vanquished army, flopped among the coats and hats in all manner of astonishing positions.

It must be confessed that Emmy's characteristics formed an unfortunate combination. She was at once fat, sensitive, and gregarious. She loved society whenever she could fight free of the painful self-consciousness which had threatened, lately, even the citadel of her beaming smile. Emmy never remembered about being fat when she was talking to Andrew Bailey. She wanted now, desperately, to go to this party where all the neighbors were going. After Andrew had given up and left her to her fate, Emmy had wept.

L YING in the bottom bunk with a stiff, uncomfortable, aching leg, and the novelty of the situation worn to nearly nothing at all, Emmy looked things over. Two months in bed the doctor had said, and then two or three more at least, before she could walk about. Of course, reading would be a great comfort; but not nearly enough comfort—absolutely not. This sober reflection however, suddenly gave place to a lively and glowing one, as though this new thought had knocked its predecessor off a shelf in Emmy's mind and triumphantly taken its place. Why, of course; people who were ill in bed got thin! Yes, she was weak and comparatively pale. She was actually not the least bit hungry. What were two months—a year—two years in bed, if she could only lose "the little fat Lukes girl," (there was no mincing of matters on the prairie,) and present to the countryside in her stead a thin, bony girl who could climb anything?

This new idea carried Emmy, superbly patient, over two weeks of trying discomfort. In fact, she gave herself over to doing the part of the wounded soldier with not a little relish. She was visited briefly by Andrew, whenever he rode by, even though it was the busy season. This made her feel important. Besides, Andrew made much of Emmy. He thought she was a pretty fine little girl; and she almost made him laugh—often unintentionally, it must be confessed.

"I'll make a real rider of you when you get a pony," he told her. But ponies were dear and scarce those years, and seemed farther than ever from a girl with a broken leg. Emmy sighed, but again remembering the idea, she looked suddenly cheerful and began chaffing Andrew about the malicious squint with which his own wild broncho of a horse surveyed them through the bedroom window, near which it was tied to the clothesline post. The two friends teased each other continually, and with the most abundant good humour. Although Andrew's eighteen years impressed Emmy deeply whenever she happened to think of them, he himself forgot, when he was with Emmy, that he was entitled to assume grown-up airs if he chose. Perhaps he did not always choose; anyway, he got along with Emmy Lukes very well, and, since the accident, he was getting more and more friendly with Emmy's tall, dark, serious elder brother, Basil.

AS the weeks went by, Emmy dolefully realized, and admitted to herself, that she was not one scrap thinner, no, not one ounce. Why indeed should she be? Her appetite had returned and to all intents and purposes she was as healthy and as rosy as ever she had been. Meanwhile, the excitement of threshing had begun, and Emmy was not there to carry lunches; to wade knee-deep in the soft chaff at the feet of giant straw-stacks; to drive grain-wagons to and fro between granary and threshing-machine, watching the stream of wheat as it poured, like a golden waterfall from the grain chute. It was hot, too, lying there in bed. It was most depressing. Whenever neighborhood children came in, they told her how much fatter she was than last time, and stared at her, laughing, as though she were a baby hippo, being tamed specially for their amusement. Emmy boiled with inward wrath, and did not make herself very agreeable. You see, she had not yet learned to take herself entirely as a joke, and she still insisted on requiring of life the very thing she could not have.

The threshing was over. The evenings were crisp and cool, and the mosquitos were all gone. This evening, a big, inquisitive moon looked through the window. Emmy should have been asleep, but the moon stared so hard that she couldn't help staring back, in some sort of retaliation. She heard the screen-door bang. Andrew and Basil had come in and they were talking about horses. Emmy listened. She could never [Continued on page 66]



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Emmy Lukes, Knight Errant

Continued from page 65

hear enough about horses; but Andrew's mother was there too, talking to Mrs. Lukes. They were near the curtained bedroom door, and were discoursing volubly about the preserving of berries.

"Drat their berries," thought Emmy disrespectfully. The conversation of the two boys swelled out only here and there in the lulls of the berry discussion.

"Andrew's fond of choke-cherry jelly. I put up about twenty quarts last year."

"But what are choke-cherries? I have never heard of them."

"O my goodness! you must taste some of our jelly. I still have a few bottles left from last year. This has been such a busy year we haven't had time to go a-berrying except for a few saskatoons the boys and I picked when they were a-cutting that barley up on the north place, and I had to take lunch to them. But then, Mrs. Lukes, there might be some 'chokes' left yet. They say the bushes were fairly loaded down with them this year."

"But where do they grow? I haven't seen any trees or bushes anywhere."

"O there's a big coulee about six miles north. Skegson's Coulee, they call it... near Old Man Skegson's place. What do you say we all go on Saturday? And we could tell Mrs. Lewson. She might like to come along."

"Andrew, we're going a-berrying Saturday. Can we have old Mike and Jim and the democrat?"

"Skegson's Coulee, and they're going for all day," thought Emmy, "O my goodness what awful luck! Why did I ride Roanie?"

Listen! What were they saying in the next room? Emmy lay tense and still in the moonlight.

"Mother," Basil was speaking. "I'm buying Andrew's colt...." Andrew's colt! The little black pony with a white star on her forehead—the dear little black pony that came for sugar when Andrew called!

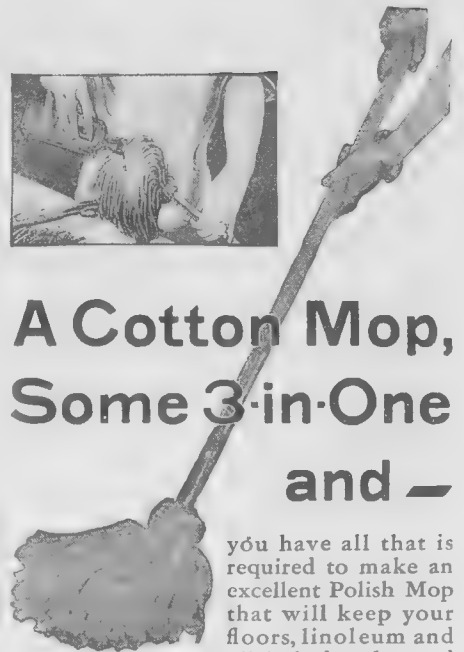
"You goin' to do some bronco bustin', Basil?" Mrs. Bailey spoke with the good-natured drawl and nasal quality of the Eastern States.

"I'll be doing the bustin', Ma," young Andrew's cheerful voice came to Emmy's ears. "You've always said Star's not near big enough for any of your little sons." (Andrew was already five foot ten, while his elder brothers, Jack and Dave were both six-footers, and fairly heavy of build.) "Ain't she just Emmy's fit, though. I was telling Basil here I'd want \$60 for her when she's broken to the saddle—and no one'll break her but me—but if she's to be for Emmy's own, I'd drop ten dollars, and glad to do it. I'm more than particular who has that pony."

Emmy gasped. She wanted to jump out of bed, leg and all. She wanted to hug them all. She wanted to shout and throw things about. She was to have a pony of her own! Not a broken-winded one like Ellen Nelson's that she had envied so. Not one that had passed its twenty-fifth mile-stone, like the one Basil would have bought, but that he was afraid of its falling with Emmy under it. Not even an ugly pony, "spunky," but with red eyes, like the one the Harrod children were so proud of. She was to have the nicest pony in Alberta, broken in by the nicest young man in Canada. Emmy wondered if a heart could burst with joy as she had sometimes been temporarily convinced it could do with misery. If it could burst, Emmy Lukes was in grave danger at this moment.

Mrs. Lukes was proud, and Emmy heard her protesting about the ten dollars. "O but Andrew, we couldn't let you sacrifice ten dollars like that. We must pay you what you think that pony's worth."

"Now Mrs. Lukes, you know I'd rather give that pony to Emmy than sell her to anyone else. Emmy thinks as much of her as I do. She'll even come for Emmy's call same as she will for mine. I'd keep her myself, but Ma won't let me keep a pony just for a pet, will you Ma?" [Continued on page 68]



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Banff Highland Gathering

Continued from page 24

in Gaelic being translated for the occasion. The scene is laid in a "sheil-ing" at Rossinish near the castle of the Clanranalds at Benbecula. Flora Macdonald, a ward of the Lasy Clanranald, had the hero-worship for Bonnie Prince Charlie typical of the Scottish lassies of her time, but had not actually met him, although she had devised for him the method of escape from his enemies which furnishes the story of the play. It has both romantic and comedy roles and a cast of six principals. Piano, violin, 'cello, and flute provided the accompanying music.

THE recorded history of music in Scotland goes back to the days of St. Columba whose mission established in the sixth century at Iona spread a civilizing influence all over the south and west of Scotland. Ireland at that period and for centuries later maintained its supremacy as the school of music of the harp and the racial connection between the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders and the Irish Celts accounts, no doubt, for the frequent references to Irish Harpists in the Scottish history of that time. A 12th century writer refers to Scotland as fully emulating the Irish harp experts and records of the court in the 15th century show that the Irish pipers were welcome guests at the royal palace of James IV. Mary Queen of Scots presented an Irish harp, still preserved at Edinburgh, to a lady of Banchory in 1563.

The viol had a noticeable influence on the vocal music of Scotland, particularly of the Lowlands. James I, on the night of his murder, in 1436, passed his last hours in "singing, piping, harping and in other honest solaces of pleasure and disport." He was an accomplished musician and "played the drum, bagpipes, viol, psalter, flute, organ, harp, trumpet, shepherd's pipe, and lute." The pipes did not take hold of Scotland till the 15th and 16th centuries and their sphere is more or less confined to march, dance music, and the Pibroch.

The hereditary friend of Scotland under the Ancient League was France and any influence coming from England was Norman French. David I, of Scotland was strongly Norman in sympathy and Robert the Bruce, legendary Scottish hero, was a Norman. If any other external influence is sought it can be traced to the Scandinavian, which reveals itself in the Hebridean reviving songs and in ballads such as Sir Patrick Spens, which is one of the oldest preserved in the Scottish dialect, and sings of the shipwreck of those Scottish nobles who had conveyed Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, to her marriage with Eric of Norway in 1281. Minstrels were encouraged by the early Scottish kings, who maintained a privileged race of wandering bards and these eagerly seized upon the prevailing superstitions and the romantic legends of the people, weaving them into rude but expressive versification.

Some ascribe to Gawain Douglas the authorship of the earliest version of that beautiful ballad, "The Flowers O' The Forest," the air of which is first recorded in 1615 and of this period are dated the old songs: John Grumlie, and Ay Waukin O. John Wedderburn, Chaplain of Dundee was driven into exile for writing anti-Catholic ballads in

1549 but his tunes still survive in such examples as John Anderson My Jo', Land O' The Leal, and My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose. John D'Estree, a player at the Court of Charles IX, published some Scottish dances in a collection issued at Paris in 1554, and in 1579, James VI, of Scotland passed a statute encouraging the erection of song schools "with one maister sufficient and able for instruction of the youth in the science of musick."

THE Banff Music Festival was particularly fortunate this year in having the Gaelic play "At a Lewis Fishing" on its programme. This was a short drama which while written and presented in English breathed the genuine spirit of the Gaelic people and featured a number of songs in that language. It was the work of Miss Ethel Bassin, of Vancouver, a lady who spent some years as a teacher of High School in Stornoway, the capital town of the Outer Hebrides, and a great herring-fishing centre with a fine harbour. The scene of the play is on one of the busy Stornoway wharves—"a quayside in the Outer Isles"—and the time—morning. It is the fishing season and the men and women are mending the nets and auctioneering their herring. A backdrop portrays a seascape and boats with brown sails are seen in the distance headed for home. A song is heard before the curtain rises on this realistic scene and the dialogue which follows carries on the spirit of the thing, revealing the shrewd character and the merry wit of the fisherfolk." There is talk of one Neil Macleod who pretended to have forgotten his Gaelic tongue and of the lesson received by him when he attempted to cross the Minch without a passport during the War. There is discussion about the rumored more up-to-date method which British Columbia in far-away Canada employs in preserving herring—the fish go in raw at one end of the cannery and in thirty minutes come out at the other end canned salmon, and without the girls handling them at all! Maggie, Mary and Kirsty Ann vow they will go to Canada. This entertaining playlet is atmospherically true throughout. It ends with the old fisher-woman of the group leading the chorus of lullaby, in, of course, the Gaelic, while offstage can be heard the voice of the auctioneer of the mart, and his bell. The singers' voices blended wonderfully and had that sweet liquid inflection peculiar to the people of the Western Isles.

A unique feature of the Gathering was the open-air divine service on Sunday, held oddly enough in a place known as Devil's Cauldron. From the hollow of this gap mountains rise on either side to a tremendous height. The minister's flock to the number of about 7,000 sat in tiers along the hillsides and the singing of this great gathering was impressive in the highest degree, as was the message of the preacher, who spoke of the majesty of God from the words, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes." It might be said to have been a typical convenating service.

NOT the least interesting item of the Gathering was the table d'hôte dinners at the Banff Springs Hotel. The menus for the occasion were printed in the [Continued on page 99]



J. Murray Gibbon the well-known C.P.R. official and author, and the creative genius of the Banff Festival, makes also an efficient traffic officer as he regulates the movements of the hosts assembling for divine service.



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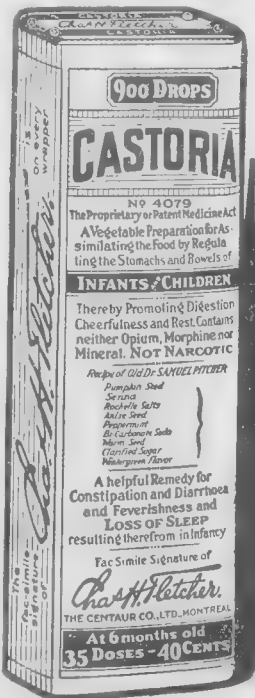
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Emmy Lukes, Knight Errant

Continued from page 66

"No," said "Ma" dryly, "that ain't what we came West for. But just the same, fifty dollars is a good price so far's we're concerned. We're all fond of Star and I'm just as glad as can be if Emmy's going to have her—so close to home and all."

"Can she hear us?" asked Andrew, suddenly lowering his voice.

"Not she. She sleeps like the dead," came Basil's laughing reply.

Emmy felt guilty for a few minutes, like an eavesdropper. Should she call out that she was awake and had heard? No. She felt too shy. She must keep quiet now, though suppressed happiness was nearly killing her.

Although Andrew had lowered his voice, his next words seemed to Emmy to come dancing and vibrating into her bedroom.

"Well then, let's not tell her till Christmas. It'll make a dandy Christmas surprise, and it'll not be so long after that before she can ride."

Meanwhile, Emmy pulled the bedclothes over her ears. However, this wonderful deal was made there was no doubt about it now, and they were all generous and kind, and she wanted to dream and dream about that pony. Who cared about a broken leg? Who cared about being fat? She fell into a delightful dream. Suddenly the whole thing came into her realization with a tingling shock of joy....But....until Christmas....She must not say a word. They would wonder what made her so cheerful and patient. Dear old Andrew! Dear old Basil! Dear old Mother! What a wonderful world!

Yes, Emmy was still "the little fat Lukes girl," but the luck had turned.

Animal Life Down Under

Continued from page 27

they must be covered and kept from the light, otherwise they would not hatch.

The Mountain Devil lies about in the warm sand, and rarely seeks to escape from other reptiles or animals, knowing full well that his armor protects him far more securely than flight.

Two other lizards should be mentioned—these are the sleepy lizard and the racehorse lizard. As their names suggest they are widely contrasted, as regards movement. Whilst the sleepy lizard drags himself slowly along, the racehorse variety travels at really marvellous speed.

Again the sleepy lizard is rather a repulsive creature, but the racehorse is most interesting, and handsome, as lizards go.

Its movements so closely resemble those of a cyclist, due to its short front legs, and its powerful and long, back pair, that the name bicycle lizard is often applied to the curious creature.

The black-like to start one of these speedy lizards up, and then give chase, unfortunately with sticks and stones. It is good to know, however, that rarely do they catch him, his speed being so remarkable, that even these fleet-footed gentry are left hopelessly behind.

Another remarkable lizard is known as the frog or barking lizard. When the reptile is teased, it barks at the intruder. This small creature is very pugnacious, and not only does it bark when teased, but it does its best to snap, raising its front feet from the ground in its efforts to get at the offender.

The frog lizard has a rather large, fat tail; when broken off another one grows almost immediately. Sometimes an old lizard will be found with two tails, but as a rule the old one drops off when the new one has grown to a certain length.

Then there is the fighting spider, a grisly looking thing, quite four inches in length, easily one of the largest spiders in the world; this black creature is wonderfully pugnacious.

It's bite is severe, and in the case of the smaller birds, or animals, often fatal.



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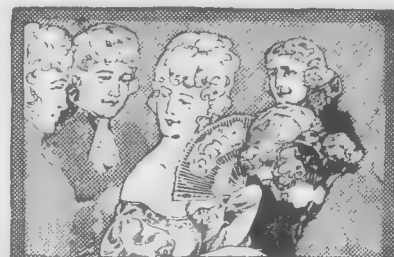
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A VERY interesting and unusual case has been recently decided in British Columbia in connection with an action brought by a farm laborer against a farmer. The laborer claimed that he was employed by the farmer to split firewood in one of the farmer's woodsheds. He claimed that the farmer had allowed for some years an accumulation on the floor of the wood-shed of refuse consisting of slab-wood, dust, chips and other refuse, spread over the earth floor of the shed to the depth of about two feet, thus rendering the place a dangerous one to work in, by reason of the fact that there was not sufficient clearance in the height of the shed to properly swing the axe and split the wood in safety. The laborer further claimed that when engaged in splitting the wood his axe caught a transverse wooden support running the full length of the shed at a height of six feet six inches from the top of the accumulated refuse. The axe struck the laborer's left wrist and severed all the tendons, nerves and arteries of the outer half of the wrist.

The Court found that the wood-shed was the ordinary shed used on farm premises. It had a sloping roof and the height of the roof at its highest point above the refuse on the floor was a little over seven feet and the lowest point about five feet. There was a timber support running transversely across the upper portion of the shed, the support being a piece of lumber ten feet by two inches, and raised about six feet above the refuse. There was a round block of wood in the shed called the "chopping block," standing about seventeen inches or so from the ground. The laborer was splitting billets of sixteen-inch wood. His practice was to hold the billet of wood on the chopping-block in his left hand and to grasp the axe-handle somewhere towards its middle, swing the axe in this manner and split the wood. The axe caught the cross lumber support and came down upon his left wrist.

The evidence further showed that the laborer had worked for the farmer on these premises off and on for a number of years and had frequently cut firewood for the farmer in this shed which he did not regard as a dangerous place. On other occasions he had arranged his position in cutting the wood so that he was parallel to the cross-section, but on this occasion he was at right-angles to it.

Other evidence showed that other people had cut wood in the shed and had found it perfectly safe. So far as the accumulated refuse was concerned, the Court found that he could easily have cleared enough of it away to give him all the necessary clearance, and in the result it was declared that the laborer had voluntarily entered upon the premises with full knowledge of all its conditions and that if he had sustained any injury was due to his own negligence. The case was thereupon dismissed in favor of the farmer.

Answers to Queries

Khediye, Sask.

Q. Two years ago we allowed our pre-emption against which there was a mortgage and several judgments to be sold for taxes, making arrangements with the mortgage company to pay the taxes and foreclose and sell the quarter back in my name.

When the Company had paid the taxes and foreclosed they sold the land to their agent who in turn sold it to me and I signed an agreement to pay five hundred and interest that fall and two hundred and seventy-five and interest each fall until paid. We have kept this agreement until this fall when we could just pay this interest. I wrote to the Company asking if their agent had paid for the land in full or if he had made the payments we had made; they said

they could not give me this information without the consent of their agent.

What I would like to know is, can this agent legally sell this land without having title to same? Will we be able to get clear title when we pay the balance.—L.G.

A. You are entitled to know what payments the agent sent to the Company on account of his agreement for purchasing the property. Any person with an interest in land is entitled to demand from every other person interested in the land a full and satisfactory account of the other person's interest in or claim against the property.

The agent may sell the property to you without having the title registered in his name. Also he is justified in law in selling to you, if he would be able to obtain the title when he was required to deliver same to you. We are quite unable to tell you whether you could get your title when you have completed your payments without having full particulars of the title. In a case such as this you will be well advised to employ a solicitor to investigate matters for you, because you cannot afford to make substantial payments on account of the purchase price when there is still a chance that after making the payments that you will not get the land.

Simcoe, Ont.

Q. A lady separated from her husband in 1923, has received no support from him since; she has no children, and she has worked and supported herself. (1) How many years must she live separate from her husband until she is legally free from him? (2) Can she marry another man after so many years if she should wish?—G.S.

A. (1) Time alone is not sufficient to give divorce to a wife or permit her to re-marry. There must be other circumstances. If her husband had disappeared and there is no reasonable evidence that he is dead she could take a chance on his being actually dead and re-marry. If, however, it should later appear that he had not died her marriage would be bigamous and void.

(2) The answer to this question is the same as above. Only the divorce of her husband or his death would give her the right to re-marry and make the subsequent union legal.

Victoria, B.C.

Q. In case of a man dying and leaving property is it possible to collect school taxes of said property? When an administrator is appointed by one heir without the consent of the other heirs is it possible to take the business out of his hands? After the property has been advertised in Royal Gazette and eighteen months has expired is it necessary to hunt up other heirs? Don't they have to come forward and prove their claim? In making statement of expenses I find to Judge of Probate \$30.00. What is that for, owner of property having died without a will?—S.C.D.

A. School taxes are usually levied against real property without regard to whether the registered owner is living or not. The taxes are levied against the property and not against the owner.

An administrator could not be legally appointed by one heir. If the administrator is entitled to deal with the property at all he must have been appointed by the Court. Before the Court would approve of the removal of an administrator the Court would probably require some evidence of misconduct on the part of such administrator. If, however, there are a number of heirs interested, and all except one oppose the administrator acting further, it is likely that the Court would consent to the appointment of another representative for the estate.

The fact that the administrator has advertised for claims against the estate is the authority [Continued on page 70]

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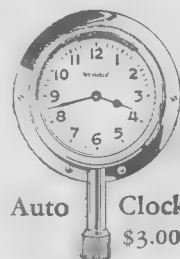
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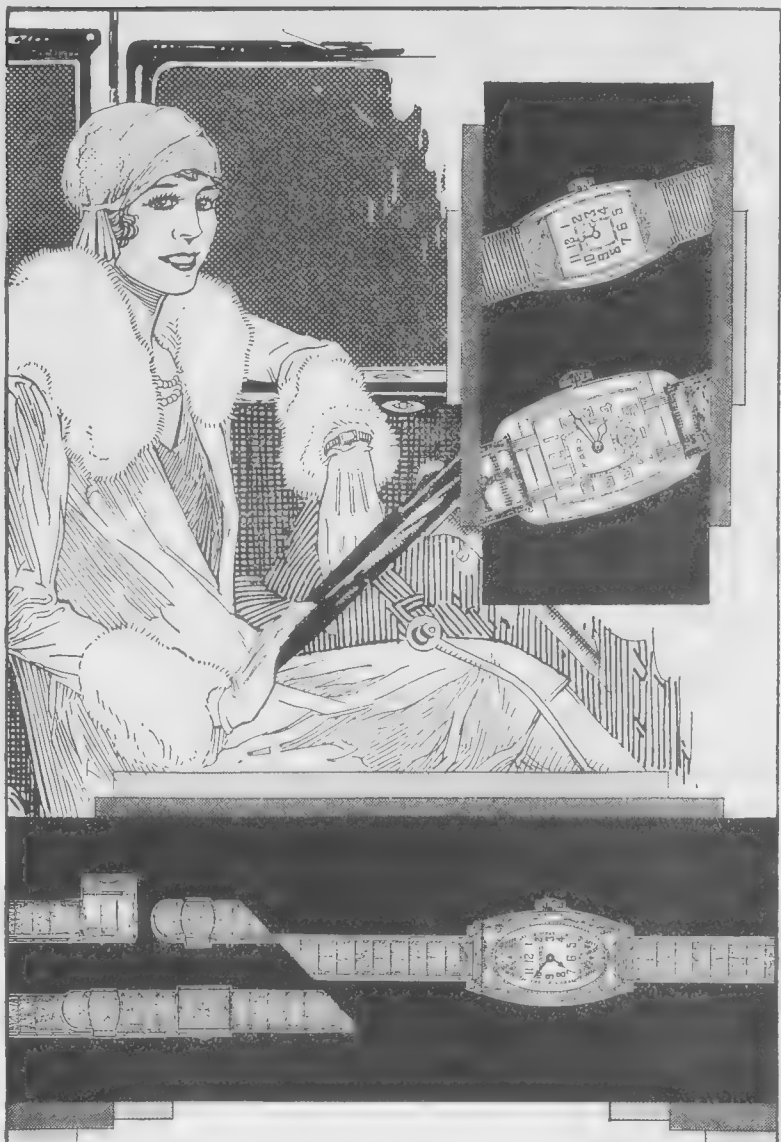
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Legal Information

Continued from page 69

of the administrator to deal with such claims as are filed with him, and his release for distributing the estate to the heirs after settling the debts of which the administrator has had notice. Even after such distribution to the heirs, however, if a further heir or creditor appears whose claim has not been satisfied he has the right to follow the estate into the hands of the beneficiaries in order to obtain his share in the estate. However, the administrator is always justified in dealing with the estate in a reasonable way and if no additional heirs have appeared for eighteen months, then the heirs of which the administrator has notice are quite justified in claiming distribution of their shares in the estate. As a matter of fact they are not required to wait eighteen months or any time more than a reasonable time after advertising for debts.

The charge of \$30.00 to the Judge of Probate is probably the Court fee on the proceedings authorizing the administrator to deal with the estate.

Q. Can a man, married in Saskatchewan, Canada, go to the States and live there long enough to get a divorce, remarry in the States, and come back to Canada to live? Would the second marriage be legal in Canada? Should the law do anything to stop a couple living together, under these circumstances?—M.B.H.W.

A. A person would be able to go to the States and obtain a divorce and remarry, because a divorce obtained in any jurisdiction is always valid within that jurisdiction. We presume what you wish to know is whether such a divorce would be valid in Canada. We are of the opinion that it would not be except in the obviously unlikely case of the man actually having his legal domicile in the state in which he obtains the divorce. Domicile is used in the above sense as a technical legal term denoting the fixed and permanent home of the man, and the place to which he intends to return, even if absent for a considerable period for any reason. The second marriage would be bigamous and void in any British jurisdiction unless as above stated the man's legal domicile was in the United States. It is probable that the authorities would not take any proceedings against a person who had obtained such a divorce and remarried. Nevertheless the marriage would be in fact bigamous and affect the right to inheritance in the case of the death of the husband or wife.

Alberta.

Q. My mother was born in Seaforth, Ontario, in 1854 (75 years ago). She has resided in Alberta for 18 years, was left a widow five years ago last February. She is entirely dependent on her children, most of whom have large families and are in poor circumstances owing to drought, sickness, etc. Could my mother secure the Old Age Pension, and what proceedings would one have to take to secure same?—M.E.H.

A. We believe your mother is entitled to the Old Age Pension of \$20.00 per month. We would suggest that she write to the Old Age Pension Board, Legislative Buildings, Edmonton, for the necessary forms for her application.

On Life

By Thomas Saunders

There are lands that I never shall see.

There are books that are not mine to read.

There are doors for which I have no key,

Tho' each door leads to something I need.

But some places I'll see, and some books I shall read,

And where I have no key I shall smother my need.

Ah! this life is a deeply played game,

And each move makes the deeper the strife.

With its joy, and its sorrow and shame,

We encounter and combat with—Life!

And the harder the game, and the deeper the strife,

The surer the claim, and the better the life.



Friends are always welcome and like to be entertained.

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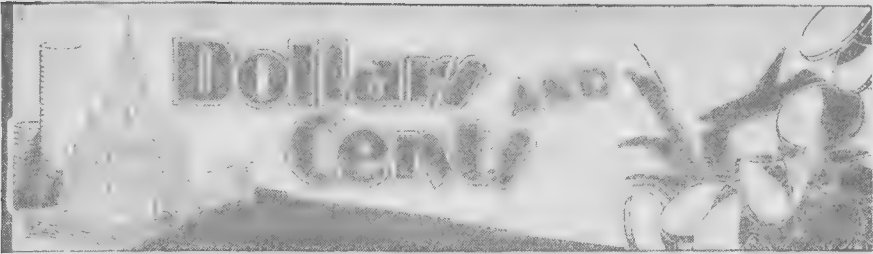
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THIS last week we have had occasion to advise a client in connection with a venture into which he proposed to enter. The client was importuned to purchase stock in a certain company, and fabulous returns were promised. He uncovered to our gaze a very lurid prospectus which was remarkable to say the least, not for any display of information, but rather the lack of it. The whole document seemed so odd that we made a note of the following points.

In the first place there was no information as to the country in which the company, called "the corporation" was incorporated. The absence of the word "Limited" would lead one to believe that the company was not incorporated under any of the laws of the Provinces or Dominion of Canada but was merely a partnership or perhaps one individual trading under the name of a company. This belief was strengthened by the fact that no directors, bankers or solicitors were named in the prospectus and even the amount of the capital was omitted. The capital apparently consisted only of no par value stock and this stock was being sold and as an added inducement further stock of the same class was offered as a bonus. In other words the purchaser would get no par value stock plus a bonus of no par value stock. This is so contrary to the usual method of offering common stock as a bonus for the purchase of preferred stock or bonds that it has all the appearance of a "come-on game." The remainder of the prospectus was on a par with these facts and we had no hesitation in advising our client to consign the document to the waste paper basket.

Throughout Canada the harvest is being safely gathered in and the producers are receiving the reward of their labors. Just as surely as certain birds fly southwards at the approach of winter, so surely will those producers be pestered by unscrupulous vendors of worthless stocks. The ways of these fly-by-night gentry are varied as the colors of Joseph's coat. By the use of telegrams, long distance telephone messages and the publication of tipster sheets, they pursue their nefarious practices. The matter has recently come to a head in the United States where the Federal authorities have started a campaign against stock swindlers. Indirectly Canadians are interested in this campaign because if it is successful the result will be that these crooks will seek such attractive fields as Western Canada, where on account of the returns from the crop, there will be a certain amount of money available for investment. Our citizens should therefore beware of plausible stock salesmen holding out the lure of doubling one's money and the obtaining of extremely high dividends by investment in certain classes of stock. The New York Herald Tribune in dealing with the activities of stock swindlers says that the objective of the Federal authorities is:

"First, to put fraudulent operators in jail (somewhat comparable to an attempt to round up the army of crows that steal the farmer's corn); second, to awaken the public to the general situation and open the eyes of the gullible to fraudulent methods (more hopeful); and, third, bring about a demand for State supervision of stock brokers, something like the present supervision of banks, with a law, perhaps, making it compulsory for stock brokers to take out licenses and providing State supervision."

We have in these columns given repeated warnings and advice as to investments in stocks and at the risk of appearing unduly officious and apprehensive we print herewith rules

issued by the Attorney-General of New York State for the guidance of would-be investors:

1. Find out the responsibility of the person or firm asking you to purchase securities.
2. Take your time when strangers try to sell you securities. Demand references and investigate.
3. Do not hesitate to ask your bank, lawyer, Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, or Better Business Bureau what they think of the proposition.
4. Inquire of some reliable person or firm, familiar with the character of the business, for an opinion of the standing and prospects of the company.
5. Do not believe that the sensational success of one company in a stated line or field is a guaranty that any other company will succeed in the same business.
6. Remember that bonds become just as worthless as stocks when the security is impaired.
7. The value of a guaranty depends upon the integrity and financial strength of the guarantor.
8. When printed agreements are offered for you to sign, remember that separate promises by salesmen are not binding upon the company.
9. Always insist upon having a witness present when acting upon any oral representations regarding securities.
10. If you become victimized by swindlers, or are suspicious of the actions of any company or individual in transactions in securities, do not delay in notifying the office of the State Attorney-General, and above all else do not swap your safe investments or savings for worthless securities.

For State Attorney-General substitute the local Crown Prosecutor or the Public Utilities Board of your province. These rules are based upon common sense and if followed will save many a dollar for honest but unsuspecting people.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Man.
Q—I would like some information re the Suburban Co-operative Home Builders, Chicago. Four years ago I bought some shares in this company and I would like to know if they are of any value. This company agreed to pay at the rate of 20 per cent per annum but so far I have received nothing. Should I not be expecting some return if this company is still doing business?—A.C.

A. We have no information as to the Suburban Co-operative Home Builders of Chicago. The service which we offer to our subscribers is what we shall endeavor to give them, information as to Canadian companies. It is impossible for us to give satisfactory information on foreign companies that do not operate in Canada. You say that it is four years since you purchased the shares and we certainly consider that by this time you should have had some return on your investment. We suggest that you write to the company directly for report on its progress, and also write to any friends you may have in Chicago who can interview the officials of the company.

Vancouver, B.C.
Q—I own a number of shares purchased in Alberta by me in the year 1914, and would appreciate any information and advice which you could give me relative to same. Particulars follow: Union Pacific Oil and Gas Co. Ltd., Head Office, Calgary, Alberta, incorporated under the laws of the Province of Alberta, 1914. Capitalization 1,000,000. Par value \$1.00.—J.B.G.

A.—The Union Pacific Oil and Gas Company Limited passed out of existence some years ago, and the shares are now of no value.

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at VICTORIA



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Rate for a Month		Weekly Rate	
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European Plan if preferred—Room with bath, \$4.50 per day and up; double, \$7.00 per day and up; for a period of a month or more, lower rates quoted by Manager. Meals a la Carte or Table d'Hote.

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The Western Home Monthly

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Perfume • Creams • Rouges • Lipsticks

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

The Hinterland

Continued from page 61

trade shirt and trousers on his arm and a pair of moccasins dangling by their laces. Nachi was pulling composedly on his stone pipe and surveying Herbert with the eyes of a seer.

"Let us dress him," he proposed.

They drew the trade shirt and trousers upon the stiff limbs and laced the moccasins upon the trail-torn feet. Then with a last look at the dressed figure on the bunk, the Man of Maps who now surveyed his last star course across a world unknown, they turned away. Ossok blew out the tin lamp on the counter as he passed by. Nachi closed the trading room door, and they went, soundless of foot, over to the storehouse to take what food and equipment were needed. When that was done they darkened the storehouse, shut it up and carried down their packs to where they had left their canoe on arriving from Nichikun Lake. Their Indian ears had told them which direction Plant had taken, and they were aware that Plant had good cause to guess that Brunswick and Coady were somewhere ahead. As Plant would pick up the trail of the fleeing pair at dawn, so would they pick up Plant's trail, and keen bloodhound as was the Mounted man, Nachi and Ossok knew they were keener than he.

"We are Nenenot, the true," Nachi exulted softly as they launched off. "It is our land, Ossok, and shall another read the signs of that land better than we?"

"No," returned Ossok, catching the rhythm of the stroke without apparent effort, "we who were born in the land read as none other may read. It is a magic that lurks in the blood, and the whisper of that magic tells me that yonder Man of Maps has brought Silver Sinews to the end of his trail."

In mid-stroke and without losing the rhythm, Ossok slanted his paddle shoreward where under three-fold gloom of night and forest and post, Herbert rested after his long traverse.

FOR a week Brunswick had pushed up the Kaniapiskau by paddle and portage, and just at dawn of the seventh day he drove his canoe out of the jumble of white-water into the inlet arm of Black Otter Lake. As he entered the arm, a hail struck him with the suddenness of lightning.

"Philip, stop! It's the crossing of the caribou, and you know the leaders must not be turned."

One moment he was supremely isolated, a lone phantom paddler cleaving a lone phantom wilderness, a wilderness hazy, indistinct, cloaked and veiled in the drifting mists of dawn. The next moment he shared that weird world with the owner of the hailing voice, with a woman—a girl, rather—who was poised on one of the huge boulders that guarded the lake inlet. Out of the hidden landscape she rose all at once close over Brunswick's canoe bow, and he stared at her incredulously as at some priestess of the land. Priestess she seemed, a wild, wonderful spirit that for the instant invested itself with glowing flesh to dazzle and astound. With the grace and roundness of slim young larches in her body she poised, clad in creamy deerskin soft as chamois, the luscious curves of her figure draped in fog and her head clear-cut as a cameo against the morning forelights. Like a painted head upon a painted background of sunrise Brunswick beheld it, and so perfect was the blend of coloring that but for her hailing voice he must have accepted it as a vision, the vision of Therese Raymond whom he believed to be in the south. For the violet of Therese's eyes, the crimson flush of Therese's cheeks, the blinding, golden blaze of Therese's hair smote him like a miracle of the wild.

"Quick, Philip, hide," she urged breathlessly. "They're coming."

She caught Brunswick's hand, and as a man in a dream, drew him out of the canoe and into the shelter of her boulder.

"Therese," he gasped, "you are Dawn Redpath, then."

"Hush," she warned, "not a word."

[Continued on page 73]



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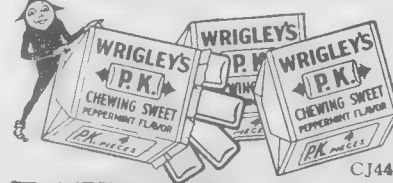
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It supplies body fuel for the energy that keeps them going and growing. No need to stuff or get fat and lazy.

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CJ44

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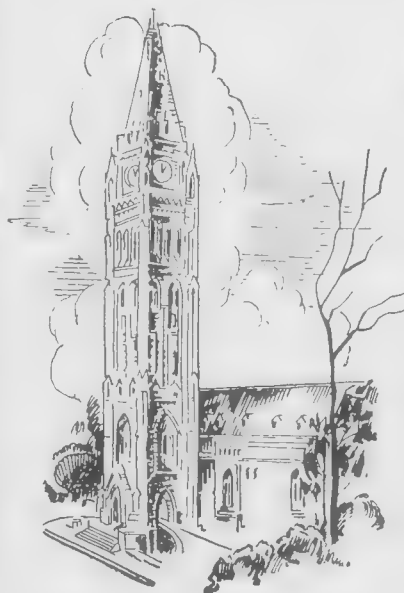
A child's cough must be checked promptly, before it becomes serious. For 57 years, careful mothers have relied on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It gives soothing relief, stops coughs, and removes choking phlegm. At druggists. Mothers need our helpful booklet "Care of the Sick." Write Chamberlain Medicine Company, Ltd., Toronto.



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Campaign Department

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Hinterland

Continued from page 72

Wraith-like out of the ground fog that lay like smoke along the margin of the lake, a brownish blur drifted swiftly down the beach, followed by another, and another, and yet others. The clatter of their hoofs turned to splashing sounds as they struck the shallows, and then to a surging wallow as they breasted the deep water and headed for the opposite shore. Steadily they swam, heads up and antlers high, backs low to the wave level, the mounting sun flooding them every moment with brighter light till their snowy flags and the foam-crested waves they left behind shone rosy under the crimson glare.

BRUNSWICK held his breath beside the glowing-cheeked, sparkling-eyed girl who hung upon the movements of the herd with such intensity. For a long minute they listened, with no sound but that of the leaders drifting off through the forest growth on the farther shore and the crowding down of an army of brownish wraiths to follow in the path the leaders blazed. Then from the fog-bound margin the hidden Nascaupée hunters broke ambush rushing down the beach, launching their canoes and dashing straight into the face of the crossing. Instinctively the army of swimming animals swerved and headed into the deeper lake water, but as if by witchcraft more hunters appeared on a long rock point ahead, cutting the herd off from shore and milling it up in the narrows.

All was clamor, splashing, frantic exertion of men and animals and lightning-like handling of canoes. The air was filled with the flash of spears of the bronze nomads reeking in their primal kill. The narrow arm of Black Otter Lake held a moving island of close-packed caribou bodies forested with the slim horns of the females and the splendid palmed antlers of the males. Over the moving mass the Nascaupées hovered and slew. Yet it was no senseless slaughter. Of old they had often killed for the fierce joy of extermination and the taste of the caribou tongues, but the failure of the migration during certain years had warned them to withhold their hands and take only what necessity demanded. The just toll to carry them over the winter was all they wanted and when they took it they desisted, dropping back till the routed migration found itself free and swam madly for a landing far around the point.

On every hand the Indians were landing their meat, and Brunswick, still in a sort of daze, stared stupidly at the shelving shore whereon the Nescaupée camp was pitched. The impression that smote him was the impression of tremendous age. Old, marvelously old, more than ancient, truly azoic, lay the lone shore studded with tepee poles, the remains of a thousand camps. Since the first hunter tribe first roamed the Barrens this must have been one of the defined crossings of the caribou, and here year after year the Nescaupées must have come to take their toll. The whole shore was littered with the bones of countless slayings and plowed into deep ravines by historic winding deer roads. Heaps of antlers rose here and there, mighty heaps that marked the last resting place of hundreds of proud heads. Amid the bleached bones dozens of the old camps crumbled, but on freshly-cut poles among the spruce trees were stretched a row of new skin tents. In front of the tents Brunswick caught sight of three figures, a pair of decrepit Indians too feeble to cast a spear and a missionary minister in his black clothes.

"Langford," he shouted in a joyful voice. "At last, Therese, at last. You and the Reverend Charles Langford sent that message to Kaniapiskau Post."

"Of course," she smiled. "You didn't dream I was in the north or that Langford was to be found at all. He has the record you want, Philip."

"Of course, boy," Langford assured him, stepping forward with outstretched hand. "Therese told me of your search when I found her here among the tribe

nearly two years ago. I have it in my journal. Everything is there, the records of all my ministering over many years. Births, deaths, marriages, journeyings, trade wars of the companies, famine, pestilence, everything. Come and see."

Langford led them to his tepee and from the dunnage bag that lay in the doorway extracted a mooseskin-covered journal with its yellow pages soiled by age and travel.

"There it is," cried Philip, as between thumb and finger the minister turned back the pages of twenty-eight adventurous years. "There's the entry."

His eager eyes had marked it before Langford's and with shaking fingers he followed the scrawled words. In faded writing they ran:

"Married this day, September 1, 18-- at Rupert House, Charles Brunswick and Annette Claire."

"I remember them well," murmured Langford reminiscently, "and I recall him as the mould that stamped you, boy, feature, hair and eye. You are made in his image, Philip, and there's your written proof."

"I'll need it," declared Brunswick tensely. "I've waited a long time for that, Langford, and you don't know all that it means to me. And you, Therese," turning to her with glowing eyes, "you were the one to find it. You came north for that?"

"That was one reason," she answered. "This was a second."

She reached into her own dunnage bag that lay beside Langford's and brought out a deerskin pouch that bulged as if with a hoard of coins. Brunswick stared at the brassy river that poured from the mouth on to the rocks, shining beaver tokens of all four denominations, precious as pieces of gold.

"The token treasure," he breathed. "In the name of the Nascaupée tribe, Therese, how did you get track of it?"

"It was my father's," she explained breathlessly. "He used the tokens in his old days of trading with the Indians in the north before he settled on his southern lands. The tokens were of little value then, and he left them with the tribe. Afterwards the tribe dropped out of sight for many years. I never knew of their existence till I came across some old documents of trade in our house. Of course, I knew the value of the tokens in the present day, and I came north at once to my father's trading grounds where I found the Barren Grounds tribe encamped."

"Langford found you there," Brunswick ventured, piecing in the events mentally. "Herbert stumbled on you both there and told you who was keeping the Kaniapiskau Post when he came through. I see that's how you got trace of me. But why were you named Dawn Redpath instead of Therese Raymond in that message?"

"Not because of you," she explained, "but because Coady's eyes might read the message. Where is the agent n—"

Therese stopped, her eyes turning to a black blot in the gray-pall of the fog smoke. A blot it was one moment, the curve of a canoe bow the next, and Jean Coady's husky chuckle burst on Brunswick's ears.

"Hands up, Phil," Coady commanded, the muzzle of his outflung rifle almost touching Brunswick's breast. "You traveled like flaming brimstone, but I knew I'd beat you to it. Been stalking you this five miles to get you safe without a come-back. Safe enough now, eh, with a pretty girl to dazzle your shooting eye?"

Coaly shot the woman he took for Dawn Redpath an admiring glance without shifting his own eyes from his weapon.

"You needn't drop your paddle, Phil," he went on. "Cause you're so quick with your hands. Just step back from yon pouch of tokens till I reach for it. If you make a move or if them Nascaupées leave their meat I'll drop you where you stand." [Cont'd on page 75]

Healthy Children



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Send your name and address with 10 cents to Dept. WM-1, Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont. You will receive a sample of Cough Drops and a trial box of Mentholatum, free.

"Feel it heal."



MENTHOLATUM

The Hero of Quebec

Continued from page 22

tragedy. Souvenirs of Wolfe include besides his last letters, remnants of the red sash he wore, the chair he used on board the "Neptune," his sword, and so forth. And familiar to every schoolboy is the story which has become a tradition, of how he quoted softly from Gray's Elegy as he floated down the St. Lawrence, remarking to those about him that he "had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

Westerham, in Kent, England, has a "Quebec House," which naturally is the mecca of the Canadian tourist. It was here, in this picturesque, three-gabled, old English house that Wolfe passed his childhood and in the village street a monument to him occupies the centre of the stage. There is, too, an ornate memorial to him in Westminster Abbey, and an obelisk one hundred feet high stands on the summit of Stowe Hill, and bearing this proud inscription: "To Major-General Wolfe—Ostendunt Terris Hunc Tantum Fata." But it is at Westerham, his birthplace, that one encounters the greater number and variety of memorials, in a comparative sense. It is perhaps part of the penalty of fame that a hero's name shall be perpetuated in the most irrelevant of mediums. A strictly modern note is struck at Westerham in the variety of industries which have been named after the boy hero. There are Wolfe tea-rooms, Wolfe bun-shops, and even a Wolfe garage—innovations that would surprise the modest young soldier if he could but return in the flesh!

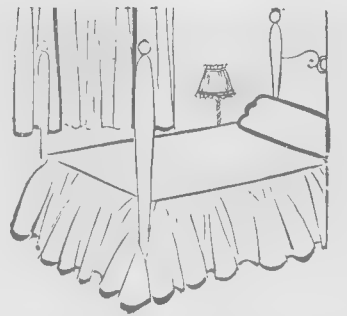
ANOTHER trace of the victor of Quebec is found at Squerreyes Court, where he received his first commission. This is another shrine for the Wolfe pilgrim, for it was here that the lad still in his teens started on his memorable career and in the footsteps of his military father. The soldier profession was his by foreordination. While he played in the gardens of Squerreyes Court his initial orders were placed in his hand—truly a momentous event in his comparatively short life. The spot is marked by a cenotaph bearing these words:

"Here first was Wolfe with martial ardor fired,
Here first with glory's brightest flame inspired;
This spot so sacred will forever claim
A proud alliance to its hero's name."

Now it is reported that a long-deferred project will be completed at Greenwich—that of the erection of a statue the funds for which were raised years ago but have lain forgotten in a bank ever since.

The last letter Wolfe was destined to write was a communication to Brigadier Monkton:

"Sir: My reason for desiring the Honor of your Company with me to Gorham's Post yesterday was to show you as well as the distance would permit the situation of the Enemy and the place where I mean they should be attacked . . . The place is called Foulon, distant upon 2 miles or so from Quebec where you remember an encampment of 12 or 13 tents and an abatis below it. You mentioned today that you had perceived a breast-work there which made me imagine you are as well acquainted with the place as the nature of the thing would admit of. I took Capt. Shads with me also and desired the Admiral's attendance, that as the former is charged by Mr. Saunders with conducting the Boats he might make himself as much a Master of his part as possible; and as several of the Ships of War are to fall down with the Troops Mr. Holmes would be able to station them properly after he had seen the place. I have desired Mr. Holmes to send the Boats down so that we may arrive about half an hour before day, as you desired to avoid the disorder of a night attack, and I shall be present myself to give you all the aid in my power . . . Capt. Shads will begin to land the men a little this side of the Naked Rock, which you must remember to have seen, within which to the eastward the Enemy is posted. . . . To the best of my knowledge and [Continued on page 98]



PRISCILLA The Colorful BINDING

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Children Love Them Because They
Are Sugar Coated and as Easy
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It's your duty, Mother, to see that the frail, peaked, sickly youngster grows up to be strong in body, keen in mind and robust in health.

Full of health, weight and strength building ingredients, McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets are so supremely efficient that they create energy and put weight on skinny men and women in an astonishingly short time.

Doctors know about them and so do druggists everywhere, and if your children need building up ask for these tablets today if you want to give your loved ones a good appetite and put pounds of good healthy flesh on their bones. But be sure and get McCoy's.

They are not expensive—60 tablets—60 cents—Economy Size \$1.00—and if you are not pleased with the improvement after 30 days—your money back.

A very sickly child, age 9, gained 12 pounds in seven months and is strong and healthy.

One skinny woman gained 9 pounds in 24 days.

WHAT ABOUT THAT SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Western Home Monthly?
WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE

The Hinterland

Continued from page 73

Before Brunswick could move his paddle or spring at Coady, Therese Raymond's voice vibrated clearly in a Nascauppee word of command. Like magic unseen Nascauppee men who had not engaged in the kill of the caribou rose out of nowhere, looming up without sound in the shallows at Coady's canoe bow. With phantom bodies they leaned aboard him out of the surface haze. With phantom hands they plucked his rifle from his grip and plucked him from his craft before he could press trigger, and deposited him on the rocks at Therese's feet.

"Thanks, Miss, you've saved me a little trouble," observed an even voice behind.

They all whirled, to see Plant, a quiet smile on his lean face, covering both Brunswick and Coady with his rifle. All the way up the Kaniapiskau Plant had stalked Coady, reading from river signs that he was alone, and waiting for the moment when he and Brunswick should join. This was the moment, and even more silent than Therese's bodyguard of Nascauppees, Plant had left his canoe and wormed ahead on land through the fog to make his double capture.

"With your permission, Miss," he went on, "I'll take charge of Coady and Brunswick."

"You are?"

"Victor Plant, of the Flame River Post. I want these men for the murder of Herbert of the Geological Survey at Kaniapiskau Post."

Therese's startled cry was lost in the smashing impact of two bodies against Plant's, in the thud of the policeman's six-foot frame on the rocks and the clatter of his rifle as it slid among the boulders. She saw Plant pinned under two Nascauppee men who were not her own men and who lunged to each other quick words of Cree.

"His knife, Ossok," panted the taller Nascauppee, holding Plant's hands wide and riding his back as one rides a bucking horse. "His knife and the pistol that spits like a lynx."

Ossok had the weapons and ran to retrieve the rifle, while Nachi sprang suddenly from the struggling Plant and let him regain his feet. As Coady had stalked Brunswick, and Plant had stalked Coady, so they in turn had stalked Plant through the river miles, ready to fling themselves upon him in the moment of capture.

"We are Nenenot, the true," Ossok spoke, "and Silver Sinews is our brother. No man of the south shall take him away."

Weaponless, Plant sprang forward with bare hands, but Brunswick stopped him.

"Hold on, Plant, you're wrong," Philip told him. "Herbert died of exhaustion. He was dead when I picked him up on the Kaniapiskau shore."

"True," corroborated Nachi, "and the proof you will find in the body. With the herb-magic of my forefathers I turned it to marble lest any animal devour."

"Embalmed it, eh?" cried Phillip. "Good for you, Nachi. I'll not forget that turn. As for the rest, Plant, I found this on him."

Brunswick flashed in his hand the message and token Therese had sent by the Reverend Langford.

"Jean and I had a scramble for it," he continued, "and in the scramble Jean's pistol went off through Herbert's body. You don't wonder do you?"

Philip's moccasined toe touched the pouch of precious tokens.

"Thunderation!" breathed Plant. "Then I'm wrong, for sure. How many in that bag?"

"Two hundred, worth one hundred dollars apiece," Therese answered, and Brunswick stared wonderingly at the metallic ring of her silver voice, at the sudden harsh lines in her soft girlish face. "Is it any wonder Jean Coady killed in an attempt to get track of them?"

"Eh?" bellowed Plant.

"Constable Plant, you will arrest Jean Coady for the murder of my father, Jules Raymond."

Brunswick saw in Coady's eyes the look of the animal that gets a sudden bullet in the chest. The northland tan went out of his face, fading till his skin was bluish-gray.

"It's—," he began.

Therese's gesture silenced him.

"These men were eye witnesses, though they afterwards fled for fear of being accused," she announced. "Voice-of-the-Winds and Croaking Raven, is this the man? You were guides on my father's lands in the south and you saw the deed. Is this the man?"

Broken men of the north, but with their memories still unshaken, Voice-of-the-Winds and Croaking Raven stepped up and peered unemotionally into Coady's face.

"It is the man," they pronounced. "We are of the breed of these men," pointing their crippled fingers at Nachi and Ossok. "we are Neneot, the true, and we do not lie. It is the man."



The Bath

By William Thompson

Illustration by E. Colombo

Sabbath morning, bright and early,
Abraham, with hair so curly,
Jumped into the family tub
For his Sunday morning scrub.
Liza soaped, and swished and swashed,

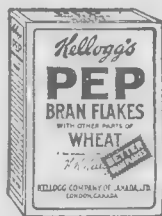
And when Abraham was washed,
He was just as black as jet,
And as clean as he could get.
Clean as any boy in town.
Black or tan, or white or brown.

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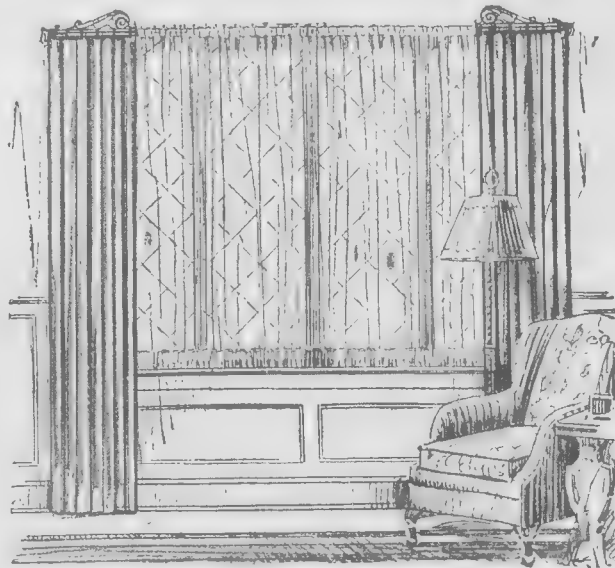
Healthful! You get the nourishment of the wheat. Just enough bran to be mildly laxative. Serve with milk or cream. Sold only in the red-and-green package.

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Milk of Magnesia

The Enemy Francois Forgot

Continued from page 15

the antelope he had brought in that day. Into this peaceful group rushed a wildly gesticulating Metis and threw himself down on the ground before the chief, hid his purple face and blood-shot eyes in his blanket. It was Amedee, the lover of Antoinette.

"M'sieu Langlois, he has the heart of a wolf," he groaned and the squaws gathered curiously around him. "He has shown his fangs at last. Would I could build a fire on his chest and burn through to that hard heart as our people did to their enemies. Three days and three nights I have waited for Antoinette beyond the cotton-woods; we had planned to run away and get married in a far settlement. But this hour I learned that Antoinette has been three days journey on her way to Quebec to wait in a convent until she consents to marry the man her father had chosen for her. Broken-hearted I rushed to M'sieu and unbraided him."

"Fool," sneered he, "Fool! Shall my Antoinette marry an Indian, a Metis? She is a lady by birth and education. Go back to the tents and pick your squaw." That insult from the man whose grandfather, an old trapper told me, sold vegetables in the market place of old Quebec while yours and mine were owners of these prairies. Shall I take the taunts of the white men, men like the stupid M'sieu. Non, Mon Dieu, he shall pay for this. Give me men to overtake them on the long journey, Red Cloud, and carry the girl back. Rouse the tribes and drive the white men out! Already the Indians and the Metis find food scarce and go long distances for the buffalo hunt."

"But the girl," inquired Red Cloud quietly. "has she the heart of the pigeon. Can she only bill and coo? Why did she not fly with you, her lover this summer? The prairie is wide and your horses are swift. Let her go. Mate with a squaw with the heart of an eagle lest thy sons be timid and have the heart of women." The squaws guffawed but Amedee groaned, buried his face again in his blanket to hide his working features.

"I want no other mate, Red Cloud. Always my heart will be crying out for Antoinette, day and night."

Red Cloud gazed upon this demonstrativeness with contempt and listened coldly to the sentiment. "Consider the hawk," he replied with scorn, "it soars aloft, poised and strong, scans the ground which it scorns and with the speed of an arrow silently pounces on its prey." He drew his blanket tightly around him and stalked into his tent.

Through the lamentations of the self-pitying Amedee, through the subtle insinuations of Juliette and Pierre Laflamme, and the camp's passion for gossip every Indian and Metis on the Red River plains knew that factor Langlois despised them and their ways.

IN THE summer a plague of grasshoppers came upon the plains. Early and late M'sieu Lavigne and Marie worked to save the garden crops but M'sieu was reduced to despairing tears. He would have to go on the great fall hunt to get supplies to eke out his winter provisions and his dainty Marie would have to "jerk" buffalo meat as her grandmother had done. To be sure, he himself had never been in at a buffalo killing, but Francois and M'sieu Langlois were going for the sport of the thing, and perhaps he would fare very well; he was rather uneasy about the safety of these two friends of his; he did not approve of the foolish threats and criticisms current among the Metis. To be sure, the Metis, while gathered around his hearth fire on winter evenings, had talked of rebellion, but Marie's coffee and seed cakes were very good and worth the venture out into the winter night and people had to chatter about something. While they were gossiping about the Langlois they were leaving other people alone. There [Continued on page 77]



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The Enemy Francois Forgot

Continued from page 76

was some racial animosity, which was natural, and certain adjustments to be made, between the Indians, the Metis and the Whites, but all talk of sedition was foolish. As for himself he could live peaceably with all. Did he not have his garden? He would send M'sieu Langlois a fine cheese and some full cabbage heads and a bottle of his oldest wine. His good housekeeper, too, should have those purple asters.

"Ah, Francois is coming, Marie," he called out as he perceived the young man hurrying down the lane. "Go fetch your finest cheese and a bottle of that old wine."

"Bonjour, Francois. It is a day to tempt young blood out. The frost has not yet nipped my asters and marigolds. The prairies are very beautiful this time of year, are they not? Poplars turning yellow, the low bushes and grasses a mass of varied and riotous colors, greens, reds, russets, browns and golds. I feel my years and pray the cold winds will not come yet. I dread the cold winds with zero on their breath, the ice-plated willows, and the dreary expanse of dazzling white as far as the eye can see for long months. Then, Francois, I long for my garden and the spring."

"M'sieu Lavigne," chaffed Francois, gazing down kindly at the white-haired old gentleman, "you ought to have been a poet at the court of a king in a more knightly age than this. Fate played a scurvy trick on you when she made you a pioneer fighting locusts and droughts and trying to keep peace among dissatisfied Metis and Indians."

"You think there will be trouble?" the old man inquired anxiously.

"Yes, it is bound to come. Settlements are moving westward rapidly. The Company will soon be asked to give up their rights to half a continent. When the transfer occurs the Metis and Indian will rise, for then they will know their day is over. The Government will be sure to do something foolish and provocative. They always do."

"Then, if that day of trouble comes, and if I am not here, you will protect Marie?"

"I promise, M'sieu Lavigne," the young man answered readily and heartily. But where is she? This is churning-day and perhaps she will give me a glass of buttermilk."

"Oui, oui, Francois, avec le plus grand plaisir. Entrez."

Marie, who had been eagerly watching the approach of her lover, opened the door.

"Ah, ma amie," whispered Francois, adroitly and discreetly slipping out of range of the observation of M'sieu Lavigne, who was gazing through the doorway. "I am thirsty, but not for buttermilk, though it is very good. Thirsty for one look in your soft brown eyes." Then aloud he asked gaily: "Come tell me, ma petite Marie, have you seen any wild turkey about here or ducks on the slough this morning?"

Marie eluded his arms and at a guarded distance, the tender look in her eyes belying the petulance of her tone, whispered: "If M'sieu is hunting wild geese this morning, he must not be stupid and mistake ma petite Marie for one."

Francois laughed amusedly. "Oui, oui, Marie, there's a breath of frost in the wind this morning."

"Ah, don't speak of frost, Francois. How I hate the long, long winters with the wind shrieking around the house and the coyotes howling the long night through."

"But that's because I'm not with you, Marie," he retorted with becoming modesty. "I would like that, just you and I, shut off from the world, the great white prairies all about us. You are all the world I crave."

"Mon dieu, how foolish you talk, Francois," she answered sadly. "We would be truly cut off from the world, not by the prairie, but by your people, my people. No winter winds could cut like the displeasure of your people; no cold could chill like the coldness in their

hearts if a proud Langlois were to marry me, a Lavigne and a Metis. On my side, the howling of the Metis, who hate your people, would be more wearying than that of the coyotes. M'sieu Langlois has other matrimonial plans for you as he had for Antoinette."

"But, ma Marie, I love you and what can they say to that? You little dark rose, there is not a man on the prairie good enough for you. Let them howl, coyote and wind, relative and Metis, I, too, have my plans," snapped the fiery Francois.

"But, Francois, it is evil to talk like that."

"Quel diable evil? Think I listen to old folks' tales?"

"Antoinette listened."

"Antoinette, bah! Antoinette was in love with love. She was so romantic she could have fallen in love with her shadow. And Amedee is but the shadow of a man. Then I'm not so sure, that Antoinette could ever really fall in love with anybody but herself," he explained with brotherly frankness. "But now she has a fine home, a rich and attentive husband and every day burns candles to the blessed saints who saved her from running off with Amedee and from becoming a carrier of water and a hewer of wood. I don't suppose she gives much thanks to her father."

"But if your father was angry with you, what could you do for a living? The Company does not want gentlemen trappers in their employ when they can get pelts from the Indians for such small return. Your father then will not get you the high position with the Company."

"It's little you know of such matters, pretty one," he answered indulgently. "Fear I could not provide thee food and shelter and that you would have to go out and skin the buffalo like the squaws of Red Cloud? Ma petite Marie, I'm tempted to answer, 'According to your faith be it unto you,' he teased."

"Red Cloud!" repeated Marie. "I fear Red Cloud. You say he comes on our buffalo hunt? You are so reckless, Francois. I shall ask the blessed saints to send thee up north out of harm's way, even though I die of loneliness."

"Today I tell my father, your father and the good curé. He shall call out the banns soon."

"No, no!" pleaded Marie. "I have a misgiving. Watch carefully. The prairie grass is long and thick and a chance bullet can end your life and my happiness. Yes, yes, tell thy father this day. In his great anger he'll send thee north at once and you will be safe; I will be brave. I must tell you, Francois, the Metis come here and talk treason to the Company. They think the Langlois have evil hearts toward them. They talk of driving out the whites. Even I, a Metis, have the doors shut in my face and the children call out hard names to me."

THE great fall hunt was on.

The forerunners had sought out a suitable camp near water and woods at a convenient distance from the buffalo which were making their way southward. The movement was late this year on account of the warm, moist, late season. Francois and Marie, interested in all the activities of the hunt, were sauntering about the camps.

Before the tents of the Metis lounged happy-hearted men in blue capotes and corduroy trousers, women with brightly-colored bodices or gay sashes; some were beautiful; all were light-hearted and vivacious; mothers were chasing noisy, unwilling children off to bed.

The Indians, a mile down the river, were preparing for a night's entertainment of dancing and feasting; squaws were dragging in the game shot during the day, some skinning and cutting up the flesh. Others were chattering as they cut the poles for the scaffolds on which the shaved buffalo meat would be spread tomorrow after the hunt. There would be several days of feasting and dancing and hilarity, choice marrow bones for all, [Continued on page 78]

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The Enemy Francois Forgot

Continued from page 77

food for the winter, skins for the tepees, parfleches, saddles, and blankets if the Company refused to give credit.

But when Francois and Marie approached an ominous, sinister silence fell upon them; they gave sullen nods to their friendly greetings.

Red Cloud, seated before his tent, looked at the lovers with eyes that gleamed red; his blood coursed wildly through his veins; his thoughts were of hate and revenge.

"Why did the white man get all the pretty Metis and Indian girls?" he asked himself bitterly. He was an Indian chief, strong, swift, cunning, of royal blood and great traditions. He desired Marie above all things; she could not be intimidated, persuaded or purchased. But her father was old and helpless against a raid; a stray bullet could end the objections of Francois; M'sieu Langlois as factor of the Company could not afford to incur the enmity and open hostility of the Indian hunters and trappers. Tomorrow if his plans worked out and Juliette had carried out his orders, the contrary Marie would be helpless among his squaws. He had waited long, but revenge would be sweeter for the wait.

The passion and anger left him and infinite sadness came in its stead. "Was not the Indian going, slowly but inevitably," he reflected; "going like the morning mists; the white settlements were slowly but firmly encroaching and the whites never retreated. Did not the history of all tribes point to that; the Indian was doomed. Ever-growing scarcity of food, disease, drink, the white man's vices, the white man's customs were taking their toll. Soon the prairies would know the Indian no more; already their ancient forests knew him no longer; the flowers which grew up in the hunter's trail were plowed under; the great fall hunts would never be held again; the river would in time cease to carry the flotillas of pelt-laden canoes from the North; even the long arm of the Company would be cut off and the white man's government take its place."

Mounted men rode up to Red Cloud with the tidings that a small herd of buffalo was but two miles distant from the camp. The squaws hurriedly brought the horses and the Indians rode out.

Within an hour the squaws sauntered out to clean up for the slaughtering of the small herd had been easily accomplished. The Indians, led by Red Cloud, deployed in a wide semi-circle, approached the grazing animals at a very slow walk until within a very short distance, when the alarm was given and then, shouting and yelling, they dashed in and killed the frantic beasts, scarcely a dozen escaping.

MEANWHILE Francois and Marie were following the prairie trail, unaware of the stalking Juliette. When they came to a grove of cottonwoods, he drew Marie down to the bole of a fallen tree, and, with a lover's tenderness and caresses, sought to convince that demure but contrary damsel he could not live without her any longer than a few weeks at most. They talked, as is the age-old way of lovers, of the wonder of their great love, their dependence upon each other for happiness and the glorious promise of the future in spite of ambitious papas and stupid racial animosity. Dusk was falling and they rose to go. A twig snapped. Francois, stepping quickly forward, thrust aside some young growth and revealed the crouching form of Juliette Laflamme, who had been eavesdropping.

Furious that their conversation should have been overheard, and at her duplicity, he asked in a tone which trembled with rage:

"Are our words such pearls, Juliette, that you must catch them as they drop?" She smiled in malicious triumph.

"You are like a snake in the grass; more poisonous than any snake. Run along home. You gain nothing by trailing your betters."

"My betters! Among the Metis there

are no betters. We are one family," she snapped. In the eyes of Pere Langlois one man is as good as another and all are trash." She gave a meaning and insulting glance to Marie. "That you will soon find out," she added with a derisive laugh, and scampered off.

"Go quickly, Francois. Go quickly and tell thy father before Juliette does," commanded Marie frantically. "Go swiftly, for there are no feet so fleet as Juliette's when carried by scandal and evil. Go, tell your father the truth. Vite, vite, mon cher."

"No, no, ma chere. Gossip can only hurt one who pays attention to it. We will wait and talk here. Think you I will follow fast on the heels of scandal. Juliette can do her worst. What can she tell but that I love the prettiest, sweetest dark rose on the prairie. But we will take the prairie trail where eavesdroppers cannot stalk us."

"A storm is coming, Francois; is that not thunder?" Marie asked twenty minutes later. Is it the sound of thunder? It is like a far-off waterfall, but I know of none in these parts. It must be the approach of a storm."

"Then we will walk quickly, ma Marie."

"Look there, Francois, on the horizon. It is too dark to see clearly. What is that low, long black line stretching as far as the eye can see? Oh, Mon Dieu, Francois, we are lost! We must run. The great herd of buffalo is stampeding. It will soon be upon us."

"Courage, ma Marie, we will run for yon cottonwood clump. It will afford us some protection. But we must run fast, for they are bearing down on us with tremendous speed."

No sooner had he said this than he threw up his arms, groaned, and collapsed at her feet. He had been shot in the leg.

"We will try to make yon slough, Francois, she cried wildly, trying to drag him along. "The willows will afford us some protection."

"Non, non, Marie, run for the cottonwoods and climb them. The willows can not bear up against the coming onslaught. Thy only hope is to climb the trees."

Then they saw a horseman, riding Indian-fashion, appear from behind a clump of cottonwoods, gaze in their direction as Marie hastily dropped to conceal herself, then dash wildly in the direction of the camp. It was Red Cloud and he was racing for his life with the onrushing herd of buffalo.

"No, no, Francois, I stay here with thee; I fear him worse than the hoofs of the buffalo."

Red Cloud evidently thought Marie would dash for the cottonwoods and save herself.

But she sat down beside her lover, praying, waiting for the end. Francois wept with despair.

Then suddenly she leaped up frantically, and with the strength of the crazed, dragged him over the tall, matted grass, stumbled into gopher and badger holes, staggering, tugging, making progress towards the cottonwoods. Her feet, to her, seemed weighted as if in a dream.

Before she reached them the vanguard of the stampeding herd, crazed bulls were galloping wildly past her. She shrieked with fright at the eyeballs of fire, glaring in the semi-darkness, at the terrible horns, the flaring nostrils and rearing tails. She would at least try to save Francois from being trampled into the soil by ten thousands of hoofs. But would she? The dark mass was near at hand, but a few more weary rods, and Francois would be behind the cottonwoods. She prayed hard to the blessed saints. Was hell any more terrifying than this?

A few more weary yards. The Blessed Virgin save Francois and her! Soon she would reach the trees. How heavy Francois was! Mon Dieu, he had fainted. Would he bleed to death?

The dark, screaming, surging mass of beasts was about her! Ah, the trees. How wonderful the [Cont'd on page 79]

The Enemy Francois Forgot

Continued from page 78

feel of the protecting trunks. She would prop Francois up behind them. Would five cottonwoods in close array afford much protection to Francois? Five trees forming a bulwark and twenty feet away. Oh, if she could have a little respite from this surging mass. Quickly she grabbed Francois' gun, and shot repeatedly into that charging throng. Several beasts staggered, stumbled, went down in a heap and the herd made a temporary split. How terrible the screams of the underfoot beasts! Frantically she dragged Francois to that shelter and breathed freely for a few seconds. She listened to the thunder of the hoofs, the frenzied screams, the dull thuds of the impact of the beasts against the trees. How like hell it was, those blazing red balls of fire in eye-sockets, those foaming nostrils. She grabbed the gun again and shot wildly into the ranks crashing toward the trees. One beast rolled over on Francois' leg, quivered and lay still. He groaned. Clearly the trees would not save them.

"Courage, Francois," she shrieked above the thunder. "Courage. See, you must climb. Step on this beast and you can reach the lowest limb. I will lift you."

She leaped upon the beast and with the strength of the crazed and desperate helped him astride the low limb of the cottonwood. He managed to drag himself up and lean against the trunk of the tree. His dangling leg just cleared the ragged horns of the charging beasts. Marie climbed swiftly after him, sobbing hysterically.

When seated safely, she made her way to him, tore off her petticoat, awkwardly tore it in strips, and in spite of Francois' violent protests, secured him firmly to the trunk of the tree.

"Patience, Francois. I must dress your wound. You have lost too much blood. You may grow faint before I finish and drop among those beasts."

To add to their misery the storm which had been threatening all day, broke out. The reverberations of the thunder in the heavens were added to the thunderous noise of the hoofs of that stampeding herd. For hours the dark moving mass, with foaming nostrils, glaring eyes, rearing tails, galloped beneath them, some thumping against the trees, some stumbling into the gopher or badger holes to be battered into the soil by the oncoming, irresistible hordes. How blood-curdling they appeared in the flashes of lightning.

It was midnight before the last of the stragglers passed. The wind freshened and the rain fell steadily. Marie descended from the tree, helped Francois down, and made a fire of deadwood under the shelter of branches which she hastily cut and wove together for a temporary roof.

She also worried lest the herd pass the way of the camp. Where was her father? But the Metis, and Indians would be likely to split the herd and it would be for them a glorious hunt, a happy feasting, a good return for their time and effort.

The rain ceased but the wind grew colder. Just before the blue light which precedes the dawn came to tell her the long vigil was over, she heard shouting which came from a party of horsemen attracted by her fire. It was M'sieu Langlois hunting for the lost Francois. Quietly he gazed at her and the wounded Francois, the churned-up ground, the dark forms of buffalo battered into the soil. M'sieu Langlois was a man of discernment and imagination. He took in the situation.

Respectfully he doffed his cap and with a low bow said:

"Gentlemen, let us salute a courageous woman, la petite Marie."

A flicker of a smile passed over the pale face of Francois.

"Gentlemen, let us salute the future wife of Francois Langlois, la petite Marie."

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AS I went from salon to salon, from elaborately staged fashion show to small private view, gathering impressions of the new mode for the readers of The Western Home Monthly, I could scarcely believe that a whole season had come and gone since I attended the spring showings and sent you all the news of them in two letters at that time.

But from the point of view of Fashion, how much has happened in those scant few months! For several years, almost without an important break, main outlines have remained the same, the changes having taken place in details, albeit important details. But this season there is a new outline. The entire silhouette has altered. It is longer; it has a waistline approximately where the waistline naturally grows; it narrows, it flares, and its details are as new as its contours.

Last season, the dignified matron and the boyish miss, dressing with a keen eye to figure and appropriateness, were, when wise, careful to keep each within her own range—the main interest they shared being the achievement of “the slim silhouette.”

This year, their interests merged more than it was wise for them to do before. Madame and mademoiselle are paying keen attention to line and to effects which may be adapted to both their needs. And the tendency of these effects is toward “the princess.”

Every type of clothes feels this new influence: frocks — tailored, business, afternoon (formal and informal), the dinner frock and the evening gown (for once more, the word “gown” seems appropriate, as it never seemed to be during the regime of the scant and slip-like dress); coats for all occasions; wraps and suits — they all have developed “lines” — and most of these lines are curved.

The Coat Dominates

SEPARATE coats have almost completely overcome their strong rival. When I say “separate” coats, I mean really, the coat which is a nucleus around which practically the entire wardrobe is built. Instead of being a mere accessory, the coat this season is the strong member of the group. After all, monotony is one thing which Dame Fashion does not tolerate, and the ensemble has been prated about so much and so long that it

would seem a new theme had to be found. Of this scheme, the new coat is now the keynote.

Do not interpret this as meaning that the rest of the outfit will have to gain its effects more in spite of the coat than with it; this is not so. Colors and styles of the frocks or suit, the hat, shoes and other accessories which will be worn with the coat, must be just as much in harmony with it as before. But many outfits, suitable for diverse occasions, may now be built around the one coat — a plan which we must admit is extremely practical.

The coat, therefore, if only one is to be purchased, is chosen so that it will be suitable for utility

The Styles---How Different

Our Eastern Fashion Letter Outlines Changes in the Mode

By Jane Kyle

wear and for the more formal and dressier occasion. This may sound like a large order, but as a matter of fact, if it is done carefully, there is no reason why a coat cannot be chosen that will fill exactly this rôle. Hats and shoes, and the dresses worn beneath it, will tip the scale toward formality or informality, toward the simple tailored street outfit or the softer effects to grace occasions.

The tendency in the outline of the figure is, as I have mentioned, toward princess lines; but for the coat, this line appears only slightly; few really fitted coats have appeared — that extreme has been left to the frocks. This leaves one considerable latitude in choosing the lines that will be most flattering to one's figure. Whilst curves abound, they do not look well on everybody, and unless flares are becoming, they really should be avoided in the coat. A line which is almost straight, with a just perceptible curve at the waistline, will belong to the

new season also because of slightly added length (because not even sports wear shows the short skirts we have been wearing until this fall) and by interesting details. These are developed in as individualistic a manner as the French designers have been able to conceive. They have gained their effects by means of seams, panels, collars, cuffs, and have frequently added flares, always working to enlarge the width of the coat around the hem-line, to give that impression of width spreading from the slim top.

Always Increased Width

THIS increased width is sometimes the result of a circular flounce, following a straight line all the way around the coat and joined to it well below the hip line. Or the flounce may be attached to a low dip in the back, rising gracefully in the front to a point not much below the natural waistline. The flounce may be a very full circular one or cut only slightly circular—the latter being much more suitable and becoming to the short figure, or one inclined to stoutness.

The desired fullness is often added in flares which do not reach all the way around the coat but are set perhaps only across the back or around one side—or both of these, in combination with a very flat side to lend an accent to slimmness.

Irregular panelling carried out by means of circular pieces set in on the straight of the bodice in geometrical designs, is a popular and becoming way of introducing fullness; the godet is prominent.

Their Points of Interest

LUXURIOUSNESS is a characteristic of fall and winter coats, obtained partly by their rich dark colorings, soft fabrics and a wealth of furs—fur appearing not only in the conventional collar and cuffs, but wandering practically anywhere. Certainly, the swing which a deep band of fur gives to a circular flare at the bottom of a coat, does accentuate its grace. It points to the fact that extremeness of line is not a faux pas today, but really a necessity.

Generous fur collars, rolling luxuriously high, or large flat capes of smooth and lustrous fur, are favorites. The latter style is epitomized in the modified coachman's coat, with its divided fur cape reaching nearly to the waistline, on a coat which is otherwise made of cloth. (One cannot help thinking that many an old fur coat may bloom again this season, its best parts made into such a cape to be worn over a cloth coat!)

Some cape collars are crushed up at the back of the neck and allowed to fall

down, jabot fashion, in the front — a warm trick as well as one which gives a change of outline. I have sketched one for you, showing the cape hanging down; the hands are slipped beneath it and the cape is rolled high and snugly close to the ears. The true jabot for the front of the coat, by the way, has rippled itself into a very secure seat on Fashion Row.

Sleeves are erratic to a degree—starting slim, sometimes on a small yoke at the top, then bulging out to obtain surprising size from elbow to cuff; or sometimes they reverse this order—startlingly large at the top and gathered or folded into a small ornate cuff. However, the plain straight sleeve of medium size is as good form as either and gains distinction through the use of wide cuffs, oddly shaped and placed, reaching sometimes as far as the elbow. Cuffs with a circular flare may hang loosely from the elbow over a complete and slim sleeve of cloth, adding grace and distinction to every movement of the arm.

Of course, all coats have gained length; the most popular length, so far as can be judged thus early in the season, brings the bottom of the coat midway on the calf of the leg.

The materials for the new coats are of necessity soft and pliable, in order to carry out the softly rippled effects that are so often present. Amongst these materials toned-down tweeds and smooth-finished fabrics reign. The predominating furs are lynx, fox, caracul, wolf galyak, Persian lamb, mole, beaver, mink, krimmer and seal.

The linings this season are seldom in contrast; it is much more the thing to have them tone in perfectly. The material of the lining often reappears in a frock or overblouse and set of accessories to make at least one complete costume (not at all a far cry from our lately esteemed ensemble).

At one winter opening featuring only French imports, the new princess made its most telling appearance, to my way of thinking, in a sleek, soft black coat designed with a circular flare across the back and one side, which was edged with a six-inch band of black fox. The fox re-appeared in a large standing flare collar which continued in lapels to the natural waistline; it was also used to make elbow-deep cuffs which flared slightly.

For utter luxury in a coat of svelte lines, black is decidedly the leader. Where there is less formality, brown is immensely popular and holds first place without a rival, when it comes to the utility coat.

Frocks Go Feminine

AFTERNOON frocks have thoroughly adopted the princess (or more often, perhaps, the semi-princess), and flared lines. They feature the fitted and partially fitted waistline and snug hips, lengthening into a fan-like silhouette or graceful draperies. Added flares and drapes hang in irregular fashion in any position on the much-widened skirt. If an actually flaring outline is unbecoming, one compromises by using the fullness, but in such a soft material that it falls into a graceful cascade or drape—

meeting Fashion's demands but without sacrifice of becomingness. And if the waist line be indicated it need not be actually fitted—two of the frocks I have sketched for you, indicate a popular degree of fitting.

Hemlines are very irregular, falling long in front, back, sides or one side only—in any or all of these points. Correct proportion is the central point around which all the 1930 creations must pivot. I cannot emphasize this fact too much. In every case, proportion either makes or mars the costume.

Some people feel that they cannot take the definite step from the low-slung waistline to the one which is practically normal, even though it be indicated without an actual belt. To meet their diffidence, there is the swathed hip-line, drawing in gradually at a low waistline near the normal. This treatment is very popular and is very good style.

Much that I told you about the new coats, in reference to flares, godets and capes, stands just as well for the new dresses, but the flaring skirts are worked up from a much more form-fitting basque. No extra fullness appears until below the hip-line.

Frills, furbelows and feminine shirings appear endlessly, and on almost all types of frocks. Even the most tailored of these boast a jabot or an individual collar and cuff set (introducing frequently what is being called the “lingerie touch”). Whilst these tailored frocks also use the flatly-applied or added circular flounce, its fullness is very often pleated in, fan-fashion or in one or more large sunbursts which open with every step of the wearer. Circular peplums following the same line as the skirt proper, appear in either tailored or frivolous forms.

Materials Help the Outline

THE fine woollen fabrics which have appeared in such an abundance of pattern and weave and color, are the outstanding new materials of the year. They tailor beautifully and are very easily handled by that fortunately gifted person who can do her own dressmaking. I really believe that many of the Monthly's readers who have never undertaken to fashion a dress, would be very pleasantly surprised if they were to start with one of these materials, a good pattern and sheet of instructions; the soft goods certainly proves easy to handle. A flat yoke is a feature of many skirts; a two-piece (or more) circular skirt is attached to the yoke. An imperceptibly fitted bodice, or a tuck-in blouse, is worn with it and for completion, a hip-length jacket of simple lines. Doesn't that sound easy to make?

For dressier wear, rich materials are being used extensively. Velvet for both evening and afternoon wear, occupies the top step of fashion's ladder. Soft and sheer transparent velvet falls in such luscious folds and drapes, giving the most battering lines to the figure — so we cannot wonder at its popularity. For more serviceable frocks, panne velvet and lightweight silk velvet are greatly used. Moire, georgette, crepe-back satin, plain satin and flat crepe, are also very good this season and adapt [Cont. on page 94]



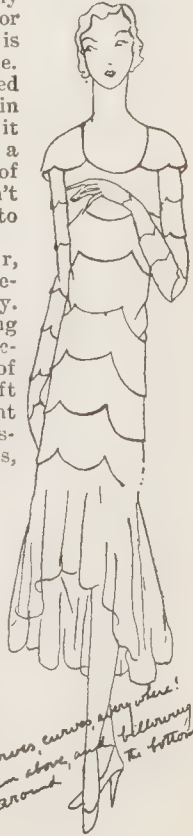
After the coachman's coat - the cape-collared to be rolled high warm for



With jabot, belt and circular flares



The skirt flows a basque which is quite fitted



Curves, curves, curves! Slim above, and billowing around the bottom



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The old-fashioned mother who "bakes her own"

SOME people say that modern mothers are not such good home-makers as were the mothers of olden days. But that's not true. Human nature doesn't change a great deal.

The world is still full of good mothers whose chief aim in life is to make their children comfortable and happy and to set them forth in life with sane minds and healthy, well-nourished bodies.

There is, perhaps, less cooking by mothers in the larger cities, where more "boughten" delicacies are used on the table. But the ever-increasing sales of Magic Baking Powder prove that Canadian children are still eating plenty of tasty, wholesome, "mother-made" cakes, biscuits, etc., just as they did in the good old days.

All over this broad Dominion, when the children romp home from school on baking day, eager eyes brighten with hopeful expectation, and hungry little mouths water for the dainties just fresh from mother's oven.

And there's a vast legion of modern mothers who are old-fashioned enough to take a joyful pride in their baking skill and to feel a deep glow of satisfaction at their power to protect and promote the health of their children with good, wholesome, home-made food.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	3 teaspoons
1 cup fine sugar	Magic Baking Powder
3 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups pastry flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, gradually adding sugar, beat till light; add beaten yolks; mix and sift thoroughly flour, baking powder and salt, add to first mixture alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs, add flavoring. Turn into well greased layer cake pans. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven 375° F. When cool, spread between layers and cover top and sides of cake with chocolate icing.

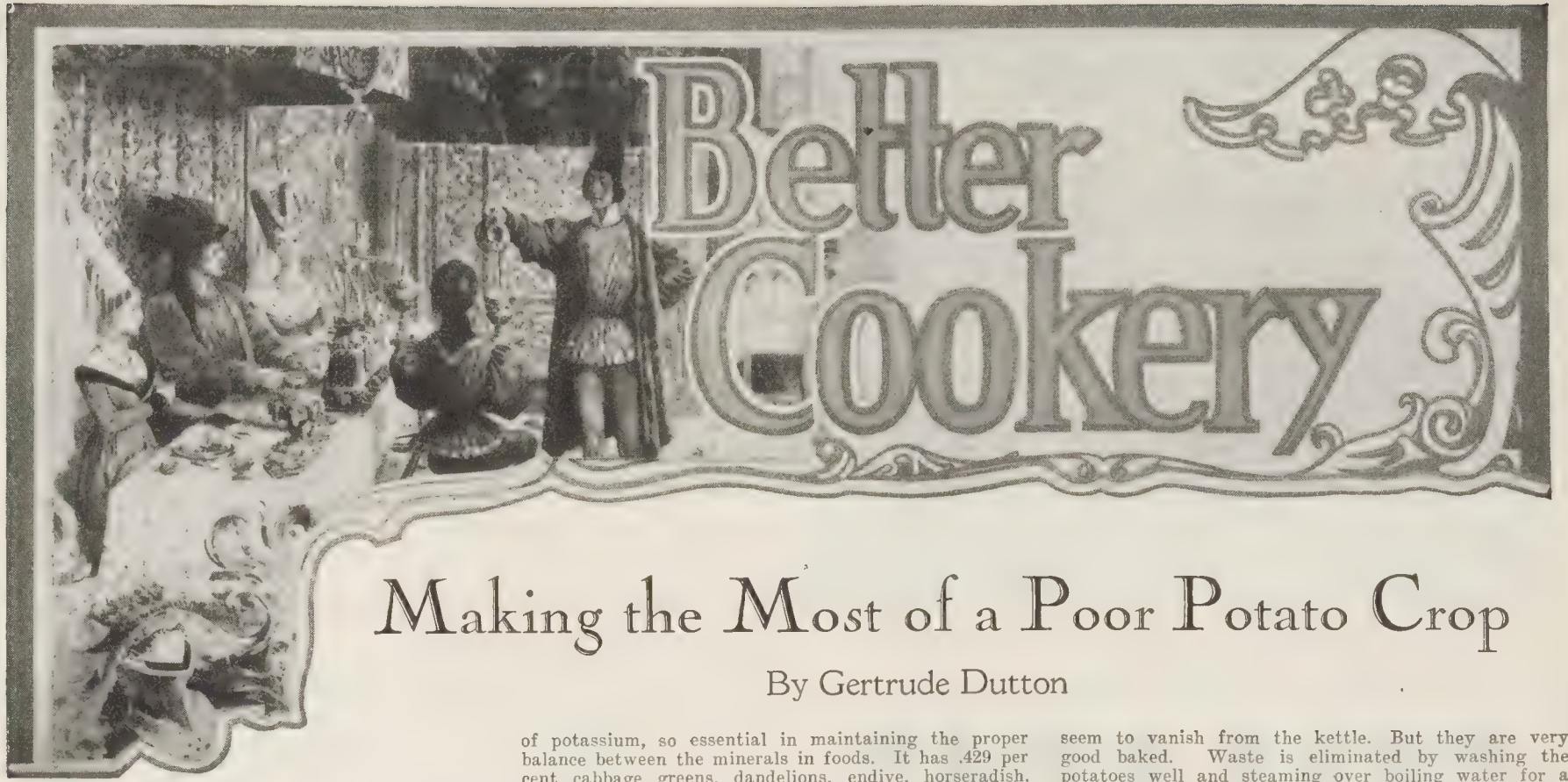
ICING

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups icing sugar	1 teaspoon butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chocolate powder	2 tablespoons milk
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Mix thoroughly together sugar and chocolate powder; bring milk to boiling point, add butter; remove from stove; add sugar mixture, and vanilla, beat well, till of a consistency to spread.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



Making the Most of a Poor Potato Crop

By Gertrude Dutton

THE more we learn about potatoes, the more valuable as food we discover them to be. Indeed, some people consider them to be next in importance to milk. They are one of our most easily procured foods, usually one of the cheapest, very easily prepared, available most of the year, and liked by almost everybody. From the standpoint of filling body needs, we have very few foods which will take the place of the humble potato. Unfortunate indeed are the people who, this year, have not all they require for the coming year, because owing to their scarcity, they promise to be very expensive for those who must buy them. It is especially important that we prepare them in such ways as to get the utmost from the supply available, and that we see to it that we will not suffer any lack in essential food materials not present in the ordinary substitutes for potatoes.

Just what do we get from potatoes? Many people imagine that they are chiefly starch, and must be avoided by all who do not wish to gain weight, but this is far from the truth. Only 18½ per cent of a potato is starch, while bread contains from 50 to 61 per cent, depending on the kind; crackers are 71 per cent; breakfast cereals range from 67 to 79 per cent. These foods all contain much less water than potatoes do. They provide us with a specially easily digested protein, which forms 2.2 per cent of the potato, being higher than most of the fruits and vegetables. The amount of fat is very small, which is the reason we usually add butter or gravy when eating them. But it is for the mineral and vitamin content that we should particularly value the potato. Especially is it valuable as a source

of potassium, so essential in maintaining the proper balance between the minerals in foods. It has .429 per cent cabbage greens, dandelions, endive, horseradish, kohlrabi, lettuce, mushrooms, being the only other vegetables containing nearly as much except parsnips and spinach, which each have considerably more. Phosphorus very essential to proper development and maintenance of bones and teeth. In potatoes we find .058 per cent. Dried apricots, bacon, dried beans, bread of various kinds, buttermilk, cauliflower, cheese, chocolate or cocoa, cornmeal, dried currants, dates, (also very rich in potassium) eggs, especially the yolks, dried figs, graham flour, hominy, kohlrabi, dried lentils, macaroni, oatmeal, parsnips, onions, peanuts, dried peas, prunes, pumpkins, raisins, brown rice, and to a lesser extent, white rice, turnips, shredded wheat, spinach, tapioca, should figure oftener in our menus, for the sake of the phosphorus they contain, if we must economize in potatoes.

Watercress, spinach and the dried beans are the only vegetables which have greater percentages of iron. Macaroni contains 74 per cent starch, rice 79 per cent and tapioca even more, and the different kinds of bread over 50 per cent, so that as sources of starch, any of these may be used as potato substitutes. Potatoes are good vitamin furnishers, which macaroni, tapioca, polished rice and bread are not, so we must see to it that the vitamins are provided by some other items in the menu.

When cooking potatoes, this year it is even more essential than usual to do it in such a manner as to waste as little as possible. Owing to the very dry summer, they seem to be unusually mealy. If peeled and boiled, and not watched very carefully, they

seem to vanish from the kettle. But they are very good baked. Waste is eliminated by washing the potatoes well and steaming over boiling water for a few minutes, (ten or fifteen is enough) cooling sufficiently to handle, then peeled, and returned to the steamer to finish cooking, when they may be served whole, mashed, riced, or fixed in any way desired. One does not always want to serve them with the skins on. The pre-steaming makes them much easier to peel and saves a great deal of the potato, especially of the valuable minerals and vitamins, which are thrown away with the thick peelings and in the water, which, if potatoes are boiled in it after being pared, should always be used for soup, bread, etc. Potatoes too small to pare, can be steamed with the skins on.

Potatoes which are to be creamed, served au gratin, hashed brown, etc., have much more flavor if first cooked in the skins, either baked or steamed or carefully browned. In many ways, the amount of potato may be extended by combining it with some other food.

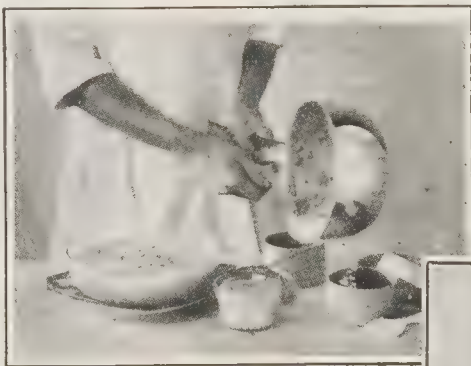
Creamed Potatoes

To each two cups of diced potatoes, use one cup of white sauce, made of 1 c. scalded milk, 1 tb. butter, 2 tb. flour, and salt and pepper to taste. Either heat the potatoes in the sauce, over hot water, put the potatoes in a buttered bake dish with alternate layers of sauce, and heat in the oven, or put small whole potatoes, which are already hot, in a vegetable dish, and pour the hot sauce over them, sprinkle with paprika, and serve at once.

For variety, chopped parsley may be added to the sauce, or merely sprinkled on top. Grated or chopped cheese, or chopped hard-cooked eggs make a dish substantial enough for the main hot supper dish. Onions, cut in pieces, cooked in a small amount of water, and used in the white sauce, the water forming part of the liquid, then combined with the cubes of potatoes, is a pleasing variation.

Potatoes Au Gratin

In a buttered bake dish arrange alternate layers of cubed cooked potatoes, chopped or thinly sliced cheese, and white sauce. Cover the top with white sauce and buttered bread crumbs, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Brown in a hot oven, and serve from the bake dish. [Continued on page 84]



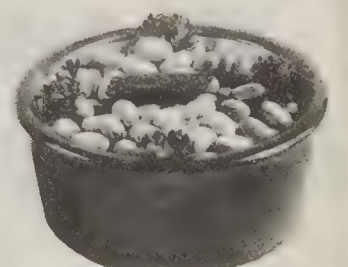
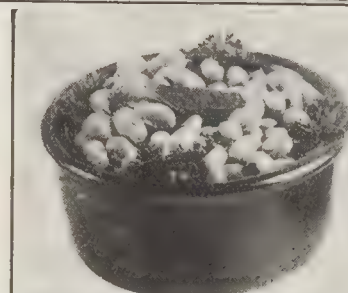
Yorkshire Pudding made in custard cups may be substituted for potatoes

Griddle Cakes of various kinds or waffles may be served in place of potatoes



Dumplings Rice and Macaroni may all be combined in several ways to replace potatoes

Baked Beans should appear oftener in our menus



Facts About Tea series—No. 7.

Tea—and Mr. Rawlinson

The first pound of tea sold in England was by Daniel Rawlinson of London, in 1650. As the cost at that time was \$50.00 a pound he did not sell it very often in pound lots. Samuel Pepys tells us that Rawlinson's premises were fatally visited by the plague and later destroyed in the great London Fire.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

WHM

Attention! Ladies Who Bake

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**GOLD MEDAL
SILVER MEDAL
75 FIRST PRIZES
164 PRIZES IN ALL**

These prizes were won with exhibits baked from Robin Hood Flour, entered at Exhibitions held recently at Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, North Battleford and Brandon. The awards represent supremacy in 35 varieties of baked products, including white bread, cakes and pastry, in competition with all kinds of flour. Each brings in reports of further successes won with Robin Hood Flour at smaller fairs.

Robin Hood FLOUR

For BETTER BREAD, CAKES and PASTRY



This is also a substantial hot dish, rather than an accessory to a meat dish.

Potato and Ham Casserole

Cook small potatoes in their skins, peel and either slice or cut in small cubes. Arrange in a buttered baking dish, alternate layers of potatoes and of diced cooked ham. Cover with a layer of buttered crumbs after pouring over the potatoes and meat, enough white sauce to moisten. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

Potato Surprise

Line custard cups, which have been buttered with well-seasoned mashed potatoes, having the layer of potato about 1/4-inch thick. Fill the cups to about 1/2-inch or less from the top, with chopped left-over cooked meat seasoned, and moistened with gravy, or white sauce or tomato sauce. Cover with more of the mashed potato, and heat either in a pan on the oven, or in a steamer, preferably in the oven, so that the potatoes will be browned somewhat. With a spatula or thin-bladed knife, turn each mold out carefully on to a hot platter, and serve at once.

Shepherd's Pie

Put finely chopped cooked meat, with plenty of gravy and well-seasoned, in a deep bake dish. Over the top, pile a layer of seasoned mashed or riced potatoes, and put in the oven till the meat is hot and the potato browned.

Corned Beef Hash

In a thick iron frying pan put cooked corned beef cut in cubes and diced cooked potatoes, using equal proportions of each, or varying the amounts according to the supply on hand. Add pepper, and salt if needed. Moisten with water, milk, or soup stock, or water in which vegetables have been cooked. Cook on top of the stove till a brown crust has formed on the bottom, without stirring after the crust starts to form. Fold like an omelette, and turn on a hot platter to serve. Unless there is considerable fat in the corned beef, it will be necessary to grease the frying pan.

Maitre d'Hotel Potatoes

Wash and steam small potatoes, peel, and if not small enough, cut in pieces. Toss lightly so as each piece will be coated, in Maitre d'Hotel Butter, which is made as follows:—

Cream 4 tb. butter, add gradually a little salt, (about 1/2 t.) a little pepper and paprika, a few drops of lemon juice, (which may be omitted, or have a few drops of vinegar substituted for it,) and a little finely chopped parsley. Serve hot. Small whole new potatoes, served this way are delicious. Serve hot at once. No gravy would be used with potatoes prepared in this way.

Potato Slices

Wash potatoes and steam them for 15 minutes. Peel, and slice in 1/4 inch slices. Arrange on a dripping pan, sprinkle with salt and bake till soft, basting occasionally with beef dripping or butter, serving when browned.

Hashed Brown Potatoes

Chop cooked potatoes in small pieces. Put a little fat in a frying pan, and when hot, stir in the potatoes season with salt and pepper, and continue stirring till well heated through. Let stand till a brown crust forms on the bottom, fold like an omelette and serve on a hot platter. If the potatoes are cooked in their jackets, the flavor is much better.

Lyonnais Potatoes

Prepare much like hashed brown potatoes, but cut the potatoes in slices rather than chop them. Cook some finely chopped onion in the fat before adding the potato. The amount of onion depending on one's taste.

In either of the above recipes, if it is wished to "extend" the potatoes, a little cold boiled rice may be added to them.

[Continued on page 85]

Keep Little Ones Well

FROM BABYHOOD THRU SCHOOLDAYS.

Mrs. Winslow's Syrup quickly corrects summer complaint, diarrhea, colic, constipation, and teething disturbances. The vegetable oils help baby's system function correctly.

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She looks 20 years younger

"I have taken Kruschen Salts for 7 years, and enclose my photo at 50, to ask your opinion of my record. I have been married 30 years, have 3 sons, 29, 25, 19; also 2 grandsons, 6 and 20 months. I put down my youthful appearance to Kruschen Salts taken each morning. I should never think of starting the day without taking them."

"I am 5ft. 5in. in height, weight 119 pounds. I can assure you my husband is very proud of me."

Mrs. A. R.

Original letter on file for inspection.

To preserve your youthful charm you must preserve your health. Charm and beauty are mainly a matter of health, so are vitality and vigour. All will be yours if you pin your faith in the "little daily dimeful." Start to-morrow, and you will feel years younger before you are many days older.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at 75c. a bottle. A bottle contains enough to last for 4 or 5 months—good health for half-a-cent a day.

PUZZLED

ARE You Ever Puzzled About Any Question of Law? Read the Articles on Page 69 and Submit Your Query for Professional Attention.



A Greater Use of Various Breads

Some form of bread may be used occasionally to take the place of potatoes if we make sure of getting sufficient vitamins and minerals in some other foods. Dumplings of different kinds may be used. Meat or fish may be served on toast or in pie or with dressing. Or hot breads of some sort may be used. Or the dessert may be one of a substantial nature.

Dumplings

Dumplings are equally good whether used in the main course or as dessert, in a sweet form. In either case, the foundation is a good biscuit dough.

For the simplest of all, use:—

Flour 2 c Shortening 2 tb.
Baking powder 5 t. Egg 1
Salt ½ t. Milk to moisten

Rub the shortening into the flour and salt and baking powder which have been sifted together two or three times. Half lard and half butter are very good, or any preferred fat may be used. Add the well-beaten egg and enough milk to make a batter which will drop by spoonfuls into the boiling liquid. Work as fast as possible, cover with a tight-fitting lid and do not lift the cover till the dumplings are cooked. This will take 15 minutes. The liquid must be kept boiling, and there should be enough to start with, so that there will be no danger of anything in the pot scorching. Water may be used in place of milk, to moisten the flour. These dumplings are delicious with meat stew, or with beans, to which considerable extra liquid has been added, with seasoning such as beef extract etc.

Cheese Dumplings with Tomatoes

To the above recipe for dumplings, add grated or chopped cheese, before the egg is added, pepper and paprika and a little celery salt if wished. Cut two or three slices of bacon in small cubes, cook with a little chopped onion till, both are done, then add to a can of tomatoes, and bring the mixture to the boiling point before dropping in the spoonfuls of batter.

Dumplings for Dessert

The very name of apple dumpling is enticing. They are very easy to make, too. Make a good biscuit dough, adding 1 or 2 teaspoons of sugar, and a little more shortening than 1 lb. to each cup of flour. Roll out to about ¼-inch thickness, cut in squares and in the centre of each put a small apple which has been prepared and cored and the centre cavity filled with sugar and a dab of butter, and if wished a little cinnamon. Fold the dough around the apple, pinch it together to hold its position, and put the dumpling side by side in a bake pan. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter, and pour carefully into a corner of the pan, enough boiling water to come half way up the dumplings. Bake in a hot oven till done, which will take from 20 to 25 minutes. If the apples are too large, or there is some doubt that they will cook quickly enough, they may be sliced and a heap of slices put in each square of dough.

Other fruits may be used in place of apples, such as peaches, fresh or canned, cranberries which have been cooked with sugar and water, raspberry or plum or blackberry jam.

Cereals in Place of Potatoes

The cereals most frequently used in place of potatoes are rice and macaroni, the rice being used either as a main dish or a vegetable, or as a dessert. Macaroni does not seem to be so successful as dessert.

It is a good plan to cook a considerable amount of rice at once, either by steaming or boiling, and use part of it in various ways for different meals. Part of it may be used with meat and green vegetables, with salt, pepper, and butter or gravy, as a starchy vegetable. It may be combined in several ways to form a main dish.

Rice and Cheese

Arrange in a buttered bake dish, alternate layers of plain cooked rice, and cheese, cut in thin shavings, or grated or chopped, season each layer of cheese with salt and pepper. Pour over it, either thin white sauce or canned or stewed tomatoes. Cover with buttered crumbs, and brown in a hot oven.

Turkish Pilaf I

Cook rice in soup stock or in canned tomato, till tender, seasoning well. Use as a border around a platter of stew, to which curry powder may be added if liked

II

In a frying pan, put 3 tb. of butter or fresh dripping, and when melted, add 1 c. of cooked rice. Stir till coated with the butter, then add cubes of cooked chicken or other meat, and enough soup stock or tomato juice to moisten. Stir together in the pan till thoroughly heated, and season well.

Rice or Macaroni with Meat

In a buttered bake dish, put alternate layers of cooked macaroni or rice, and chopped cooked meat, having a layer of the cereal on the bottom and on top. Moisten with gravy or stock, and heat in the oven.

Spaghetti with Meat Sauce

Cook macaroni or spaghetti in boiling salted water. Cook two medium sized onions, cut in pieces, in butter or dripping till yellow. Add 2 c. canned or stewed tomatoes and cook till the onions are done. Add cooked chopped meat and any gravy that may be left over. Season well, and pour over the macaroni which has been placed in a greased baked dish, and put in a hot oven for 10 or 15 minutes, till thoroughly heated.

Savoury Spaghetti

Cooked spaghetti 2 c. Bacon 2 slices
Onion 1 Ripe tomatoes 2 or 3
Salt and pepper Soup stock 1 c.

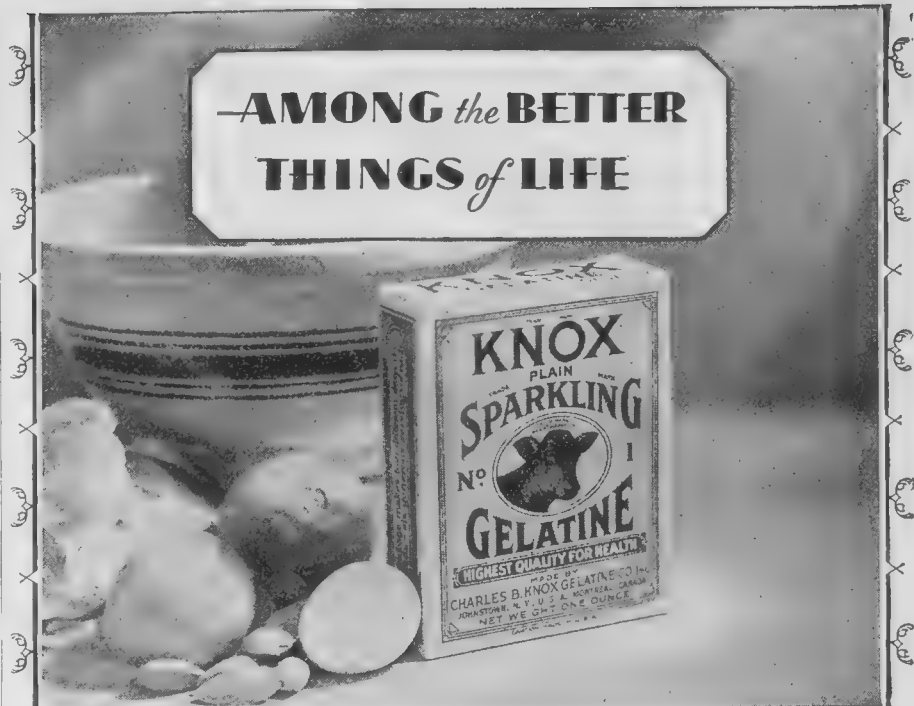
If soup stock is not available, use water with beef extract or cubes. Cook the bacon, cut in pieces, till some of the fat dries out, then add the chopped onion and the tomatoes cut in pieces. Add the soup stock and salt and pepper, and simmer till the vegetables are done. It may be necessary to add a very little bit of flour for thickening. Put alternate layers of spaghetti and unstrained sauce in a buttered bake dish, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in a hot oven. A little grated cheese sprinkled over the top is an improvement.

Noodle Pie

Cooked noodles 2 c. Onion 1
Cooked meat Ripe tomatoes 3 or 4
(beef is best) Salt and pepper
Gravy or soup Grated cheese
stock 1 c. 1 or 2 tb.

Crumbs

Spaghetti or macaroni may be used in place of noodles. Put half of it in a buttered bake dish. On top of the noodles put the meat cut in small thin slices the onion cut in very thin slices and the tomatoes cut in slices, on top put the remaining noodles. Pour over the top the gravy or well seasoned soup stock, sprinkle with the crumbs and grated cheese and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. [Cont'd on page 86]



The **PACKAGE** *that makes* **FOUR**
different **DESSERTS or SALADS**
six generous servings each

Knox Gelatine is *real* gelatine, unmixed with flavoring, coloring or sweetening. You can combine it with fruits, vegetables, fish, meats, eggs—almost any food you have in the house. And whether you make a dessert, salad, loaf, aspic, candy or pie—you are making something whose flavor and appearance is *different—real!* You are making something home-made and wholesome, and it doesn't take much time or trouble, either. Nor is it more

expensive. *Actually*—there is enough gelatine in a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to make *four* different desserts or salads, *six* generous servings of each.

Just try *real* gelatine. Order a package of Knox and try these original recipes. And if you want a complete education in the making of dainty dishes, mail the coupon—we will send you a real surprise for your kitchen library.

ORANGE-BANANA CREAM (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water 1 cup cream, whipped
4 bananas 1 orange Few grains salt
1 tablespoonful lemon juice ¾ cup powdered sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve over boiling water. Mash bananas, add fruit juice and a little of the grated rind of the orange. Beat in dissolved gelatine and sugar, and fold in cream whipped very stiff. Turn into wet mold. Unmold and garnish with orange slices.

TUNA FISH, SALMON or CRABMEAT SALAD (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¾ cup boiled salad dressing ¼ teaspoonful paprika
½ cup celery, chopped 2 teaspoonfuls vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls chopped olives ¼ cup cold water
½ green pepper, finely chopped ½ teaspoonful salt
1 cup tuna fish Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool and add tuna fish, separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar, and cayenne. Turn into wet individual molds, and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pimientos, diamond shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips and watercress.

THANKSGIVING PUDDING (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ¾ cup prunes
1 ¼ cups prune juice ½ cup pecans
½ cup sugar 1 cup cream or evaporated milk
1 square chocolate Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Drain juice from cooked prunes. Heat with sugar, chocolate, six cloves and three-inch stick cinnamon. Strain, add soaked gelatine and cool. As it thickens, beat well and add cream whipped very stiff, chopped prunes and nuts. Turn into wet mold. Unmold, garnish with whole nut meats and stuffed prunes and serve with whipped cream or evaporated milk.

TURKISH DELIGHT

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water Juice of one orange
½ cup boiling water Juice of one lemon
2 cups granulated sugar ½ cup chopped nut meats
Grated rind of one orange Red coloring

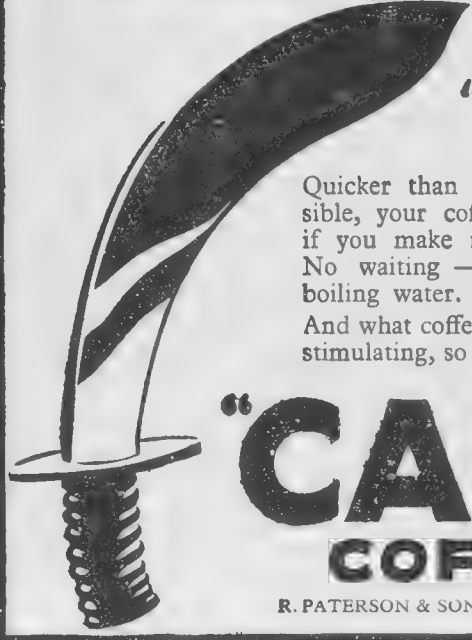
Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put sugar and boiling water in saucepan, bring to the boiling point, add soaked gelatine and let boil twenty minutes. Add flavorings and coloring, strain, add nut meats and turn into a bread pan (first dipped in cold water) to one inch in depth. Let stand until firm, remove to board, cut in cubes and roll in powdered sugar. The nut meats may be omitted.

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Send 20c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1929-1930 Book of Fashions, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on Dress-making, also some points for the Needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG



Chicken with Noodles

Pile stewed chicken with its gravy on a hot platter. Surround with noodles, boiled in salted water. Or use macaroni, spaghetti or boiled or steamed rice.

Macaroni with Fish

Arrange in a bake dish alternate layers of cooked macaroni and any flaked cooked fish, which has been removed from the bones. Cover with white sauce and sprinkle with crumbs and grated cheese. Brown in the oven.

Macaroni and Oysters

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water. Put half of it in a buttered bake dish. Put in a layer of oysters, picked over and drained from the liquor. Seasoned well with salt and pepper and dots of butter. Put the rest of the macaroni on top, cover with buttered crumbs, and carefully pour over it, enough milk to moisten. Brown in a hot oven.

Macaroni with Hamburg Steak

Tomatoes 1 c. Macaroni ½ pkg.
Fat 3 tb. Onions 2
Bread crumbs Round steak 1 lb.
Salt and pepper

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water. Cook the onions, chopped, in the fat, till yellow. Add the meat, which has been put through the meat-chopper, and stir till the red color has disappeared. Line the bottom and sides of a buttered bake dish, with the cooked macaroni. Put the meat and onions in the centre, add the tomatoes and seasonings. Cover with the bread crumbs, and bake about half an hour.

Yorkshire Pudding

If served with roast beef, potatoes will not be needed.

Flour 1½ c. Eggs 2
Milk 1½ c. Salt ½ t.

Cover the bottom of a dripping pan, heated, with the fat from the roasting beef. Add the milk gradually to the flour and salt, taking care to have the mixture free from lumps. Add the beaten egg yolks, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. If the eggs are small, 3 should be used. Pour into the pan and bake in a hot oven, 20 or 25 minutes. The pan should be of such a size that the batter will be about ½-inch deep, or use well-greased muffin pans or custard cups, filling them not more than half full. When well risen, baste with more of the fat from the pan of meat. The oven must be hot, so the liquid will turn to steam, which, with the air beaten in with the egg, is the only lightening agent used. Cut in squares and serve at once with the beef and gravy. The pudding will rise quite high, but will fall again when cut.

Griddle Cakes of various kinds may often be served with meat, in place of potatoes, or waffles if one has a waffle iron.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes

Flour 2½ c. Sour milk 2 c.
Salt ½ t. Soda 1 t.
Sugar 2 tb. Baking powder 3 t.

Make in the same way as sweet milk cakes.

Bread Griddle Cakes

Dry bread Sugar 2 tb.
crumbs 1½ c. Fat 1 tb.
Sweet milk 1½ c. Egg 1
Salt ½ t. Flour 1½ c.
Baking powder 2 t.

Scald the milk, pour over the crumbs, and let stand about 15 minutes then beat to a paste. Add the sugar, melted fat, beaten egg, and the flour sifted with the salt and baking powder.

Sweet Milk Griddle Cakes

Flour 1½ c. Sugar 2 tb.
Salt ½ t. Milk 1 c.
Baking powder 2½ t. Egg 1
Melted butter 1 tb.

Sift the dry ingredients, add the beaten egg and milk and melted butter and cook on a hot greased griddle till one side is full of bubbles and the edges are beginning to brown. Do not use any more grease than is necessary to prevent sticking and burning. Some people like a rind of fat pork for greasing the pan as it does not burn as readily as butter does.

Whole Wheat Griddle Cakes

White flour 1 c. Sugar 2 tb.
Whole wheat Egg 1
flour ½ c. Milk 1 c.
Baking powder 3 t. Melted butter 1½ tb.
Salt ½ t.

If a little too stiff add a small amount more milk.

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes

Corn meal 1½ c. Melted fat 1 tb.
Boiling water 1 c. Egg 1
Salt ¾ t. Milk 2 c.
Sugar 2 tb. Flour 2 c.
Baking powder 3 t.

Mix the corn meal, salt and sugar, and scald with the boiling water. Cool. Add the melted fat, well-beaten egg, milk, and flour and baking powder sifted together.

Rice Griddle Cakes

Flour 1 c. Eggs 1
Cooked rice 1 c. Milk 1 c.
Salt ½ t. Sugar 2 tb.
Baking powder 2 t. Melted butter 1 tb.

Mix together the rice, well-beaten egg, milk, melted butter, and the salt, sugar and part of the flour sifted together. If needed add the rest of the flour, which may vary a little in amount according to the amount of moisture in the rice.

Sago Pancakes

Make like rice pancakes, substituting cooked sago or tapioca for the rice.

Buckwheat Cakes

Very delicious and easily digested buckwheat pancakes may be made by following the recipe for either Sour Milk, Sweet Milk, or Whole Wheat Griddle Cakes, using part buckwheat flour in place of a portion of the white flour. Many people have found it impossible to eat the buckwheat cake made in the old-fashioned way with yeast.

Berry Pancakes

To the batter in one of the above recipes, add either fresh berries or canned ones drained from their juice.

Corn Griddle Cakes

To the recipe for Rice Griddle Cakes add left-over canned corn in place of cooked rice.

Waffles

Especially with chicken and chicken gravy are waffles delicious.
Flour 1¼ c. Milk 1 c.
Baking powder 3 t. Eggs 2
Salt ½ t. Sugar 2 t.
Melted butter 1 tb.

Separate the eggs. Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and sugar. Add the milk, well-beaten egg yolks, melted butter and fold in the very stiffly beaten whites. Have the iron clean and smooth and well heated on first one side then the other, and grease well. The batter should be about as thick as thick cream. To fill the iron, put a spoonful of it in each compartment, near the centre, and close the iron. The batter will spread to fill the iron. Cook on one side till brown, then turn the iron and cook the other side.

[Continued on page 87]



Corn Meal Waffles

Flour 1 c. Shortening,
Cornmeal 1 c. melted 1 tb.
Boiling water $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Milk $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Sugar 3 t. Salt $\frac{3}{4}$ t.
Eggs 2 Baking powder 3 t.
Scald the cornmeal with the boiling water, and cool then proceed as for plain waffles.

Rice Waffles

Salt $\frac{3}{4}$ t. Sugar 1 tb.
Flour 1 c. Cooked rice 1 c.
Baking powder 3 t. Eggs 2
Salt $\frac{3}{4}$ t. Melted fat 1 tb.
Milk 1 c.

Whole Wheat Biscuits

Whole wheat or Sugar 1-2 tb.
Graham flour 2 c. Shortening 2 tb.
Salt $\frac{3}{4}$ t. Milk enough to
Baking powder 5 t. moisten.

Peanut Butter Biscuits

Use either the above recipe, or one with plain white flour, and 2 tb. of peanut butter instead of other shortening.

Corn Meal Biscuits

Flour 1 c. Baking powder 5 t.
Corn meal 1 c. Shortening 2 tb.
Boiling water $\frac{2}{3}$ c. Sugar 1 tb.
Milk to moisten

Scald the cornmeal with the boiling water, and let stand till cold. Sift together the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder, rub in the fat, then rub in the moistened cold corn meal. Add enough more cold milk, (or cold water) to roll out. Roll a little thinner than for white biscuits, and bake a little more slowly.

Drop Biscuits

For variety, and to save time, make plain biscuits, or whole wheat biscuits, adding enough liquid to drop from the spoon on a buttered pan, about half an inch apart. Have the batter stiff enough that it will not spread, yet will have a smooth surface when baked. They may be brushed over with a knife dipped in milk, to make the surface a little smoother. Bake in a hot oven, 8 to 10 minutes.

Twin Mountain Muffins

Perhaps the most popular muffin recipe.

Butter 4 tb. Salt $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Egg 1
Flour 2 c. Milk 1 c.

Baking powder 4 t.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well beaten egg, then the milk alternately with the flour, salt and baking powder, sifted together. Bake in buttered pans till done, 20-25 minutes.

Bran Muffins

Flour 1 c. Sugar, brown $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Salt 1 t. Shortening 1 tb.
Soda $\frac{3}{4}$ t. Sour milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Baking powder 2 t. Seeded raisins $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Bran 2 c.

Cream the shortening and sugar, add the sour milk alternately with the bran, and part of the flour sifted with the salt, soda and baking powder, having reserved enough of the flour to mix with the raisins. Add the raisins and bake in a medium oven, 25-30 minutes.

Peanut Butter Muffins

Flour 2 c. Egg 1
Salt $\frac{3}{4}$ t. Milk 1 c.
Baking powder 3 t. Raisins or dates if
Sugar 1-2 tb. wished $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Peanut butter 2 tb.

Rice Muffins

Flour $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Baking powder 4 t.
Cooked rice 1 c. Sugar 2 t.
Eggs 1 or 2 Melted butter 2 tb.
Milk 1 c. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Graham Gems

Graham flour 1 c. Brown sugar 4 tb.
White flour 1 c. Milk 1 c.
Baking powder 4 t. Egg 1
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Melted butter 2-3 tb.

"MY DEAR, THE DINNER WAS A HUGE SUCCESS
and
I cooked
all of it
myself"



"YOU should have heard the delighted comments of my guests! I was almost—but not quite—too elated to enjoy the dinner myself.

"What did I serve?

"Tricky little hors d'oeuvres—canapes of anchovy paste with a drop or two of Lea and Perrins'; I made them early in the day.

"Oven-fried veal cutlets for the main course—my secret of success with them is the few drops of Lea and Perrins' in the coating.

"A simple green salad with a dressing they all exclaimed over—I didn't tell them it was just my usual mayonnaise, with crumbled Roquefort cheese and the merest suspicion of Lea and Perrins' that makes the real difference—

"One of those delicious Ice Box Puddings that you make comfortably the day before—my best coffee—thin strips of grapefruit peel that I candied myself—



"It was all so easy to manage, no last-minute rush or complicated dishes; it left me fresh as a daisy to enjoy my own party and to entertain my guests. I am finding more and more that easily prepared dishes may be given such distinction by subtle flavouring, and for all my savoury foods now I depend on Lea and Perrins'—a few drops of this famous sauce gives just the balance of wonderful seasoning that one could never achieve oneself, with a troublesome array of herbs and spices. It's like having a marvellous

chef at one's elbow, to contribute the knowing secrets we ordinary mortals would never know."

"But what of the repetition of flavour in those several course—do you mind my bringing that up?"

"No indeed—I'm glad you did. You see, the point about Lea and Perrins' is that it does not only lend its own distinctive touch—but it brings out the actual flavours of the foods it seasons too; you use so little that all the flavours blend, nothing dominates. Like French cooking, you know; but made so easy, when all the difficult part is done by Lea and Perrins'."

—the sauce for subtle seasoning.

Oven-Fried Veal Cutlets

Divide cutlets (cut $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick), into pieces of right size for serving; roll up irregular trimmings neatly, fastening with a small skewer. For coating, have ready very finely rolled cracker or dry bread crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper—and an egg, slightly beaten, diluted with a tablespoonful of water and seasoned with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Lea and Perrins'. Dip the cutlets first in the seasoned crumbs, to give a dry surface, then in the egg and again in crumbs. Arrange on a trivet in shallow roasting pan, with butter and baking dripping or other suitable fat; cover and put into hot oven to sear well, then reduce to moderate heat and cook until tender—30 to 40 minutes altogether. The secret of success lies in the seasoned coating and the oven method of cooking is an easy and convenient one. Serve red currant jelly with the cutlets.

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SAUCE



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Fawn Beige—Monkey Skin, Breezee, Grain.

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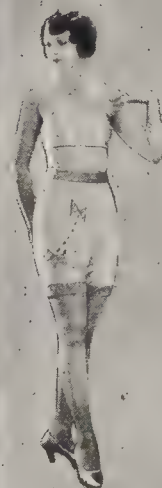
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Gog and Her Friends

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The turkey's getting fat,
For Gog and Golly, Goofy too,
Have looked well after that.

On every hand, folks in this land
Prepare to celebrate,
While Mister Gobbler little knows
How soon he'll meet his fate.

Our friends have found, by looking 'round,
A gobbler, as you see,
But how to handle him from now
A problem seems to be.



Old Goofy packs
a great big axe,
But keeps it out of
sight,

While Golly tempts the gobbler near,
For corn is his delight



But strange to say, that Gog to-day
Feels just a little sad,
This gobbler never hurt her once
To Kill him seems too bad.

So we may find she'll change her mind
Before it is too late,
And Goofy's sausages instead
They'll use to celebrate

###

Jimmy
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New designs stamped on fine quality, Fawn Artweave material on which it is a pleasure to embroider. Finished pieces will make Christmas gifts which are lasting. Instruction chart with each piece. Numbers 90 and 100 centres, 36 in. Price delivered 55 cents each. Numbers 94, 98 and 104 scarfs 17x45 inches, 92 and 102 cushion tops and 96 large buffet set. Price delivered each 45 cents. When ordering from The Western Home Monthly be sure to state number required.



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IN COOKIES, cakes and deserts, as well as in the simplest every-day dishes, your use of Sun-Maid Raisins is like adding an extra touch of cooking skill. Exclusive processes set them quite apart from ordinary raisins.

For instance, do you know of another seeded raisin that is *not sticky*? Or of any other so skillfully seeded that all the juice—hence all the flavor—is kept inside? These are features exclusive to Sun-Maid PUFFED,—so large and plump and tender, and ready for use the moment you open the carton. Sun-Maid PUFFED are ideal for cakes, nut bread, raisin bread, plum pudding and other delicacies.

Sun-Maid NECTARS are also prepared by an exclusive process. Notice how full and rounded they are, not withered,—so attractive and glossy of skin, and with a fresh, grape-like flavor that is not only delicious, but keeps perfectly through cooking. Sun-

Maid NECTARS are delightful in cookies, muffins, puddings, deserts—and especially for healthful between-meal treats for children.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid Raisins. They are graded severely for quality, processed and packed in the finest dried fruit plant in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

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Each of these improved types of raisins has its uses in a long list of delightful recipes. We have prepared a new book entitled "New Interest In Simple Menus", full of fascinating suggestions, and will gladly send you a copy without charge. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Ass'n, Fresno, Calif.

TRY THESE SUN-MAID RAISIN OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup sugar	2 cups rolled oats
1 cup shortening	2 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk	½ teaspoon soda
1½ cups Sun-Maid Nectars raisins	2 cups flour
	1½ teaspoons lemon extract

Plunge raisins in hot water for a minute and drain. Cream shortening with sugar, then add beaten eggs and milk. Add rolled oats, beat well, then add flour sifted with baking powder, soda and salt. When thoroughly mixed add raisins and lemon extract. Drop in small portions on a greased baking sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.)

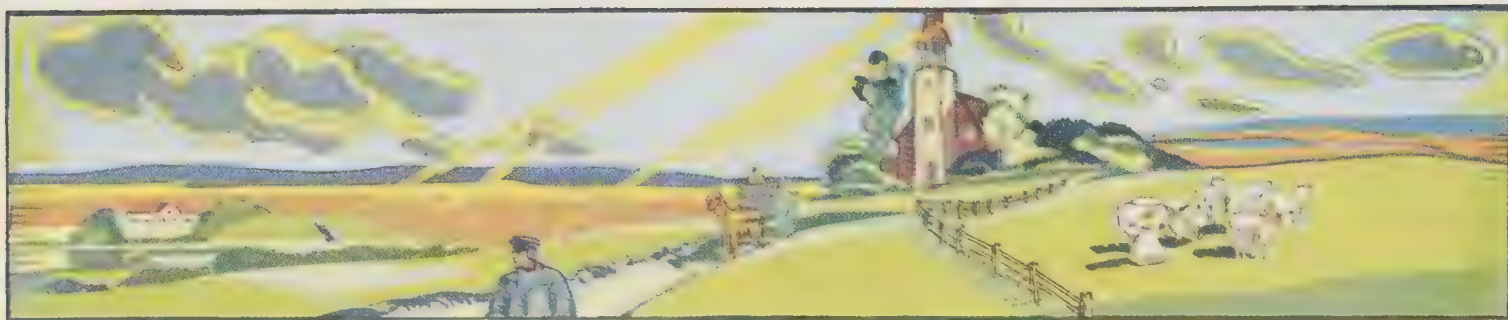


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high quality food products
the world over.*

SUN-MAID RAISINS



*The Sun-Maid label also
assures you of highest
quality in these products*



A wonderful table delicacy —

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Rich
Delicious



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*It Spreads~
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Serve it on sandwiches—on crackers—it spreads as smooth as butter.

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FALL FASHIONS DISPLAY IRRESISTIBLE CHARM

6630. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. For collar, tie, turn-over cuffs and belt of contrasting material requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide, cut crosswise. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Price 25c.

6632. Ladies' Frock, with Slender Hips. Cut in 8 Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46 inch size with either style of sleeve requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material. To trim with contrasting material requires 1 yard 39 inches wide, cut crosswise. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Price 25c.

6650. Ladies' Blouse. Cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. For collar and tabs of contrasting material $\frac{1}{3}$ yard is required cut crosswise. Price 15c.

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6652. Girls' Coat. Cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 54 inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material $\frac{1}{3}$ yard 27 inches wide is required cut crosswise. For interlining collar and cuffs with canvas or coarse linen $\frac{1}{3}$ yard 27 inches wide is required. To line the coat will require $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 35 inches wide. Price 15c.



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Hits the spot!



Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis
ARE QUICKLY RELIEVED BY
**Dr. Chase's Syrup of
Linseed & Turpentine**

The Styles—How Different

Continued from page 80

themselves nicely to the prevailing styles.

Evening frocks follow two definite lines. The fragile one, most suitable to members of the very young set, is designed with a decidedly fitted bodice and a skirt which flares widely from waistline to hemline.

For the woman beyond the debutante stage, the velvet evening gown leads by a nose those of moire, satin and taffeta—gowns which gather their sophistication, not in the simple manner of last year, but with an elaboration of draping that is something more than artful.

The Leading Colors

COLORS I mention last, because they apply to all the aforementioned costumes. Russet shades vie with black, lending their richness with all the tones of brown to beige. Hunter's green (usually linked with brown) assumes the dignity of an evening color. Capucine—that dusky, mellow shade of yellow—holds an increasingly popular position. Mulberry and deep wine shades appear in complete outfits and carry an air of warm and dignified distinction. The off shades of red, so very becoming to some types, are popular but not common and are therefore a very good choice when suitable. Slate blue holds its own with many really fastidious and fashionable people.

Emphasis is placed on the blending of tones and shades of a color, the distinction of perfect matching, rather than on the use of contrasting colors.

David and Jonathan in Stained Glass and in Reality!

Continued from page 7

taken a bit of grit, I'm thinking, to preach the Christ who lived and died and lives for Love, to those men to whom the great reality of life was "that thing called gold."

I have never heard a sermon just like that one. It was borne in upon me as a definite conviction—"a sure hunch," if you like to put it that way—that Captain Pringle was preaching again to these old comrades of the North, just the same kind of thing which he had preached again and again to them and to their kind, in the stirring old days of the gold rush. He spoke with understanding tenderness of the comradeship of those men who toiled and starved and fought together in partnership. He spoke no text, but the theme of his discourse was: "The soul of David was knit with the soul of Jonathan."

He told heart-stirring tales of partnerships in the North—of John and Donald, good friends of his, partners for forty years, until John died. These were men who never "struck it rich," yet who doggedly and faithfully toiled on together, sharing all that they found; and sharing joys and sorrows, high hopes and bitter disappointments, loyal to the hearts' core, "for," he said, "The soul of John was knit with the soul of Donald." Then he told of the "fool's gold," (I've seen it, as shining as gold itself), and he reminded them how many a man, in finding it, would be lifted to the highest heights of joy, only to be plunged into despair when he found that it was worthless stuff.

Then it was that the preacher spoke to that congregation of Old Timers of the North, as he must have spoken in those days when services were held in shacks, and stores, and even in saloons—when they were all young together in the Klondike country. "I have learned the lesson of friendship between man and man," he said, "as you have learned it, too. And make no mistake, my friends, about this: I have learned that our greatest and most loyal and honorable friend and partner is Jesus Christ. He shares the joy and suffering, the happiness and the heartache of all the world." His voice rang out with a certainty—a conviction—that thrilled: "In my search for true gold, I've picked a partner—Christ! Many have searched alone, or with a wrong partner, and they have found fool's gold, but if they will search aright, [Continued on page 95]



CAMEO VELLUM

Most of us have a friend or loved one to whom a word of remembrance would mean so much—bridge the gap occasionally with a personal letter—

Cameo Vellum Writing Paper is made in correct sizes for every occasion.

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Makers of fine Stationery since 1876
Toronto Montreal Brantford Winnipeg
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A REMINDER

Christmas is just around the corner. Now is the time to stock up the party-going wardrobe with simple but fashionable garments made with the aid of The Western Home Monthly Pattern Service.

"This Season I Have Six New Dresses Instead of Two"

"PRETTIER dresses—more stylish—better made. And all six put together cost me less than the two I had last season."

"How did I manage? I made them all myself. Besides, I've made some lovely lingerie and most of the children's clothes."

Today, thousands of women and girls are telling this same story of how they solved the clothes problem through the help and inspiration of the Woman's Institute.

Mail the coupon today and find out how easily and quickly you can learn, through Woman's Institute home-study courses, to make smart, stylish clothes for a half or a third of the usual cost and earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home besides.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name _____
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

David and Jonathan in Stained Glass and in Reality!

Continued from page 94

with Christ for comrade, they will find true gold! What is this true gold? The love of Christ which holds fast to us, even when our poor, weak hands have not the strength to hold to Him."

As the preacher finished, I looked about me at the rapt and earnest faces of the rugged men, such as I had grown used to seeing in the Klondike, and the realization came to me of how true a messenger this man must have been, in service to his Master, in those bygone days of his young manhood.

And then a woman sang. In the gold-rush days, I have been told, she was loved by all the North, by virtue of her lovely voice, and her goodness. She was Beatrice Lorne, young and beautiful, and they proudly called her: "The Klondike Nightingale." Now she is Mrs. George Smith, and a grandmother, and her hair is snow-white. She is beautiful still, and her voice shows never a sign of advancing years. It is clear and vibrant and, as she sang, it rose high in the little church with a passionate sweetness. Her song filled the Memorial Church with glory—so fitting a song for the time and the place: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and, because I know; I know that I, too, shall live!"

SO MUCH has been written already about the building of this church that I shall tell of it very briefly, for those who do not know. Rev. (Lieut.-Colonel) Fallis has devoted ten years to the building of this church as a memorial to all Canadians who fell in the Great War. People of all the provinces have helped toward its building, and there is a stained glass window dedicated in memory of each province's beloved fallen men. The lovely organ, with its chime of bells, is a gift from many citizens of the U.S.A., in memory of those of their land who fought and died with their Canadian brothers.

There is now in the making, a book containing the names of those nearly seventy-thousand men and women who died in service to Canada and the Empire. When the book is complete—this Book of Remembrance—it will be placed in the beautiful tablet behind the church altar.

The church is built of British Columbia granite, and is very beautiful, as will be seen from the illustration. The furnishings are of beautifully carved oak, the altar, the pulpit, the lectern and dwarf screen. The floors are mosaic. There is a very lovely all-Canada window, its panels showing stories of Wolfe, and Jacques Cartier, and the United Empire Loyalists. And Canadians are shown in this window, mining, farming, lumbering—in short, Empire-building! This window was the gift of a number of Canadian statesmen.

The Ontario window pictures "The Nativity"; Quebec, "The Call to Discipleship"; Prince Edward Island, "David and His Three Mighty Men"; British Columbia, "The Centurion's Faith"; Nova Scotia, "Resurrection"; Manitoba, "Jacob Mourning for Joseph"; New Brunswick, "The Sermon on the Mount"; Saskatchewan, "Peter and Cornelius"; Alberta depicts the text, "When men shall beat their swords into plowshares." As I have said, the Yukon window tells of David and Jonathan.

Each window bears also the arms of the province, and at its base, smaller pictures, expressive of the province's contribution in service to the nation. For instance, the Yukon window pictures the "Trail of '98," and a Royal Mail Carrier, with his dogs. Even today these have both become historic, for the Trail of '98 is now crossed in a train, and the mail is carried by aeroplane!

Rev. George O. Fallis, B.D., C.B.E., was senior Padre, and Lieut.-Colonel in the Canadian army in France. It has been said that he was the first Canadian to hold service on a battle-field. He promised his "flock" in France that such a memorial as this should be built in Canada. It took him ten years to achieve

it; ten years of hard work, inspiring people with an interest in the memorial, to the extent that they gave something like a quarter of a million dollars for its building. It was opened on Armistice Day, 1928, and that first service began with the coming forward of a trumpeter to the chancel, and the sounding of the Last Post. This happened at the exact hour at which the guns ceased firing on that day in 1918.

ONE of the most beautiful things in the church is that tablet of which I have spoken, within which will rest the Book of Remembrance. It is the gift of the Hon. S. L. Howe, a Cabinet Minister of British Columbia. It is carved of an exquisite piece of Caen stone, brought over from France. In the illustration you will see the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the lily of France; you will see the maple leaves and the poppies of Flanders' Fields, Michael, the Angel of Justice, and Gabriel, the Angel of Peace stand on either side. Above, I saw words carved in the stone, as I drew near, after the service, and, as I recognized them, I was carried back to another war memorial, that which surmounts the living rock, within Edinburgh Castle—the great Scottish War Memorial. There, too, are carved in stone, the words of Laurence Binyon:

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old.

Age shall not wither them, nor the years condemn.

With the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them."

Carved in imperishable stone, in the Old Land and the New, in memory—in faithful memory of those who fell. At the glorious "going down of the sun," can we doubt that death is a radiant thing, if a righteous thing? And in the morning, we will remember them," facing a new day in the glory of their youth.

"They shall not grow old?" No—they shall know Eternal Youth, and the joy of Youth's inspiring, vivid living! Youth in all its spiritual virility, yet with a wisdom beyond our earthly understanding. As I stood before the words, I wondered, and the thought may have come to you, too?—Is it possible that it has been destined by the God of Love, that those who "did not come back" SHOULD come back in spirit, to pour into the hearts of men that thought of Peace which grows to mighty proportions in this world today? This Memorial Church in Canada is just one evidence of a greater prayer for peace in the hearts of men, of a greater wisdom—which inspired the building of memorials, not for the glorification of war, but as this House of God, for service in the cause of Peace.

"Those who did not come back?" Can we see the spirit of peace abroad in the world today and say that they have not come back? There are some of us who believe that they are here!

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Editorial Sticktoitiveness

A lecturer was saying the other day that what was needed in Canada was a class of people who would stick to the land. We were sticking to it a couple of hours the other evening while waiting for a truck to get us out.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.



The right way to redye Finest Silks

TEXTILE manufacturers always use special dyes for silk or wool. They know that is the only way to secure the most perfect results. The makers of Diamond Dyes are the first to enable home users to follow this plan.

Next time you want to dye some of your more valuable articles of pure silk or wool, try the special Diamond Dyes in the blue package. They will give these materials clearer, more brilliant colors, with greater depth and permanence than any "all purpose" dye. These special Diamond Dyes are just as easy to use as ordinary dyes. Like the white package Diamond dyes, they contain three to five times more anilines than other dyes. That's what makes

them go on so smoothly and evenly, without spotting or streaking. That's the secret of their brilliance; their resistance to sunlight, wear and washing. The white package of Diamond Dyes is the highest quality dye prepared for general use. It will dye, or tint, silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon (artificial silk), or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye for silk or wool only—with it you can dye your valuable articles of pure silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. When you buy, remember this. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk or wool. Your dealer has both packages.

Diamond Dyes

Sun Proof

EASY TO USE—BETTER RESULTS

Diamond Dyes contain 3 to 5 times more anilines than other dyes. And it's the anilines that count. They are the life of dyes; the source of their rich colors; depth, brilliance and permanence.

ALL DEALERS

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Inside Frosted Laco Mazda Lamps are particularly adapted for dining room lighting. For domes or bowls use 100 watt lamps and for candle fixtures and shower units use the 25 or 40 watt sizes.

LACO MAZDA
INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS



Its Purity makes it dissolve freely

Because Sunlight is all pure soap it dissolves freely and less of it is required to make those rich lasting suds you want.

Almost instantly its billows of pure suds begin the work which leaves your clothes beautifully white and fragrant with cleanliness.

Let a bar of Sunlight prove how much more work it can do for you than ordinary soap.

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S96

Sunlight Soap

Look for the \$5,000 Guarantee of Purity on every carton. It means real economy—longer life to your clothes—protection to your hands.



Gold Standard Teas

PREMIUM
COUPON
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Get your Catalogue

W.H.M.

are distinguished from other
teas by their uniform quality
and delicious fragrance.

The CODVILLE COMPANY Limited

(5) Clip this ad. for Catalogue WINNIPEG

Attention Young Housewives!

Don't worry: Read Gertrude Dutton's advice on the Better Cookery pages of The Western Home Monthly.

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS



Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 1239 Chicago

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, astringents, soap, clay, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vaporizers, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.

Federated Women's Institute

Manitoba Institutes Hold Musical Festival

ON THE afternoon of October 4, people came in cars from east and west, north and south, to the Musical Festival at Pilot Mound. Some came twenty, thirty and forty miles.

Before the opening hour, the hall, which accommodates several hundred people, was filled. Many were already standing. All were waiting eagerly for the Festival to begin. A wave of excitement went through the room as the Adjudicator, Wilfred Layton, of Winnipeg, appeared in his place, and as Mrs. I. H. Davidson of Manitou, the Convenor of the Festival Committee, came on the platform to invite the first contestant to appear.

The programme included vocal and instrumental selections, also choral singing, spoken poetry and folk dancing. There were classes for little boys and girls, for older children, and for adults.

The little children gave to the audience much pleasure; they performed with spontaneity and joy and were often praised by the Adjudicator. The older contestants received criticism and encouragement; a few received praise. It was obvious, each time the Adjudicator appeared on the platform, that the performers as well as the audience, gained a new vision of singing, of playing, of spoken poetry and of folk dancing. In a way indescribably kind and full of encouragement, he helped the performer to see his or her mistakes. And he never left the platform without giving to the performer something finer to strive for.

The Festival continued through an afternoon, evening and morning. Each session was well attended. Even on Saturday morning busy fathers and mothers came to hear their own children or other children whom they had trained. All agreed that the Festival was a fine adventure!

This Festival was organized by Women's Institutes at Manitou, La Riviere, Crystal City, Clearwater, Cartwright, Killarney, Belmont, Swan Lake, Somerset and Pilot Mound. These are the first Institutes in Manitoba to hold a Festival, and the Festival is one of the first held outside of Winnipeg. It is expected that these Institutes will continue to hold a Musical Festival annually.

President for Manitoba

MRS. GEO. E. SIMMIE of Solgirth was elected Chairman of the Women's Institute Advisory Board and President of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba at the recent meeting of the Women's Institute Advisory Board. Mrs. Simmie has been a member of the Advisory Board for three years.

Lectures on Peace Movement will be Broadcasted

AT THE request of the Women's Institute of Manitoba, a series of talks on the Peace Movement will be broadcasted from CKY. These will be given by a member or members of the Winnipeg Branch of the League of Nations Society in Canada on Tuesday afternoons from 4:00 to 4:30.

It is hoped that a series of talks on Child Training will be broadcasted after Christmas. Talks on this subject were also requested by the Women's Institutes at their Annual Convention.

Institutes Will Study Health Unit

TO INFORM themselves and to foster an enlightened public opinion on the subject the Women's Institutes will study, during the year, the new Public Health service which people can secure for themselves by organizing the Full Time Public Health District provided for in the Public Health Act of Manitoba. Such a unit has not been established in Manitoba but it is hoped that one will be organized in the near future. In the meantime, Institute members will study this service and seek to interest the public in it. Information on the [Cont'd. on page 97]

'100 FOR YOUR CHURCH or SCHOOL

Are you interested in raising money for your Church, or School; or to give some poor folks a Merry Christmas this year, or for any other purpose?

HERE IS A PLAN BY WHICH ANY LADY OR COMMITTEE, CAN RAISE FROM TEN TO A HUNDRED DOLLARS VERY EASILY.

Everybody sends Christmas Greetings to friends and relatives, and so we have prepared a special box of TEN beautifully engraved Christmas Cards, with printed lined envelopes to match, to sell at Fifty cents a box. We will supply you with as many of these as you wish at thirty cents a box. As these are, without doubt, the best value ever offered in Canada, you (or your Committee) can very easily dispose of a large number of them. Every friend will want one, two, or three boxes.

We want you to see what splendid cards they are, and as you will want to use some yourself anyway, we will send you a sample box at wholesale price. Just send us thirty cents in stamps, silver, or postal note. After you have seen them, you can order as many, or as few, as you desire.

We prepay postage or express on Cards, so you will make a clear profit of a dollar on every five boxes. Send thirty cents for your sample.

Homer-Warren Co.

Xmas Box Dept. 6, Toronto (2), Ont.

Eastman Camera FREE



We will make you a present of this splendid camera as a prize for selling \$4 worth of lovely Christmas Post Cards, Folders and Seals at ten cents a package.

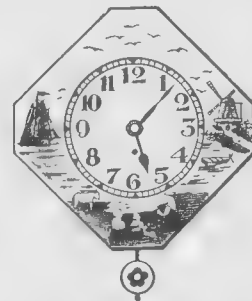
This Eastman built camera is simple to operate, takes a 2½" x 3¼" picture, uses a number 120 film—obtainable anywhere—has an achromatic lens, automatic shutter for snapshot or time exposures, and with it you receive a full year's subscription for "Kodakery," a very interesting magazine on picture making.

Just send us your name and address and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold send us our money, and we send you the Camera, with all charges prepaid.

Homer-Warren Co.

Dept. 186, Toronto (2), Ont.

This
Lovely
Clock
FREE



This Clock is 9½ inches wide. Splendid timekeeper. White porcelain, with design in blue. We will give you this Clock, Free of all charge if you will sell Five Dollars' worth of our lovely Christmas Postcards, Folders and Seals at ten cents a package.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold send us the money, and we will send you the Clock with all charges prepaid.

Homer-Warren Co.

Dept. 188, Toronto (2), Ont.

Federated Women's Institute

Continued from page 96

Public Health Unit can be secured from the Department of Public Health.

To Publish Pioneer History

A MOVEMENT was started three years ago to encourage Institutes to learn what they could from the pioneers in the neighborhood about the coming of the first settlers and their experiences. Many Institutes responded. Some have gathered much material. The Reston Institute is about to publish a little booklet containing an account of the development of the Reston neighborhood. In this the Indians, the first white man, the first white woman, the first child, the first home, school and church are dealt with. This is perhaps the first of several little books to be published by the Women's Institutes dealing with early days in Manitoba.

District Meetings Were Well Attended

MEETINGS were held at Swan River, Russell, Arrow River, Lenore, Reston, Deloraine, Clearwater and Morris. To these members of Institutes and of U.F.W.M. Locals were invited. Fine weather and good roads permitted women to come in cars a long way. All the meetings were well attended.

The meetings were addressed by Miss Esther Thompson and Miss Margaret Calder of the Extension Service. Miss Calder gave an account of the Kitchen Improvement work carried on by the Extension Service during the summer in four communities. Miss Esther Thompson discussed activities Institutes may engage in.

The local Institutes which arranged these meetings received the visitors from far and near and entertained them after the meeting at a tea or supper. The meetings gave the members of Institutes, of U.F.W.M. Locals, and the representatives of the Extension Service an opportunity to meet in a central place at one time, and to mingle and exchange ideas. It is possible that meetings similar to these will be held annually.

B.C. Women's Institutes Notes

Colwood held their regular monthly meeting and social at the home of Mrs. J. Hopwood. Tentative plans were made for putting the cemetery grounds in order. Mrs. C. Goodall gave an interesting account of her birthplace, Ledston, Yorkshire in England. \$100 was voted to the Hall Committee for improvements to be made in the Institute rooms. Good wishes and bon voyage were extended to Miss Kelly, President, who is leaving for the East.

Cowichan held a special meeting to bid farewell to Mrs. Rofe, the Secretary, who was leaving the district. Mrs. Lauridsen-Hoegh was appointed in her place. A committee was appointed to arrange the Domestic Science exhibits at the fall fair. Five dollars was voted to the Travellers' Aid Society. A Committee was appointed to investigate the possibility of obtaining new Institute Rooms where mothers from outlying districts could rest.

Huntingdon found much business awaiting them after their two months holiday, and also planned out lectures and whist drives for the winter. The Institute combines with Upper Sumas to arrange the cooking and sewing exhibits at the Fall Fair, and also serves lunch and tea during the Fair. Mrs. Hill concluded a busy afternoon with a most useful demonstration in canning peaches.

Qualicum Beach and District have arranged to have a Concert in aid of the

Funds and also to purchase a horizontal bar for the school grounds. \$10.00 was voted for the pupil in grade VIII who obtained highest marks in their examinations, and prizes were offered for the Girls' Judging competition and instructive talk on Child Welfare, stressing the importance of pre-natal care, especially as to diet, and the necessity of caring for a child's first teeth, and attending to the sight and hearing.

Shawnigan Lake after hearing an address on the Salvation Army by Adjutant Sharp, voted \$10.00 towards its funds. Arrangements were made for a Singer Sewing Machine demonstration at the next meeting for which the members will provide their own machines. Prizes are to be awarded to school children for essays. The Community Betterment committee reported having kept the Institute bathing houses in order and that a large number of bathers enjoyed the houses and beaches during the summer.

Valley—Mrs. W. Donnelly spoke on Community Betterment and Mrs. J. D. McGuire gave an admirable demonstration on planting bulbs for winter blooming. It was decided to hold a whist drive to raise funds for the Otho Scott Endowment Fund.

Victoria Institute opened their meeting with a silent tribute to the loss of two members Mrs. W. Took and Mrs. Stuart, whose deaths occurred during the past month. Mr. J. Hosie, Provincial Archivist, gave a most interesting and enlightening address on the Provincial Archives, and answered many questions from his interested audience. \$5.00 was voted towards the Women's Institute Potato Fair prizes. Mrs. Laird and Mrs. Urquhart reported on the lunches and teas served at the Victoria Fair, and these ladies were given a hearty vote of thanks for their hard work, as well as two pretty plants in appreciation of their splendid work. The Tag Day for the Solarium is being organized.

Westbank held its first flower, fruit and vegetable show under the auspices of the Horticultural Committee, convened by Mrs. Frank Brown. The interest was keen and the classes of exhibits varied, including pine-needle baskets, crystalized fruit, crochet, knitting, quilts, etc. and a non-competitive exhibit of Okanagan grown nuts by Mr. D. Gellatley. Mrs. C. E. Paynter had charge of a shower of canned goods and fruit for the Solarium, and a quilt was raffled towards the \$33.00 which the Institute has promised to raise for the Otho Scott Fund this year, and Mrs. J. Stevens made a generous donation to the same fund of the proceeds of the sale of another quilt. Mrs. W. R. Smith served a dainty tea, in which she was ably assisted by a number of young people.

West Saskatoon held a pie social in aid of the X-Ray Fund for the Hospital by which they raised \$44.55 after expenses were paid.

White Rock have again started making quilts for the Solarium and hope to get two done this fall. Mrs. Bedford, the President, having gone to Saskatchewan, Mrs. G. C. Tucker, the Vice-President is taking the chair at meetings until her return.

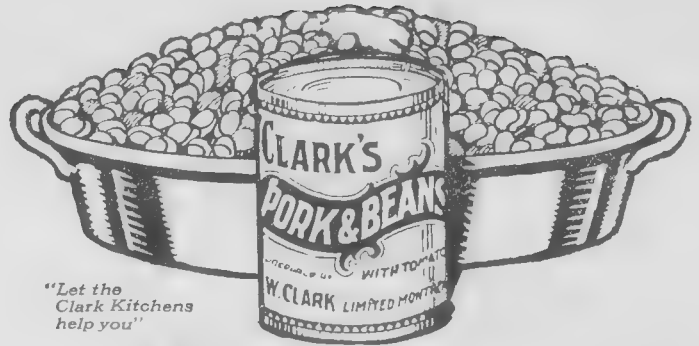
Ymir received a good report from the Treasurer on the balance in Institute funds. Mrs. Stevens read a paper on Fur and Fishing, illustrated with a most attractive collection of photos of Canadian animals. Mrs. Prochman and Mrs. Clark were elected delegates to the District Conference.

The Prairies Re-visited

By Mary Matheson

I saw the new Grandeur on the mystic plain
—A farther vision — spelling larger thought,
—A reliance that could not call in vain
To hearts for which such Loveliness was wrought.
A voice as music fell upon my ear,
Sometimes in laughter, sometimes soft and low,

Sometimes in mystic callings—sweet and clear,
Or tender ones none save thy children know.
So would I sing thy praises for thou art
Dearer than ever though far lands I view,
Sweetest of garnered memories in my heart
Forever old, yet strangely ever new!



"Let the
Clark Kitchens
help you"

A Delicious Economy

FOR about three cents a plate you can serve CLARK'S Pork and Beans which young and old delight in and which is one of the most nourishing of foods. The beans are invariably perfectly cooked and with the piece of prime pork and the liberal rich sauce provide an excellent dish—all ready to heat and serve.

CLARK'S PORK and BEANS

Serve CLARK'S Pork and Beans morning noon or night—they are a wonderful foundation for a day's work or play.

Sold Everywhere

W. CLARK LIMITED - MONTREAL, P.Q.
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Packers Clark's delicious Soups, etc., etc.

The consciousness of being immaculate

IT is the woman who gives care to those intimate phases of the toilette—sometimes neglected and sometimes misunderstood—who is charming. The graciousness and poise which are so large a part of charm arise from a well-cared-for body, from the health engendered by true cleanliness—and from the consciousness of being immaculate.

There is no reason for any woman's not knowing the facts about feminine hygiene. The makers of "Lysol" Dis-

infectant offer you, free, a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It was written by an eminent woman physician. It answers the delicate questions which you would like to ask her in person. Send the coupon now. But in the meantime, buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's. "Lysol" has been the unquestioned standard for personal hygiene for forty years. Do not experiment in this critical matter. Complete directions with every bottle.

"Lysol" is the registered trade mark of LYSOL (CANADA) LIMITED, distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto.



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This coupon brings you
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Prepare now for Winter Driving

- 1 Change to winter oil
- 2 Put anti-freeze in radiator
- 3 Check electrical system and battery
- 4 Get WEED CHAINS to fit your tires



If the roads and streets you drive in winter are subject to ice, carry two pairs of Weeds. Use one pair on the rear wheels for traction and the other on the front wheels for steering control. It pays.

Accept none but genuine steel Weed Chains, with galvanized side chains, brass plated cross chains, red connecting hooks and the name "Weed" stamped on every hook. Good accessory stores and garages everywhere can fit your tires today with Weeds; also many filling stations. Weeds are made by the Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Ask by

name for Genuine

WEED CHAINS
for greater safety and Mileage

Something New! Watch for the reminiscences of Sir John Martin Harvey in the December issue of *The Western Home Monthly*, Winnipeg

THE HARDEST AND MOST DURABLE OF ALL WAXES

40¢ to \$3.25 SIZES

CHANNELL LIMITED TORONTO

CHAN

A BETTER ALL-PURPOSE POLISHING WAX

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE, WOODWORK

The Hero of Quebec

Continued from page 74

abilities I have fixed upon that spot where we can act with the most force and are most likely to succeed. If I am mistaken I am sorry for it and must be answerable to His Majesty and the public for the consequences."

The Sisters of Silence at the Ursuline Convent in Quebec care for the skull of the conquered general, Montcalm, while his dust rests in a natural grave that was made by a bursting shell. Wolfe's body was taken home to England, the "slight carcass" reverently borne on the Royal William, and all England sorrowed as the bells tolled and the muffled drums beat, following the landing at Portsmouth. Here we draw the veil over the scene and over the hero from Kent. The authenticity of that quotation from the *Elegy* has often been disputed, but Wolfe's love and knowledge of fine poetry was an unquestioned fact. He took several volumes of verse with him aboard the "Neptune" and in the pocket of the coat in which he died there was discovered an extract from Alexander Pope's version of Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus in the *Iliad*. The lines so copied and slightly altered have never been so strikingly illustrated as in the life and death of Wolfe himself:

"But since, alas, ignoble age must come,
Disease and death's inexorable doom,
That life which others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to Nature owe;

Brave let us fall, or honored if we live,
Or let us glory gain or glory give.
Such, men shall own, deserve a sovereign state,
Envied of those who dare not imitate."

In the Archives at Ottawa you will see a pair of baby-shoes labelled as once the property of a little boy who grew up to write his name into the destiny of an Empire—General James Wolfe, the conqueror of New France and the hero of the Battle of Quebec. And gazing upon these tiny mementoes one reflects on what a long way through history and even to the end of recorded time have wandered, and will wander, those baby shoes. And of how Fate kept hidden from the owner of the small pattering feet the knowledge that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Canadian Inter-City Air Traffic Grows

Continued from page 11

it may become a big airway when its course is altered slightly to take in Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie and Sudbury.

The development of the north from an aerial standpoint has shown the Canadian public possibilities of air travel. While just at present there is not prevalent that same air-mindedness that one notices in the United States, the passenger routes being opened up this year will do much to show the need for a Canadian trans-continental air line. During 1928, 74,669 passengers were carried in the Dominion. 1929 will see a vast increase in the number of people who will travel the airline for business as well as for pleasure.

Paradox

By Dyer Carter

You bent above the griddle in the smoke
Of our small camp-fire, all dignity forsaken,
Solicitous that four burned bits of bacon
Might be retrieved. You turned to cough
and choke—

Your lungs filled with the pungent, smarting vapor—

And motioned me to warm the coffee in
Our bent and battered pot of dingy tin,
While you arranged our banquet-cloth of
paper.

The bacon, shrouded in damp lumps of
bread,

Was cold; it would have gagged a common
mortal;

But we, who looked on Life through Love's
white portal,

Consumed it with a vital zest instead.
I drank the coffee with your hand in mine—
Love ever changes water into wine!

SENT FREE!

Your Pressure Discs



A New Way in Tire Care that can Save You \$30 a Year

Leading authorities urge use of discs in combating underinflation, the cause of 80% of all tire trouble

OBTAIN 1000 to 4500 extra miles from your tires. That's what thousands of motorists everywhere are doing today!

They sent for the Pressure Discs offered here. Mailed a coupon such as you see below. And now every season their tire costs will be lower.

You get your discs free by sending us the coupon. They cost you nothing.

These discs show the exact pressure each of your tires should carry. Place one on each wheel near the valve stem. No tools needed. Then you simply keep tires at the indicated pressures.

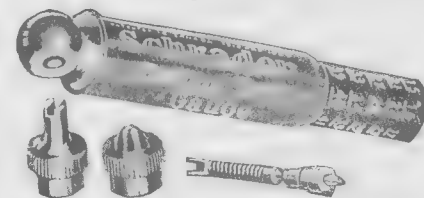
To test your tire pressure, leading tire engineers recommend the use of the time-proven Schrader Gauge. It is dependably accurate and durable.

So buy a Schrader Gauge today. Then use it weekly. Use it in conjunction with the Pressure Discs offered here. Also insert new Schrader Valve Insides and protect them from dirt with Schrader Valve Caps.

Remember, it pays to insist on Schrader products. See that the name "Schrader" is on the valve stem of every tube you buy.

Now fill out the coupon carefully. The information requested is essential to get the discs for your specific car.

The Schrader Gauge is built to stand the gaff. Also note two Schrader Valve Caps and Schrader Valve Inside.



MAIL FOR PRESSURE DISCS

A. Schrader's Son, Inc. K6
334 King St.,
East Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sirs:

Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires.

Make of car..... Year.....

Body type.....
[Sedan, coupe, touring, etc.]

Model..... Tire size.....
[T, 80, Big Six, etc.]

Name

Address

.....

Banff Highland Gathering

Continued from page 67

Gaelic as well as the English and were of the table-groaning order, beginning with soup and working down through various phases of fish and meat to Scottish salads, Highland ice-cream and coffee. It was a naive and humorous note, this translating of the fat of the land into terms of speech of a plain-living people who for centuries of generations have existed on fish and oatmeal and other simple fare. But conceivably men who toss the caber, throw the hammer and engage in tugs-o-war and other contests of strength, no less than those who play the pipes, must eat heartily and the opportunity to banquet is but their just due. Scanning the bill of fare one infers that, too, the various dishes so intriguingly named after the clans must have had a more piquant flavor to the appreciative palates of the diners. One notes that the consommé was christened for the MacGregor, the green corn for the Donaldson and the potatoes for the Kilmarnocks. Roast Alberta spring lamb alone appeared sans a kiltie.

THE history and character of the Scot have been carried down, as we have seen, from generation to generation in his music—the story the harpist sang in castle-hall or humble cot, the lilt crooned by the women at the spinning wheel or over the cradle, the psalm of the Covenanter, the tuneful airs of the Jacobite, the romance of a thousand songs about Prince Charlie, the lyric ecstasies of Burns, the ballads of Scott, the homely sentiment of Lady Nairne.

So, too, from the beginning of recorded time sport has been a large factor in the life of the Scot. It is doubtful if there is one county today in Scotland where annual sports are not held. The best known are probably those held at Inverness, Oban, and Dunoon, but there are many other notable gatherings. Love for manly exercise is inherent in human nature but it appeals powerfully to mountaineers, to men who travel the moors or journey through forest solitudes. Spirited youth loves tests of skill and endurance and the old Caledonian games furnish the best and the cleanest. The agile young Scot ran his foot-races, wrestled, vaulted, jumped, "put the stave" and while the exercise was good for the health the striving kindled the ambition to excel. In Scotland the practise of some form of sport was traditional. The "wapinschaw" while essentially a military duty became presently a countryside gathering for archery practice. The bow and arrow were necessary in districts where game was a staple food and forays not uncommon occurrences. The Scot was true of eye as well as strong of arm. Gowfe (golf) is royal and ancient and curling by no means new. Bowls, quoits, and quarterstaff were favorite pastimes and feats of strength were patronized by royalty. All this physical expression relieved the strain of dull, incessant labor and provided wholesome tonic to mind and body. It modified the asperities of life and in its effect went deeper into the character of the Scot than is perhaps realized, giving him his quiet confidence and his liking for "playing the game."

It is only through an understanding of these things that we can appreciate the popularity of the games as a feature of the Banff Highland Gathering. There are competitions in nearly every known form of sport and in piping, dancing, track-racing, and Highland costumes. The enthusiasm is marked and it can be realized that the

whole affair is a tie of sentiment with the homeland and a strong imperial link, with the interchange of goodwill. In connection with the Scottish sports a sense of solidarity, of the great Scottish race throughout the world is inspired and strengthened. The Highland events are governed by the rules of the Gaelic Society of Canada and the field events by the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada.

IN the realm of art brief mention should be made of the historical paintings on view. There was the picture of Sir George Simpson on a ceremonial inspection of the Hudson's Bay Forts in 1828. There were pictures of the homes of Hebridean settlers in Canada. There was a painting by Thomas Duncan, R.S.A., called "O, Charlie is My Darling." A very interesting study showed the landing of the Hector on these shores with a pipe-band wading out to welcome it. But perhaps most fascinating of all was the picture of the Hebridean home of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the first man to reach the Pacific coast overland through Canada. It is in tribute to such Scottish pioneers that this Highland Gathering is annually held. Mackenzie's own record of his great achievement painted on a rock on the Pacific Coast was as modest as the explorer himself and reads: "Alexander Mackenzie from Canada by land the 22nd of July 1793." Another picture shows a group of Hebridean maidens engaged in the lively exercise of "waulking" the traditional process of cleansing the cloth after it leaves the loom. The "luadh" is the occasion for song, story and general merriment.

THE Highland Gathering has dispersed with another year but participants and onlookers will carry the stimulating memory of it on through the intervening months, not forgetting the guiding hand so largely responsible for its success—Mr. J. Murray Gibbon. From the social angle and principally through his administrative genius the affair has resolved itself into possibly the largest Ceilidh of Scots held anywhere in the world to-day. Visitors are drawn from all classes and comprise business men, artisans, professional men, soldiers and farmers, and always present are two or more of the lieutenant-governors of the Western Provinces.

Banff has always had a reputation for hospitality and young as she is, a crop of traditions of her own have grown up around her. You have in all probability heard the story of the Scot and the echo or the tale of the tobogganist who took the great slides on his face. But more apropos to the present subject is the anecdote about the two spinsters and the bear. The ladies had come to Banff and had elected to sleep in a tent. They didn't know about the Banff bruins, privileged characters that wander about at will, which are likely to walk quite informally into one's house. The two maiden ladies had begun to retire when the tent flap suddenly parted and a large black bear ambled in. It is said to be a fact that a bear never goes out by the same hole which has served him for an entrance so this chap made for the rear and crawled out that way. But enroute he paused long enough to embrace one of the screaming occupants. Asked afterward just what sort of a place this much advertised mountain resort was, the visitor had only to exhibit her shoulder to testify to the particular degree of warmth that indicated Banff's hospitality!

My Lady

By Jessie Smith

The realest lady that I know,
It was at tea I met her;
And, though I old and older grow,
I never will forget her.
The tea was hot, and thoughtlessly
I poured mine in my saucer.

Then, shamed to see what I had done,
Hoped something would engross her,
I glanced to know if she had seen.
A strange look stole across her.
Then quick she raised her dainty cup
And poured hers in her saucer.

SUNSHINE GAVE MASTER BALDOCK HIS RADIANT HEALTH

and
"Canada's
Champion
Sun-Tanned
Baby"
will have
Sunshine
all Winter

Master Donald James Baldock won the Grand Championship Sweepstakes at the Canadian National Exhibition Baby Show this year.

The judges claimed that sunshine gave this wee champion his abounding health. Sunshine had been his daily diet, and his firm little nut-brown body fairly glowed with vitality.



With admirable foresight Baby Baldock's parents have prepared for the sunless snowy days. ABRANSUN HEALTH LAMP has been installed in the Baldock home and Master Donald will bathe in sunshine to his heart's content every day this winter.

SUNSHINE BOOK FREE

For further particulars of the BRANSUN ULTRA-VIOLET HEALTH LAMP just tear out this advertisement and send it to us with your name and address. At no obligation whatever we will send you our illustrated booklet "Sunshine," describing the sunlight way to health.

Manufactured in Canada by

CHAS. A. BRANSTON
LIMITED

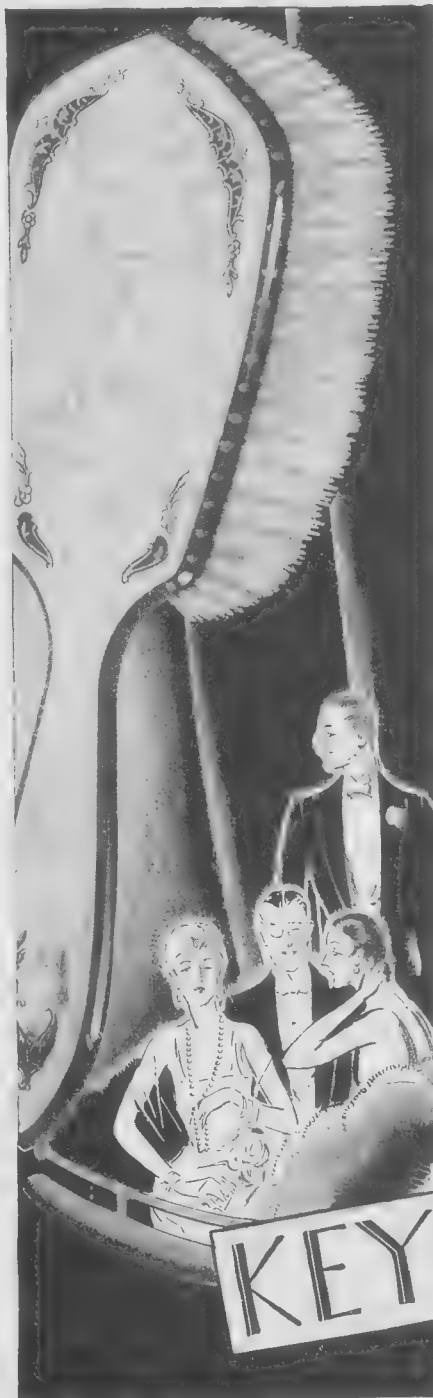
126 Wellington St., W.
Toronto, 2, Ontario W-11

Fashioned to meet the Modern Fashion

Quite the loveliest and liveliest thing in toilet-ware. Keystone Mirrors and Brushes lend richness to your boudoir table just as jewels accent your gown. These de luxe pearl or rose or sky-blue toilet-wear pieces are necessities if you would be fashionable. As modern as tomorrow. As smart as the new French gowns. A wide variety in design and color at your Jewellery, Drug, Department or Leather Goods Store, in pieces or sets.

Stevens-Hepner Co.
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Port Elgin, Ontario
Manufacturers of Keystone
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KEYSTONE

Tortoise Shell
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Top score on every point makes Hardwood the ideal flooring for offices

It impresses callers favorably because of its quiet dignity, and the suggestion it carries that your business is prospering under capable but not extravagant management.

It promotes efficiency by ensuring working conditions that are of the best. Physically, it is easy on the feet, because of its resiliency. Psychologically, it makes for cheerfulness because of its warmth and cleanliness.

It is economical because at a minimum expense for caretaking it can always be kept immaculately clean. It's initial cost is less than that of anything that might be used as a substitute. And it never wears out!

For eight hours a day your office is your home. Make it a real home by using

**SEAMAN-KENT
HARDWOOD
FLOORING**

The best that's made in every grade.



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The Greatest Values in Canada!

FUR COATS

FROM CANADA'S LARGEST FURRIERS

NO matter what price you pay for a Holt, Renfrew Fur Coat, the same qualities that have made them famous for over 90 years are there—distinction in style—utmost in quality and value unequalled in Canada.

HUDSON SEAL (self trimmed)
Misses sizes \$265 to \$325

Women's sizes, self and Alaska
Sable trimmed \$295 to \$385

PERSIAN LAMB (Alaska Sable
trimmed) \$325 to \$385

MUSKRAT \$189.50 to \$250

CHAPAL SEAL (self trimmed)
Misses sizes \$79.50 to \$110

Women's sizes \$97.50 to \$125

(Alaska Sable trimmed)

Misses sizes \$97.50 to \$125

Women's sizes \$110 to \$145

ALL OTHER COATS HIGHER AND LOWER PRICED AT SIMILAR REDUCTIONS

OUR BUDGET BUYING PLAN

is at your service on the purchase of a fur coat. Full particulars on request. No interest charges or storage to pay.

WRITE TODAY stating your preference in fur and price, stating height and size. Send bank or business reference and we will be pleased to submit free of charge, a selection of coats for your approval.

Holt, Renfrew & Co. LTD.

Canada's Largest Furriers - Est. 1837

WINNIPEG

MANITOBA

While Rivers Run and Grass Grows

Continued from page 17

to harbor thousands of sand-flies which enjoyed a change of diet while we were there, very much to our discomfort.

There is one building you may be sure to see when you visit an Indian reserve, and that is a Hudson Bay Post. These are sometimes situated on very lonely places, and the only way that some of the men have been able to stay on the job is by marrying an Indian squaw. You are therefore not surprised when you find some of the Indians with fine-sounding Scotch, or Irish names. Outside the post you can see the fur-press which they use to prepare the bales of fur for their long trip to the fur market.

A fine school is being built here and the teacher, Miss Cassie Troy, has shown a real spirit of service, doing her work in the midst of such an environment. Education is one of the great problems with the Bush Indians. On the prairies they are more or less fixed within bounds, but here, out in the wilds of this great North Land, they lead a nomadic life and wander about from place to place. I asked some of the big boys if they had ever been to school, and they said "No." They had never seen a motor car or a train, and had never been in a city, and their only knowledge of what these things were like came to them through pictures; this was true of many of the Indian men. They had never left the reserve, and now had no desire to do so. How true it is that the one-half of Canada does not know how the other half lives.

After we had paid treaty we sailed for Gull Bay, which is one of the largest reserves on the lake, and as I am writing, is threatened by a terrible forest fire. It was a beautiful evening on the water, and when the sun went down behind a great bank of cloud it cast a beam of light over the lake. As it was very late when we arrived at the reserve we decided to stay on board for the night. The Indians had seen us coming, however, and they began to fire a royal salute in our honor. It was some salute; they seemed to have called into service everything that would shoot, and make a noise. No blank shots, either; we could hear the bullets and shot plunk and splutter all around us. I for one was glad when they ran out of ammunition. In the morning we all went ashore, and again were greeted with another salute. The Indian guides soon had our tents up and payment began. The Indians here are more advanced than some of the others we had seen; they go in for fishing quite a bit and some of them have gas boats of their own, and as their license only costs them ten dollars, they have a chance to make a living. The Lake Nipigon trout, whitefish and pickerel are good eating fish and find their way to the Eastern market. The settlement is built along the top of the high banks, and the soil seemed to be good; some of them had started gardens, but the weeds were fast getting ahead of them; the Bush Indian does not take readily to agriculture. When Treaty is being paid the Indians take the opportunity of visiting their friends, and it was very interesting to watch them, as they retailed the latest bit of gossip or news.

In the afternoon the Agent had organized canoe races, which had provided lots of fun for the young and old. An Indian is more at home on the water than in it, judging by the looks of some of them.

In the evening we had a big pow-wow and for the first time I saw a snake-dance. A big bonfire had been made, and around this they danced to the music of the tom-tom, which had been made out of deer-skin. Soon the whole company were going round and round to the sound of the tom-tom, and all seemed to enjoy it to the limit; then suddenly it would stop. Then one of the young Indians

danced the pipe-dance. A circle was made, and he laid down flat on his back with a bunch of long grass in his hand, the tom-tom sounded faster and faster. Slowly he rose to his feet, his whole body trembling for a moment, then tense, his eyes staring and his arms extended; then he began some contortions and movements that helped me to understand the evolution of the modern dance. Suddenly he fell to the ground, and the dance was over.

One could easily imagine how this relic of other days with paint and feathers added could lend itself to fanaticism and be carried to great extremes. A tug-of-war between the squaws and the Indians provided a great deal of amusement for everybody. The squaws lost.

As the fire burned lower and the programme came to an end, the Indians turned to their wigwams, and soon all was quiet. Then station HUSKY began to broadcast in real earnest. The wolves were howling out in the bush and the big hungry dogs were responding from the banks where they were tied. They had quite a variety of sound, from the deep basso to the high tube-splitting treble. These dogs are ugly fellows to meet, and it seems a shame to keep them tied up all summer and oftentimes badly neglected. The Indians say that if they did not keep them tied, they would fight and kill each other, and they would have no dogs for work in the winter.

EARLY in the morning we said goodbye, and came to the next reserve at White Sand. Here we saw the most primitive of all the bands on the lake.

I did not realize that there were people living in Canada who were so near to Nature and so far from civilization. Their color was almost black from exposure and some of their faces were a real study. They are continually on the move, and only a few live in houses. Their children are born in the bush, ushered into the world by the same primitive methods which their ancestors have used for ages. Should sickness come to them or their children nature comes to their aid, without any of the sure cures, and short cuts to health of the modern world. If the grim reaper overtake them on the long trail, they have their own way of meeting even this great emergency. Long experience and the stern law of necessity has taught them to be able to meet the situations in life, where a white man would perish.

Their food they "cache," and in such a way that the bears and other animals cannot get over it. They are often hungry, but if they kill a moose or bear, then they have a royal feast, and they will just stay until it is done. They are never far from water, and they can always fish. They follow the trap-line all winter, and the whole family live in a tent.

Nipigon House was our next point of call. This is one of the most beautiful spots on the whole lake. Paddy McGuire is in charge of this post. His wife is a full-blooded Ojibway and they have as fine a family of eleven children as you would see anywhere in Canada. They have been educated in St. Joseph's school at Fort William.

On the top of the hill I saw a cross erected by the Hudson Bay Company to the memory of Chief Le Graine, a faithful servant who died August 11th, 1829, one hundred years ago. We made one or two other calls and paid some of the smaller groups and then returned to Orient Bay after one of the most interesting experiences I ever had in Canada.

There is not much future for the Bush Indians unless it be by the slow process of education and assimilation. The Federal Government must continue to exercise a paternal care over the remnants of a once-noble race.

Cows Have Always Assumed This

A court has decided that a cow on the road has rights which a motorist must not undertake to contest too ruthlessly. Thus we learn a little more about how queer a thing law is.—Seattle Argus.

Can He Explain Its Present

In a new series of articles H. G. Wells, who doesn't seem to have any doubt about his ability to explain anything and everything, is explaining the future of the world.—Toronto Star.

Your Windows--The Eyes of Your Home

Continued from page 32

found the one best treatment for any window that you are going to do, before you start shopping for either fabrics or fittings. There is much good advice free for the asking, if you need it—from prominent manufacturers of curtains and shades, of window hardware and accessories, as well as from well-posted dealers in these articles. Many advertisements, (included in some cases right amongst those in the Monthly) carry offers of helpful booklets that would reveal many possibilities in equipment to suit particular needs.

As a starter, decide such points as these:

is preferred; for side curtains there are both flat and round rods. You can buy single, double or triple rods—all with one pair of brackets. The double rod will carry over-curtains or a valance—and if both are to be used, the triple rod will accommodate them as well as the glass curtains. For casement windows and other special uses, there is a swing arm which will turn the curtain entirely out of the way.

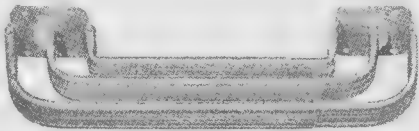
We used to have a choice between flat and round brass rods and wooden poles in oak or dark finish. Now, when we want a rod to be invisible, we choose it to match curtain or wood-work in color, since metal rods that are



Swing arms will turn the curtain right back from the window frame

WHAT style of curtains do you want? Will they be full length, clearing the floor by a mere inch, or will they stop at the bottom of the window apron; will they fall full and straight, of plain or slightly figured material, or will they be ruffled and tied back in the style that is so becoming to many houses? Will your straight curtains have tucks or fringe across the bottom or will they be merely hemmed? Will your ruffled curtains be in one or two colors? We have shown a group of five windows, chiefly ruffled, to show something of the variety included in the tied-back style.

The photographs—on page 32—furnished by George H. Hees Co., show the use of plain and dotted or small-patterned marquise, voile in single or combined colors and plain material made up in combination with figured silk alpaca—a charming and popular new light-weight colored fabric; note, too, the variety of draping and of valance treatment. The divided curtain shown at the bottom, frequently solves the problem of the kitchen or bathroom window. The same firm supplied me with some astonishing figures of a recent increase in the importation of the more elaborate types of curtains—the Belgian and French embroidered nets and laces which have been little seen in recent years.



Single, double and triple rods are mounted on one set of brackets

entirely clear the view to the garden occasionally or to let in every ray of sunshine for an hour; most frequently, however, it is the over-curtains which are made to draw. You can get rods especially finished for this purpose, rods which are both handsome and workman-like. The early method employed for draw curtains made use of a cross-cord with long weighted ends falling at either left or right side; one of these cords closed the curtains, the other opened them when pulled. It is now possible to have rods and poles furnished with a

with these poles and rods.

DO YOU plan to use draw curtains? In some cases this is desirable even for glass curtains—for instance, when you like to be able to



Cast Aluminum is beautifully colored for decorative rods and accessories

When a very light and airy appearance must be preserved at the windows, one of the treatments illustrated holds a useful suggestion—one which also represents a decided saving of expense. I refer to the curtains in which two fabrics are equally used—a plain, sheer white or cream voile for the inner half and figured silk alpaca for the outside half, ruffled to give the over-curtain effect. This same double curtain is worked out also in white or cream voile with a plain colored voile at the outside—a very dainty combination for a girl's bedroom, for instance, especially with a bedspread and maybe a ruffled dressing table of the colored voile to complete the scheme.

To resume the listing of pre-shopping requirements:—

What style will the new shade be? Straight and plain or with a scalloped and fringed edge or lace trimming? What color inside and what outside? Exactly what will be the measurements for its roller.

Just what curtains rods will be needed? For light fabrics, the flat rod

FINALLY—have in mind the price range within which you must do your shopping. You will then be able to narrow down the fabric which you will consider and the kind of fittings which will be your wisest buy.



HANDS OF 20 - - - - AT 40

HOW many women in the forties can boast the soft, firmly-textured hands of twenty?

Yet today it is a simple accomplishment even for the woman who takes care of her own house.

When your hands become rough, red or chapped, just rub in a little Campana's Italian Balm.

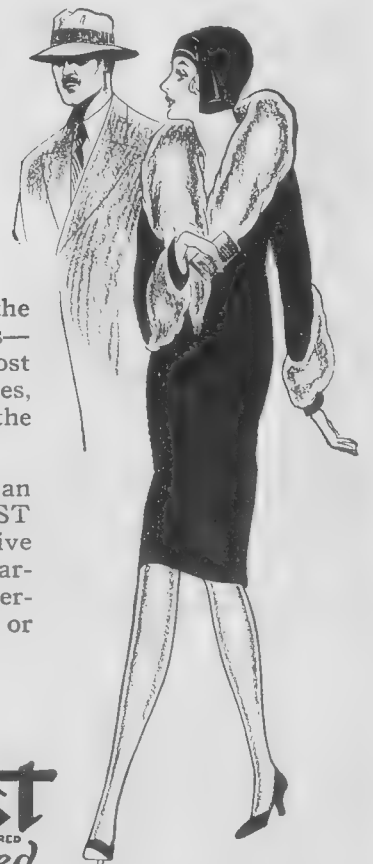
Italian Balm combines genuinely effective skin-comforting and skin beautifying ingredients.

Smooths and whitens skin over night. Excellent for children. Men like its soothing "after-shave" effects. At all drug stores—35c for generous bottle; 60c for extra economy size.

Send 2c for free sample to Campana Corporation Ltd., 468 King St. W., Toronto.

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM PREVENTS AND HEALS CHAPPED SKIN

Hosiery did not matter then—
Now it is all important!



Hosiery had no place in the fashion manuals of the '80's—to-day hosiery is by far the most important of dress accessories, and must be selected with the finest discrimination.

WELDREST makes choice an easy matter. The WELDREST color chart is an authoritative fashion guide, whether your particular requirements call for Service Weight, Service Chiffon or All Silk Chiffon.

At All Better Class Stores

Weldrest
Full Fashioned
Silk Hosiery

A FORTUNE in HEALTH

for
every child



THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself.

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly. He has his own bottle in the nursery.

"Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. See if he doesn't thrive on this new schedule (children themselves much prefer living by regular routine).

"A bottle of Nujol costs you no more than pink ribbons on the baby's bonnet. And

it's worth lots more to him. Try it. Certainly it could do no harm—for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it."

If you're like other modern young mothers, you'll want to buy the large hospital size can of Nujol. And keep it right on the nursery table, along with the soap and cotton and other bath paraphernalia.

Here's another thing. Nurses are advising mothers to give their babies an oil rub with Nujol after the daily bath, instead of using powder. Just saturate some cotton with Nujol and rub it gently all over your baby's body. It keeps him from getting chapped and chafed. And leaves his skin as soft and smooth as velvet.

Use it when you change his clothes. When you bring him in from outdoors. Whenever his skin has been exposed to irritation.

Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. It is the best oil for external use because it never becomes rancid or makes clothes greasy. Sold in sealed packages only.

Thrillers in a Blue Book

Continued from page 13

One needs to have a map before him to realize the distances negotiated by these northern patrols. Here was one to Axel Heiberg, in the Eastern Arctic. The story is told, as so often, in a single sentence—"forty days of travel by a constable and two Eskimos, covering 850 miles." The going must have been exceptionally hard in spots, although that is only inferred from the record—a toilsome negotiation of a mountain pass over crusty snow, gravel, stones and rocks, only to surmount a waterfall which was full of large rocks and impassable, so we sledged over the solid rock of the river bed. Next a watershed that had to be climbed until a glacier was reached. It was found to be impossible to cross the ice river owing to the edges dropping sheer. It was very forbidding to look at. A komatik was manipulated through a narrow passage, then it was up and down over huge falls of broken pieces of ice through which a passage was made with axes. The dangerous part was 500 yards in length. It took us five hours to work all the komatiks through, making up sopping wet with perspiration, although it was at least thirty degrees below zero." This one crossing took four days, ultimately arriving on the sea ice where they saw a herd of musk oxen. One of them provided a welcome change from the diet of seal and walrus meat all winter.

ANOTHER patrol, of only six hundred miles, was from Ellesmere Island, where Canada has its most northerly and easterly government station. The little group of patrollers reported "an uneventful trip," though it included dangers many and often as translated by a landlubber down east. They found a dangerous condition of the ice on Lancaster Sound, "which periodically broke off close to shore and drifted out to sea, making travel by komatik impossible for long periods, indeed, this ice situation made patrol anywhere in the vicinity almost impossible and extremely dangerous. One ice crevasse was eighteen feet wide bridged with snow that gave way at one side, leaving a hole about three by two feet—but it was crossed without any trouble." This is what the recorder of the journey probably meant in using the word "uneventful." The writer's own experiences with snow and ice bridges in the Rockies, and the danger of falling through into a yawning hole, would have led him to embellish the Mounted Police report with a few striking adjectives!

That these brave, silent and unbragging men face real perils is further unfortunately shown in the same records, such as the distressing accident to Constable Stephens who went walrus hunting. He fired at and wounded one, returned to the detachment for more ammunition and again left for the scene of the hunt. On his way he somehow discharged his rifle, the bullet entering his head and killing him instantly—"death due to misadventure" covers the deplorable tragedy of an efficient member of the force.

One more patrol may be outlined—a nine-hundred mile one from Pond's Inlet to Foxe Basin and Melville Island, again in the eastern Arctic region—a 45-day "jaunt" of the policeman, with three natives and two dog teams. Occasional Eskimo igloo villages were visited, where the travellers stocked up with two hundred pounds of seal fat for the native lamps. "It was bitterly cold through the day and the coal oil in the primus stove froze solid. The komatik runners had to be continually re-iced where it had been scraped off by contact with rocks. Our faces and the hoods of the kootilangs were one mass of ice, until at 5 p.m. we were completely worn out. As we were nearly completing our igloo the wind turned into a gale, completely demolishing it, tangling up the dogs which had not been unharnessed and mixing things up in general." It certainly does read and sound like a "mix up." Stone cairns were passed, built by the Eskimos to show the spring route of the caribou.

Hundreds of tracks of these animals were crossed in a few days. All hands became so badly frost bitten that they were compelled to go into camp at one point on the way. Bird life was plentiful, especially of the eiderduck, the eggs providing the natives with an important food supply. Another mishap—one of many, but taken as in the days' work—was the destruction of a cache of food by the dogs as part of a free fight they indulged in, perhaps by way of exercise or amusement. The next day a blizzard led to the party being lost for a time until the main route was picked up. Hundreds of walrus were seen and some killed for dog meat that weighed a ton each.

THE traffic in narcotic drugs provides much work and many thrills for the men of the force. It sometimes took months to trace, locate and arrest the suspects, especially among the Chinese engaged in the traffic who still have ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. The hiding places of the drugs show the maximum of cleverness. The trapping of a Chinaman and an East Indian on the Pacific coast necessitated the policemen lying out in the bush in pouring rain on several occasions and at all hours of the night. Five and two-year prison terms were the sentence passed on the culprits in this case. The principal would receive an order, the buyer would be told to meet the vendor at a certain place, and there he would hand over the money; then he would be told to proceed to another locality for delivery to be made by the Hindu. The latter hid the drugs at the designated place, and the place of delivery would be changed each time. No wonder this type of criminal search calls for "discretion and patience"—two basic qualities in a "Mounty."

A search of several months led to the seizure of 260 ounces of opium while being taken on shore at Vancouver by a ship's steward, who is spending two years in confinement as a result. The detection of a group of people who were engaged in the unusual operation of reclaiming alcohol by distillation from iodine stopped for a time this method of illicit dealing.

Holdups figure at times in the records from which I am compiling this story. In some of them the police took their lives in their hands but practically always got their man and came out on top. Even some of the shootings in the Windsor area involved members of the force at that point.

This story could run into many columns more if space permitted and for which there is ample copy in the modest Blue book. There's the trouble with some British Columbia Indians who threatened force against a party of surveyors—reminiscent of the original complaints of the Red River rebels. There was also the attempt of some red men to stir up the Six Nations to incipient rebellion over alleged rights to more self determination than they possess under the treaties. Here again the coterie of "Mounties" handled with ease with "discretion and patience," and the storm soon blew over.

Still another column might be given foretelling the moving story of epidemic outbreaks in the Far North country, in 1928 especially, when the members of the police detachments had to serve in a score of capacities—as dispensers of first, indeed of second and third aid, as amateur doctors and nurses, as conveyors of sick people in improvised stretchers, dog teams and water craft, and finally in some cases serving as gravediggers, funeral directors and even funeral conductors in lieu of minister or missionary.

Truly these upholders of law and order, exercising their beneficent influence over half a continent, are men to be praised and admired, creating a Force of a thousand men, than in its entirety is unique among the police bodies of the world.

So much for some sample thrillers in a blue book.

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The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

The Golden Stairs

By Marion Wathen Fox
Continued from Last Month

The Tenth Step

JUST as Jessamine sat down on the tenth step of the golden stairway and said, "How far I have come already! and what a lovely time I am having," a voice near her answered. "That's nice," and out from the trees at the side hopped a white rabbit with its long ears standing up very straight. "Going to see the king, little girl?" asked the rabbit, hopping over there beside her on the step. "Can you tell me why he has so many steep steps to his castle?" asked Jessamine. "You'd better ask him when you get to the top," laughed the rabbit. The rabbit seemed so friendly that Jessamine told it. "I thought I was going to be so very tired climbing all these steps, but mind you, all the time I'm getting more rested than I was when I started; and at the start I was awfully afraid of meeting the king, even though I was so anxious to see him and his castle, then I got acquainted with the loveliest blue-bird and the dearest butterfly and—" so she went right on and told the rabbit all she had heard, learned and seen on the way up. "I'm so glad," answered the friendly rabbit laying a kindly paw on her knee, but I know something else that will make climbing all these steep steps easy and help drive that horrid fear that would have spoiled your visit to the king, right out of your heart." "You do!" "Yes—not long ago a woman started to climb these steps to visit the king, and we were all on the look-out to help her as she was climbing up, just as we are with you, but she didn't pay the slightest attention to us—in fact scarcely noticed us; she seemed to be in such of a rush to get to the top and so taken up with her own thoughts and watching the steps. She was gasping and quite out of breath before she even reached here, and stumbling and falling over the steps, so that I'm afraid she gave out before she ever reached the top." "Oh, what a pity—didn't the blue-bird tell her the secret?" "Yes, but she never listened or stopped." "And didn't she talk to the butterfly and enjoy the lovely flowers and things along the sides?" "She just looked in disdain at the butterfly and never listened to a word it said—I don't like rabbits' she said when she saw me and never sat down at all." "Poor woman! And she might have been as happy as I have coming up the steps. Do you suppose she was afraid of meeting the king?" "Oh, yes, she kept saying to herself, 'I wonder what he'll be like! I wish I knew what to say to a king! Maybe he'll be angry at me for daring to come and see him!' and things like that." "Why I was like that at first, but now I'm—just the—tiniest mite afraid; because a king who'd make his steps gold and place all the flowers and things along the way just to make the people who were climbing happy—must be kind, and then—" "Yes, and don't forget," interrupted the rabbit, wobbling his ears wisely, "that it makes the climbing so much easier when—you make friends along the way, like you're doing. That woman I was telling you about, didn't make friends. If you look out for friends and are friendly yourself you'll be sure to see them on most every step."

"My! How kind you are to tell me that—I'm so glad I've met you," called out Jessamine, as the rabbit hopped off amongst the trees.

The Fifteenth Step

"ONE—two—three—four—five," counted Jessamine, mounting airily those steep steps right up to the fifteenth step and humming a pretty tune as she climbed, even in along with her counting, because she was so happy

that she was going to see the king—so happy because the trees and flowers and fruit seemed to be growing even more lovely—so happy because she was remembering about the friends she had made along the way: the blue-bird, the butterfly, the rabbit; and about the nice things they had taught her.

Then down she sat on the fifteenth step, and looking down exclaimed in great delight:

"My—oh, my! How many steps I have climbed already! And such beautiful steps!"

"You seem very happy about it," answered a voice near her, and if there in amongst some vines, near the end of the very step where she sat, wasn't another little girl, picking berries.

"Are you going to see the king, little girl?" she asked as she hurried over to sit beside Jessamine there on the fifteenth step.

"Yes—but can you tell me why he has so many steep steps to his castle?" asked Jessamine, looking with such pleasure at the other little girl.

"Oh, you'd better ask the king that when you get to the top," laughed the little girl.

"You see, I take a rest on every fifth step," explained Jessamine, "And—oh, I've got acquainted with the loveliest friends coming up and they've showed me how to make the climbing easy," so she told the little girl the whole story.

"Why, isn't that lovely," answered the little girl, passing the basket with the berries she'd been picking over to Jessamine.

"Help yourself," she said kindly. "Have you eaten anything since you've started to climb?"

"Why, no, you see I didn't know I was coming so far or I'd have brought a lunch; but I am real hungry; climbing is hungry work no matter how nice it is."

So she helped herself to more of the lovely red berries.

"My! these are the very nicest berries I've ever tasted—may I take some more—I believe I am about half-starved," and she laughed merrily.

"But why didn't you eat something long ago?" asked the little girl. "Didn't you notice grapes on the vines, fruit on the trees, and all those lovely berries like these, as you came along? They began to grow at the very first step."

"Why—y-e-s I did, but I never, never thought of eating them because—because I knew they must belong to the king."

"Dear—oh dear!" and the eyes of the little girl twinkled merrily. "Why they were there on purpose. The king placed them there so that the people climbing the steps could have something to eat if they wished it. I suppose the butterfly and rabbit thought it was better for you not to find out everything at once, but to learn as you went along."

"Maybe so," answered Jessamine thoughtfully, "But likely as not they thought I wouldn't really feel the need of anything to eat until I climbed higher—I mightn't have 'preciated it so much at first"

"Ha—ha!" laughed the little girl, "You're growing wiser, too," and she put the very last of the berries into Jessamine's hands.

"My! but I'm making lots of friends along the way—I'm surely glad that I met you, and now I must start up again. I'm so much stronger to climb, too, because of the lovely berries."

So off she went counting her, "One—two—three—four—five."

The Twentieth Step

"WELL—well—well," laughed Jessamine, after she had snuggled down contentedly on the twentieth step and looked down. "What a lot—a whole lot of steps I have climbed already! I surely have a great deal to be thankful for."

"Good!—that's how you feel about it, is it?" said a voice near her, and if there wasn't a young man sitting right at the end of [Continued on page 104]

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The Golden Stairway

Continued from page 103

her step, under the branches of a big tree. He wore a purple velvet jacket with what seemed to be gold buttons, and was painting a picture.

"I suppose you're going to see the king, little girl?" he asked kindly, getting up as he spoke and leaving his paints and brushes there at the end but bringing his picture over for Jessamine to see.

"Yes, but can you tell me why he has so many steep steps to his castle?"

"Oh, you'd better ask him when you get to the top," smiled the artist. "Would you like to see my picture?"

"And as Jessamine looked at the picture the young man was holding out to her, she exclaimed in joy:

"Oh! That is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen! Did you just make it up? — There never was any really place so pretty as that, surely."

"Why—no, I didn't make it up," answered the young man, "Just look over there!" and he pointed out beyond the golden steps.

Jessamine looked where he pointed, and could scarcely believe her eyes:

The country that showed in the distance was—exactly like the picture.

"My, oh my! to think that was there all the time and I never saw it!" and she rubbed her eyes to make sure she was not seeing in a dream.

"It was just that you were so taken up with what was near you, that you never thought of looking out to the big world beyond," answered the young man. "There is nearly always beauty in the distance, if we have time to see it."

"It wouldn't have taken a moment to have looked off a bit—I should have enjoyed the rest just as much. Seems a pity for even a little girl to miss any beautiful thing that she can see in the big world, particularly when it does not cost anything."

"Most of the really nicest things in the world are free," the young man told her. Of course you could have seen bits of it as you came up, but you can see farther the higher up you get, and things look more beautiful from up high on the golden stair-way."

"O—h! I expect they do!" and Jessamine's eyes were wide and wistful with the beauty of it all. Seems as though I could look at it forever if I wasn't on my way to see a king and his castle," and off she hurried to climb the next five steps.

AS Jessamine put her foot on the very first step of this five she remembered—they were the last five. So at once she forgot about the blue-bird, the yellow butter-cup, the white rabbit, the little girl, the young man, and all that they had showed her and taught her. She thought only of the king and his castle.

"I'm going to see the king and his castle and—I'll be there when I climb just five more steps; oh, my! my!" she exclaimed aloud and started almost to run up the steps.

She had reached the fourth step when she heard a voice saying:

"Halloo—welcome to the top! You got up all right!"

It was a voice she knew—the voice of a friend. Whoever could it be, up here? She took the other step with a bound, looked up—and there was the blue-bird she had met on the first step.

"O—h! You here!—how lovely!" and Jessamine put out her hand and fondled the bird, she was so pleased to see it again.

"Why, I didn't ever expect to see anyone I knew when I reached the top, and now—here is an old friend!" she added.

"Halloo!! Welcome to the top! I hope you haven't forgotten me!" called out another voice. It, too, sounded familiar—whoever could it be.

She looked—and if there wasn't the yellow butterfly she had met on the tenth step. [Continued on page 106]

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By Marion Isabel Angus

"SAY, if yuh think yuh're gonna pull that sorta hooie around here and gettaway with it, well yuh just gotta nother think coming. Thass' all."

"Is thasso?" I answers in my most high-brow manner. "Say, howja get that way?"

The first speaker, as yuh will guess, is my present sweetie, Bill Sumner, and he's sorta peeved because I stepped to a dance with another sugar-papa last night. But, say! whadd'sa skirt gonna do in these days of high-pressure business. If the boy friend has simply gotta work late at night to balance the old setta books, well, he can't expect me to stay at home. No, sir, not me. No stay-at-home-sit-by-the-fireside role for this skirt. I never did crave to play a tune with knitting needles, and, unless it's a high-class love-tale such as Louise Gerard palpitates, I'm not keen on reading. There's so many more interesting things to do, don't yuh think so, dearie?

Well, as I was telling yuh, when Peter Clarke says, kidding-like, "Well, sweetness, do we step tonight, or do we don't?" take it from me, girl friend, I ups and says, "Stepping is my middle name, Big Moment. When do we start?"

We arranges a swell evening and I sure gotta admit that when Peter Clarke steps a skirt out she sure sees life at its best.

But, of course, there is always some girl friend to spill the dirt. Just as I was getting inta Peter's nifty roadster, along comes that green-eyed cat, Elaine Masters.

"Lo," she warbles sweetly, "Stepping out on Bill tonight! Oh, naughty, naughty!"

Consequent, when the boy friend greets me tonight with the historic words, "Where were yuh last night?" it don't take a hundred guesses to figure friend Elaine has been on the job—and how!

Sure, I'm positive. Hasn't Elaine given Bill the glad eye for the past six months? Hasn't Elaine played up to Bill every chance she got? Trust a blonde to try and beat your game every time. Not that I care.

Bill, of course, keeps on raving. "For the last time I tell yuh, I ain't gonna stand for it. Get me?"

"Stand for what?" I yawns delicate for my mind is busy thinking what I'm gonna do to that so-called menace, Elaine, if I get my hands on her. I always thinks of something else when Bill goes on the rampage, anyway. It saves my feelings from getting hurt.

"Haven't yuh been listening to me?" Bill frowns.

"Why, no," I answers. "If yuh want to listen to that cat, Elaine, well, yuh can listen to her all your life. Don't mind me, angel-face. Only—don't expect me to be interested in anya your wordsa wisdom."

That sure gets him. "Why—who—said anything about Elaine?" he splutters.

That's sura giveaway. I knows for sure my hunch is O.K. "Nobody but such a sly old cat would beat my time that way," I looks innocent and injured. "Of course, I went out with Peter. It's no secret. I meant to tell yuh all about it (but, of course, I hadn't. I'm not that crazy, dearie), but I don't feel like saying a thing now, when yuh listen to talk behind my back. It's—it's—not fair," I sobs.

This sorta puts Bill in the wrong, but, believe me, dearie, I knew I hadda think fast. Plausible and fool-proof, that is the kinda line I hadda sling. Brains, get 'busy! Oh, for an idea! Yuh know the feeling, dearie.

Yuh see it's this way. I admit I fell for Bill lika tonna bricks. I knows in some ways he's pretty dumb, but—somehow—he's got the sweetest eyes. Just like Gary Cooper's, if yuh know what I mean. Sorta thrilling and yet innocent. Consequent, I don't crave to lose that big baby just yet. Anyway, not with Elaine Masters buzzing around and just ready to step into my shoes. Then, again, a girl has gotta keep an

eye on the future. These dancing sugar-papas are the turtle's eye-teeth, when it comes to the present, but they're a dead wash-out as far as the future goes. Consequent, the old bread-and-butter situation doesn't look so good ten or fifteen years hence. And Bill's sura winner. I gotta hand it to him. Steady and up-and-coming, that's Bill, and slated for big things at the office, so I hears.

However, I'm so mad at that cat, Elaine, that my thinker goes on the blink, and, as I can't think up any sorta reasonable alibi I knows it will have to be the old soft soap line, and, take it from me, girl friend, next to receiving the soft soap, spreading it is the thing I do best.

Before Bill has recovered from the shock of me knowing that Elaine told him, I starts, "Of course, I meant to tell yuh all about it. It's this way," but here I interrupts myself and almost sobs, "but if yuh think I got any real interest in a dumb egg like Peter Clarke when I got the nicest sugar-papa in town, well, yuh're all wet. That's what yuh are."

"Cut out that soft soap," Bill barks, but I sees outa the corner of my eye that he's pleased as a cherry in a cock-tail, for he starts to smile and fingers his tie the way a fella does when a pretty skirt shows on the horizon. That gives me a wow of an idea, and, believe me, dearie, I sure needed it for I was short in ideas just at that time.

"Oo—oo—ee," I squeals in the approved manner, "how dare you muss that perfectly gor-gee-ous tie, Bill Sumner. Say, it's a beaut. Whereja get it?"

It worked. Bill explains in detail and at length just where and when and how he got this tie and why he chose it in preference to one of the new polka dots.

"Gee, yuh got swell taste, baby," I sighs when he has exhausted the subject. "Sometimes, yuh know, I thinks yuh're wasted in that office. Yuh should be in the advertising game and telling the fellas how and what to wear. That's what yuh should be doing, baby."

"Well," answers friend Bill, modestly, and forgetting that I have picked out all his clothes for the past year, "if I do say it myself, I sure knows what's what in the clothes line."

"Yuh sure do," I agrees, wisely, not reminding him of the above-mentioned fact, "and yuh can wear clothes swell too."

And, as true as I stands here, steady old Bill falls for that line lika loada cement. "Well, yes, I guess I can," he admits, and I knows he's restored to good-humor and the battle's lost and won. "How about stepping over to the Grand for a few turns," he suggests.

"Fine," I answers and makes a show of wiping my eyes, which as you guessed, dearie, were quite dry, "But first I crave to tell yuh how I happened to be with that nit-wit, Peter Clarke, last night."

"Aw, forget it, baby," Bill comes back in an off-hand manner, while I gives a very little sigh of relief, "the trouble with all yuh skirts is yuh don't know your own minds two minutes. I knows that Clarke guy really don't mean nothing in your young life, anyhow. Why he's too dumb to live if yuh know what I means. Well, just forget it, eh, baby?"

"So, that, girl friend," I finishes, "is how we happen to be stepping here tonight." I powders my nasal organ carefully and then goes on, "My only worry now is, first, to keep Peter from knowing what I said about him, because it's always just as well to have a few prospects in the background don't yuh think so, dearie?—and second, I gotta figure how to cramp Miss Elaine's activities because no skirt is gonna interfere in my affairs and gettaway with it. Not if I knows anything, dearie. Boy, listen to that sax moan, will yuh? C'mon, don't let's waste anya that music. Let's step, Big Moment, this is too good to miss."



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A delightful week at
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Courses

Mid-February, 1930

The Golden Stairway

Continued from page 104

"Oh! You here, too! How lovely! Another old friend—why I never expected—but before she got further there was another, 'Halloo!—welcome to the top!' and it was her friend the rabbit. There, too, close by were the little girl and the young man she had become acquainted with on the way up, and who had been so kind to her.

"Oh! Here I was thinking it would be all strange and new up here!" exclaimed Jessamine. "And it isn't a bit, it's almost like coming home. I . . .

Then something happened—something very, very strange.

The blue-bird began to change and sort of—fade away. Just its blue stayed, and, bit by bit, the blue became two smiling, kind blue eyes but somehow was still the blue-bird.

Then the yellow butterfly that was so near the blue-bird began to change. Only the yellow stayed, and it gradually became a golden crown worn by the person with the blue-bird eyes.

The white rabbit was changing to white shoes and two legs clothed in white satin—part of the person with the blue eyes and golden crown—oh—my! Jessamine had never seen anything so very, very strange; and if there wasn't the little girl with the basket of red berries in her hand gradually changing—the red growing larger and larger until it became a red velvet coat all trimmed with diamonds like dew-drops, and worn by the same person that had the blue eyes, the white satin and white shoes. The young man with the purple velvet coat and gilt buttons who had been there a moment before was gradually changing into only purple and gold which became a long purple velvet cloak trimmed with gold.

Almost too surprised to believe her eyes, Jessamine looked up and down up and down! and then became aware that the blue-bird, the butterfly, the white rabbit, the little girl, the young man, had become THE KING.

"You see, Jessamine, I am not a stranger at all, but just your old friends," smiled the king down into her eyes. "So, of course you know me, and are not a bit afraid of me."

"So you are—so you are! Oh, no—I'm not a bit afraid of you!" and with that Jessamine was so glad she jumped right into the king's arms. "Why, did you have so many steep steps up to your castle?" she asked in a hurry, and then added right away, "But—I know, oh, I know!"—so that I'd have time to get acquainted with you before I got here, and know how lovely you were—that was it!" and she laughed right into the king's eyes, and he put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Come along, Jessamine dear, and I'll show you my palace and all," he said lovingly.

So off in the king's arms went happy Jessamine.

A Portrait

By Beresford Richards

Her mouth is sweet with gladness,
With joy her brow is crowned,
Her eyes have known no sadness,
Nor grief her breast hath bound.

Her feet are winged by pity,
Her hands are strong to bless;
Her days are paved with beauty,
And her years with loveliness.

Her heart is in the morning,
Her soul is in the spring,
And for her life's adorning
Is every comely thing.

Clear-eyed the world she faces,
She knows not love nor hate—
O heart of gentle graces
What star doth rule your fate?

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and it operates too
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In this new T-N Toilet, reservoir, bowl and pedestal are moulded in one piece of high grade white china. It is extremely compact, has a handsome appearance, and stands only 20 inches high over all.

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THEY STICK ON

WHAT ABOUT THAT SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Western Home Monthly?
WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE

Not in the Head Lines

By Patrick Duffy

Pastureless Cows

IF YOU believe that all the adventure, wonder and romance of this world gains splash headlines, you are wrong. For more amazing than a fairy tale is the story of the magic pouring from the laboratories of science. Aladdin's famed lamp is nothing more than a ten-cent toy when stacked up against everyday achievements of our modern wonder-workers.

Consider, for a moment, the news coming from the chemists of the Walker Gordon Milk Company and several universities in the United States. They're starting to concoct canned food for cows! They have found that dehydrated food makes healthy cows and excellent milk, and they say that Bossy prefers these foods to the natural provender made by Old Lady Nature. It looks as if the cows of the future will wax fat on special brands of canned grass from the chain-store—perhaps on the instalment plan! Only golfers and their caddies will cavort on green pastures and beside the still waters.

Farms in Skyscrapers

As if pastureless cows and cowless pastures were not enough, the men of science talk of farming in skyscrapers. Dr. H. E. Barnard told the Institute of Chemistry the other day that "thirty men working in a factory the size of a city block can produce in the form of yeast as much food as 1,000 men tilling 57,000 acres under ordinary agricultural conditions." And yeast, he went on to say, is used as the basis for many and varied foods. He predicted that it will soon be possible to manufacture proteins in a factory, and when that happens more foods will be produced in Chicago than on the farms of Illinois.

Food From Sawdust

And what are we to think of the magic which enables the chemist to make food from sawdust? A few weeks ago two German chemists triumphantly informed the world that, after years of failure, they have succeeded in making sugar from wood, or to be a little more specific, sugar from sawdust. And about the same time another German chemist announced that he had secured fatty foods from coal! So that we can expect advertisements in our farm papers announcing "the best saw-dust fed bacon" or announcements by our leading cafés telling us to revel in the "delicious tit-bits straight from the finest coal!" Sounds a trifle fantastic, to be sure, but that's what it amounts to.

Artificial Coal

Mention of coal reminds us of the fact that a lot of things come from a lump of coal besides soot. Dyes in color more dazzling than the rainbow, perfumes more fragrant than the flowers, and many another article that surpasses Nature's own handiwork are now extracted from coal. All of which gives certain folks little comfort for they inform us, with woe in their voices, that our coal supplies will soon be exhausted. There seems little cause for worry, however. Another of the wizards of Germany tells us that he has made coal from cabbages! Dr. Frederick Bergius announced the other day that he had taken eleven pounds of cellulose (a chemical derived from plants and vegetables) mixed it with water and placed the solution in an

air-tight vessel. Then he heated it to 640 degrees, and after twenty-four hours of this sealed cooking allowed the gas to escape and—presto! he had eleven pounds of coal.

In twenty-four hours he had produced a fuel which takes Old Lady Nature twenty-four centuries to create. Synthetic coal "straight from the farm" may well be a popular advertisement in the near future!

Chemical Factories on Farms

These and many other facts lead us to believe that the world of tomorrow will be radically different from the world of today. More and more food is being produced in towering skyscrapers, and men of science inform us that most of the foods of tomorrow will thus be made. On the other hand, the chemists have turned their attention to things produced on the farms, and they have made a very startling discovery: that the farmer produces some of the chemicals absolutely vital to modern industry. There's cellulose, for example. It is a chemical which comes from wood, and, of course, it is very plentiful in such everyday farm products as cabbages, corn, and so on. And when we know that cellulose is the basis for a great variety of products such as films, billiard-balls, brushes, explosives, etc., we begin to realize that modern industry will depend more and more upon the farm in the future. In fact, the farm may be regarded as a reserve chemical factory of the immediate future.

Mechanical Microbe Hunter

Typhoid fever, dysentery and many another disease lurks in the water supply of our large cities. If tiny disease-germs get into our reservoirs one hour ahead of the Health Department, there's trouble aplenty. But from Switzerland comes the welcome news that a chemist has devised a mechanical health department—a machine so sensitive to impurities in the water that it automatically releases chlorine gas in the proper proportions. Being mechanical it never makes a mistake. And it has the additional merit of writing a record of its own good deeds on a revolving drum.

Peacetime Gas

That is only one instance of the employment of war-gas on peacetime jobs. The Chemical Warfare Service of Uncle Sam has been busy finding such jobs for the terrors of war, and a good deal of success has rewarded their efforts. The fearful hydrocyanic gas used in French shells during the Great War is now employed to rid bakeries of the dreaded flour weevil, just as mustard gas, a lung-searing terror of war, is now used to rid fields of plagues of jack-rabbits and gophers. The boll weevil has ravaged the cotton fields of the South for many years, but the chemists have found that another of these war-time gasses can be used to conquer this pest. Nor should it be forgotten that chlorine gas, if employed by skilled doctors, can rid us of colds. Even forest fires can now be extinguished by a smothering cloud of gas sprayed from low-flying airplanes.

It is pleasant to know that our statesmen are trying to exile gas from the fields of war. And it is equally good news to learn that our chemists are transforming this fearful weapon of war into an instrument of peace and happiness.

Thoughts at a Cenotaph

By Victor Norman

Those envied dead!
Who passed away in battles heat
With filth of trenches at your feet
You heard the wings of angels beat,
And died.
Those envied dead!
Who fought a wrong to right,
And from the bloody fight
Gave the world the selfless sight
Of honor.

Those envied dead!
To die with mind and blood aflame,
Not counting cost of life or pain
You died and travelled on again
To heaven.
Those envied dead!
This, by those maimed are thought
Who have life, but yet have nought
But in pain, and as they fought
Must carry on.

Do you lack energy?



...Beware of Constipation

HOW can your body be expected to function properly if it is filled with poisons set up by faulty elimination? Constipation begins its ravages by stealing away punch and energy.

Doctors know that insufficient roughage in the diet can make you a victim of constipation.

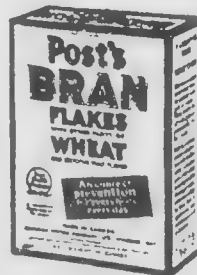
Act now. Eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly. It is a splendid aid to regularity. You'll be delighted with these brown, crisp-toasted flakes—good to eat and good for you!

Make this two weeks' test and note the difference

Constipation must not be neglected. Start a two weeks' test now. Order a package of Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer.

Start by eating a dish of Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast. Eat it as a cereal with milk or cream. You will find it as delicious as it is effective. Do this every day for two weeks. We predict you will find a real difference in the way you feel.

But don't stop at the end of two weeks. Eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning for health and regularity. Post's Bran Flakes is sold by all grocers in a wax-wrapped package. Ready to eat. Write for free trial package to Canadian Postum Co., Limited, Toronto 2, Ontario.



Cases of recurrent constipation associated with too little bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

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Bonnie Blue School Kit with Thermos half-pint Bottle and good space for lunch. Home prepared foods and drinks for growing children for the noon or recess

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WINNIPEG

Have You Any Legal Problems? Remember the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you in next issue.

Automatic Acquaintance

By a Britisher in New York

TO EAT in an automatic cafeteria may savour of the ordinary to a New Yorker, but for an English visitor it gives a thrill never experienced in London. How exciting to drop in nickels, turn shining knobs which open cunning little glass doors, and then to draw out plates of delicious food.

There is a freemasonry too, which unlocks hearts and tongues of fellow eaters. Sometimes, not always, their stories are pathetic.

An elderly woman in a shabby coat confided to me her grievance. She had—uninvited—accompanied a party of out-of-town folk to Coney Island, and had shown them all the sights, and they did not even pay for her dinner, though she first spoke to them in the subway at noon and went around with them till 7 p.m.

Perhaps she expected me to pay for her supper in return for this lengthy and uninvited recital. But I didn't.

I helped to mop up when an older and less experienced lady failed to place a cup under the coffee faucet before she put in her nickel. Great was her embarrassment when a flood of hot liquid poured forth, and no cup shot out to receive it.

But I made a much worse break myself, so bad that I hardly dare to mention it.

I took a bowl of tomato soup and sat at a table where two women were just beginning a meal, and a man had apparently finished. He rose and departed, leaving several empty dishes. In a tiny pitcher a few drops of cream still remained. I saw an attendant coming to clear away the crockery.

"What a pity," thought I "to waste what would so vastly improve my soup."

It certainly did improve the flavor, but hardly had I swallowed one spoonful when the man came back with a cup of black coffee. He held the little pitcher over the cup, with no result. He looked into the pitcher, and then glared at the two women.

I could not allow them to be falsely suspected, so I whispered shamefacedly: "I am so sorry I took your cream by mistake."

Being a foreigner, English words failed him.

"I'll get you some more," I said.

"No, no, I like for you to have it," he insisted.

After all, I consoled myself, there were only a few drops.

But I avoided the automat for awhile. Some days later at a very dull dinner party in an extremely select restaurant I told my automatic tale in order to relieve the general boredom. A man, who nearly fell off his chair with laughter, assured me that I would get a dollar if I wrote that "embarrassing moment" to the New York Daily News, and did not mind publishing my name and address.

So I sent in a paragraph, which the editor altered somewhat, and I duly received the sum of one dollar.

Before the cheque arrived, however, I was rung up by a Daily News reader, whom I will call Mr. Robertson, though that is not the name he gave me. He wished to meet me because he had had a similar experience in an automat.

"Which automat?" I asked.

It was not the same address as the scene of my embarrassment.

"If you will make some coffee," he continued, "I'll bring round the cream."

"Sorry," I replied, "I am staying in a hotel where I have no means of making coffee."

And I rang off.

An hour later he telephoned again. He wished to know if I would be at home around four o'clock. If so, he would come and see me at my hotel.

"I am going out to Mr. Blank's concert this afternoon," I said.

"Then I will be at the concert too," he answered. "I will wear a dark suit."

"There will be dozens of men in dark blue suits," I remarked.

"But only one wearing a bow tie," he assured me.

Sure enough the concert hall was half full of dark blue business suits. I was accosted by no one with a bow tie.

Next morning this unpunctuated note appeared amongst my mail—

"I am a daily news reader and I seen your Embrassing Moments in the daily news of January 31 and I enjoyed reading same and I think you deserve a good deal of praise also the prize and I hope and trust you don't get angry and think me bold and fresh for taking the liberty of writing you to give you praise.

Respectfully,
William Robertson."

Mr. William Robertson's literary style did not appeal to me. I stuffed his letter into a drawer where I came across it weeks afterwards, when I was sending out hundreds of announcements of a water-color exhibition. Have I previously mentioned that I am a landscape painter?

"I'll risk his turning up at the picture gallery," thought I, "with or without a bow tie." And I mailed the printed card to him, with the written remark that if he still wished to meet a fellow creature who had also been embarrassed at the automat, here was an opportunity.

Many sane people came to my show, and a few cranks. An elderly lunatic in a blue suit without a tie wandered in, and assured he was God. I escorted him to the lift and pressed the button which would take him down to the street entrance.

"But I wish to go up," said he, and pressed another button.

Up shot the lift. To Heaven? Could he have been William Robertson and not the Almighty?

These doubts were set at rest that day by a twelve page letter from Mr. Robertson, too long to quote in its entirety. As he was not well he could not attend the exhibition. He enclosed, an addressed stamped envelope in which he requested me to mail him my photograph and a lock of hair.

"You send me a photo of yourself and I will send you mine in four poses. I have black hair blue eyes good natured kind hearted a jolly disposition a sense of humour and enjoy a joke. My nationality is american and I am a tipical bachelor never was married. I live on an income. I would like to hear about yourself. You must be a Very wonderful young lady. What is your nationality? Do you wear the up-to-date styles?"

I looked in my mirror and smiled.

"I guess your work is quite hard and you must get lonely. You and myself must meet. I don't go out with any ladies. I would like to find a real kind hearted pal to go around with. I want to state you was a real Inspiration."

After several more pages in this illiterate style, he signed himself "Your Pal Billy Boy."

I had no beau in New York. I certainly felt lonely sometimes, but I did not dash out to have a specially charming photo taken, nor did I cut off a lock of my hair.

I continued to wend my solitary way to the automat, often going there from my studio, carrying a bag full of sketches and notebooks. Another embarrassing moment occurred when the handle of that bag gave way, and most of the contents scattered on the floor. A boy, whose glass was slowly filling with buttermilk bent down to help me collect my papers. He first picked up a large envelope with my name and address typed clearly and distinctly.

"Are you——" he stammered.

As he stood up straight, I noticed black hair and blue eyes and a spotty complexion, also a bow tie. He looked about twenty or twenty-one.

"My pal Billy Boy?" I exclaimed.

He looked at my grey hair, my spectacles, my clothes, which are not up-to-date. He left his glass of buttermilk untasted, and melted away into the crowd.

Stories in Stone

By J. Rae Tooke



An interesting pergola in the city of Galt, Ont.

THE city of Galt, Ontario, has in the heart of itself, an interesting thing of stone and mortar which is always pointed out to visitors and newcomers.

It is a pergola in one of the central parks. Saint Andrews Church, the city's first church, once stood on this site and round it was the burial ground of the pioneers, people who had come from the old land to make homes in Canada.

In 1907 the bodies were lifted and transferred to a new burial ground. It was then that the Daughters of the Empire of the city, undertook the work

of preserving the records by having the gravestones of these early settlers built into a pergola to remain on the site.

Some of the stones are still intact; others are cracked and crumbled, their inscription illegible. Some are only half there.

The dates of burial are mostly in the eighteen thirties and forties. One stone tells of John Kennedy of Leith, Scotland, who emigrated to America in 1801.

In the fall of the year, grapes hang in luscious bunches from the vines that cover the beams across the top.

The Glory of the Year

By Beresford Richards

AUTUMN has never come in greater splendor than she has this year. Nowhere is she more lovely than in this land of ours. We, on this secluded farm in Alberta, are particularly well placed to see her coming, and her passing, from her first heralds and trumpeters in crimson and bronze, to the massed glory of her cohorts.

We look down the valley of our own stream, a river of gold, into the greater valley of the Athabasca, a lake of gold glowing into far horizons.

The trail before our house is, for miles, flanked by poplar woods, during the day a wall of gold flecked with crimson, russet and green. In the evening, when the sun has gone down beyond Grosmont, and the long western skyline is a band of fire, the wall dissolves, and the woods become translucent. It may be that this is—

"The light that never was on sea or land," but when my eyes meet my companion's, I find reflected in hers, the worship, the awe, the rapture I

know in my own heart: as at that moment, when a great violinist has drawn his bow across his instrument on the last note.

In such an hour as this worship was born. The spark of that light that has led us up to God awoke in the soul of primal man. I do not doubt that this is the inner meaning of the command—"Let there be light."

Spring is energy, as youth is; the time of rush and toil. But autumn is the season of fruition and peace. Nature pours out her gifts without stint, that we may store them against the dark days. It is, too, the time of enjoyment. Never is the sky so blue, a blue intensified by the gorgeous coloring of earth, the air so fine, distance so near, and freedom so desirable.

We are doubly fortunate in this northern land. Nature, feeling that she cannot do too much for us, to crown the glory of the year, our Indian summer. That time when all that is loveliest in the seasons is gathered together for us alone.

November Days

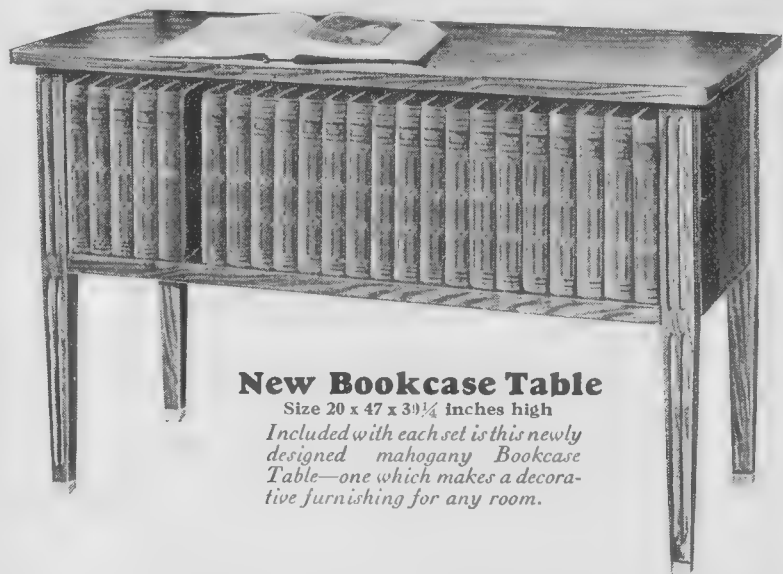
By H. H. Fariss

*I shall go singing through November's days
A song whose glad refrain is ever new,
I shall go smiling through life's busy ways
If skies are gray or bright with sunny blue;
There is a winding path that leads my feet
Along the hill and through the Autumn wood,
And I shall walk it, smiling, singing low,
For happiness is mine and life is good.*

*The lanes have blossomed with bright golden rod
And by the stream the maples shower down
A rain of crimson leaves the frost has touched
And splotted with burnished gold and mottled brown;
The old rail fence is draped with berries red
That gleam like coral in the morning light,
And overhead the wild geese wing their way
Far to the South in their uncharted flight.*

*Love called to me in these glad Autumn days
And I made answer to his clear sweet call,
Love placed a garland fair upon my brow
And whispered low, "You are my life, my all,"
And so, I shall go singing through the years,
I shall be smiling through the stress of rain,
For in my heart will ever linger on
The tender melody of love's refrain.*

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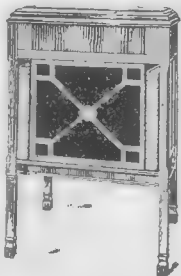
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This new low priced victrola is only one of many moderately priced Orthophonics which offer the best phonograph gift values on the market today. All models sold on easy terms if desired.



Enjoy Radio this Winter

Never before in the history of our store have we had such a splendid array of the latest and best in all-electric and battery-operated radios, including Victor, Sparton, Marconi, DeForest, Crosley, Atwater Kent Fada—ideal gift suggestions that the whole family can enjoy.

Musical Instruments

Let our new Catalogue assist you in making gift selections. Information and illustrations regarding such renowned band and orchestral instruments by Conn, Ludwig, Boosey, Vega, Bacon, etc.—Easy Terms arranged.

Saxophone Outfits

Silverplated E. flat alto saxophone outfit, complete with case and all accessories,

\$145
\$20 Cash,
\$10 monthly

Tenor Banjos

Ludwig Kingston tenor banjo, complete with case and all accessories,

\$105
\$15 Cash,
\$8 monthly



By Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

A Good Play

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs.
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.
We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said: "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake"—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on till tea.
We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

—R. L. Stevenson.

DEAR Boys and Girls:—

How many of you know anything about Robert Louis Stevenson who wrote the verses above? I am sure you must all have heard of him, and read some of his verses and books, for he was the man who wrote "Treasure Island," and no boy or girl would miss reading that wonderful book of pirates. Perhaps you have not read much about the man himself though, and I wish you would; you will find his life as interesting as his books. When he was still a young man his delicate health compelled him to leave Scotland and go off to an island in the South Seas to spend the rest of his days. He loved travel, and in the little book "The Child's Garden of Verse," from which this poem was taken you will find most of the verses have to do with travel, and with adventure, for there are such names as these: "Pirate Land," "Travel," "Where Go the Boats?" "My Bed is a Boat," "From a Railway Carriage," and so on. In the Cathedral of St. Giles in the wonderful City of Edinburgh there is a monument erected to this poet and lover of children, and his name is beloved wherever his work is known.

Robert Louis Stevenson was one of the people who saw beauty and adventure in everyday things, and it was because he could do this that he appreciated beauty and adventure in foreign lands and strange things. I have seen and met many people travelling in my life, and some of them would be better staying at home for all they see or understand of the strange life about them. Perhaps they never had a Cosy Corner that tried to teach them to find happiness and adventure in small things when they were young and so they became blind and dull. Don't you let yourselves do that. Use your eyes to see with, your ears to hear with, and your mind to enjoy the things around you, and then when Opportunity knocks at your door, and you find yourself wandering out into the great world, you will be able to enjoy every moment, and fill your heart and your mind with lovely memories.

November is here—the grey month, and yet the last few years November has sprung a wonderful surprise on us, and has given us sunshine, and bracing air, and more days for happy times outdoors. Whatever, however the weather, November is a busy month, for there is so much to do to get ready for Christmas, and now is the time to begin; don't, please, be among those terrible people who leave everything to the last second, and then spoil Christmas for themselves and everyone by hurrying and scurrying and worrying. Be prepared, and now is the time for it.

A Word to Alberta.

A is for Alberta, and December is the month! Are you going to be the prize month, or are you going to let the other provinces take that honor from you later? You have the privilege of beginning this new idea, and what Alberta does will set the pace for Manitoba, and New Brunswick and all the other places. I do hope that you will try and give us things that are characteristic of your

province. For instance, you have certain things peculiar to your province, that no other place has, are you going to see that they are mentioned in the C.C.C.? How about your products, your animals, your industries, your beauty spots? Have your poets written things about your province? Have your artists painted pictures? I hope you are all prepared with material, which must be in the office of

BOBBY BURKE,

406 Devon Court, Winnipeg,
BEFORE November 10th. January—
British Columbia. February—Manitoba.

Some Suggestions for Christmas

Plant paper white narcissus in stones and water now, for Christmas blooming.

Buy materials for aprons, bags, doll dresses, etc., now, when there are sales of odds and ends.

Have you looked at the pantry shelves lately, and noticed all the different sizes and shapes of tins? Wouldn't it be an awfully nice idea to start now collecting tins of a uniform size for tea, coffee, rice, sugar, and so on, and with a small tin of quick-drying enamel paint them a gay bright color, and if you are expert at such things put the name on the tin; if you are not very clever at painting or drawing letters, put the initial (as C for coffee), on the outside. I think your mother or married sister would be delighted with such a gift. Be sure that the color you choose will look well in the kitchen. If it is a dark room why not choose orange or a bright green? If the kitchen paper is blue make the tins a bright blue, or black. You could cut the names out of magazines and paste them on the tins and make a nice job of it.

A set of small bags made with draw strings are a very useful gift. They will hold lettuce or other vegetables in the refrigerator.

Do you know anyone who travels a great deal. If so, be quite sure they will be delighted with a set of shoe-covers. These are very simple to make: Cut chintz in 17-inch squares, turn neat hems on the edges, and then button or overcast in a colored thread. Fasten three-quarters of a yard of ribbon folded in half, securely to one corner, or crochet a cord of the thread you have used, and sew it firmly on the corner and one cover is complete. A set of four of these are easy to make and most acceptable. The shoes are placed in pairs, and rolled in these covers, the ribbon tied, and the shoes can then be tucked into odd corners with no danger of soiling anything.

The Book Review Competition

A regular deluge of reviews has descended upon us, and for that reason we are not publishing the list of prize winners until December issue, so look for your names in that issue.

The Quotation Competition

We are printing below a few of the quotations received. It would take up the whole magazine to publish them all:

From John Tutkaluk,

Seech P.O., Manitoba.

"Saw a large belt of yellow daffodils along the road. I found that the Nature poet, William Wordsworth, once wrote a poem about these, and this is one verse of it":

"I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils.

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

William Wordsworth was born in the Lake District of England. He was chiefly interested in two things: Nature and Man. He described them in the clear and simple, but usually very beautiful language of everyday life, and as a rule aimed to draw from his subject some moral lesson. This verse, a part of the

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.
Buy from Established and Reliable Specialists

poem called "Daffodils" appears in a book called: "Selections of Prose and Poetry."

From R. L. Scoular, 1610, 10th Ave. E., Vancouver, B.C.

"I was running an errand for my Grandma today. It was quite late, and the sun had gone behind the cloud; I hardly see my way, and it reminded me of this little poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox":

"All in the dark we grope along,
And if we go amiss,
We learn at least which path lies wrong,
And there is gain in this."

From Margaret Hogg,
Huxley, Alta.

"Something very interesting happened today. It rained; it is interesting because if it had not we would have had to plow our crop under."

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the cloud the sun's still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary."
—Longfellow.

From Daphne Wallace, Highland Park,
Westboro, Ontario.

"I saw a deserted house and garden. I think the garden must have been once a flower one, as there were still a few lilies and hollyhocks, which were struggling for existence against the encroaching weeds. This reminded me of Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and here is one verse of that Irish poet's thoughts":

"Near yonder copse where once a garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

"When I asked who was the owner of the place, I was surprised to hear that his name was Mr. Goldsmith.

Today I saw "the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea" (Gray's Elegy), and then coming down the lane, at milking time. All of them, the leading cow in particular, kept lowing until they entered the barn door."

"From upland slopes I see the cows file by;
Lowing, great-chested, down the home-ward trail,
By dusking fields and meadows shining pale,
With moon-tipped dandelions."

These few lines were written by Archibald Lampman, a Canadian poet and are taken from the poem, "Evening."

Angela Brazil in her book, "The Manor House School," writes the following:
"By the side of the open barn door, the cows were standing, lowing, to be milked."

SOMETHING RECEIVED
Dorothy's Improvement

Dorothy Lavelle, was nine and would never brush her teeth. Her tooth brush was very hard, and dry, as it had been standing in the glass all year. Dorothy's mother got very discouraged, and finally gave up trying to get her child to brush her teeth. A year passed, and Dorothy was ten. Her teeth were decaying and her breath was so bad that even her best friends hated to step near her. One day a dentist came to the school and said, "Dorothy, you must have your teeth fixed right away." But still Dorothy did not brush her teeth and after a long time she began to have terrible toothaches. As her friend, Lillian Andrews saw her suffering, she told a doctor, and the doctor, saw Dorothy on the street, and took her to a hospital, and said, "Come now, I've got something for you," Dorothy, thinking she would get candy, willingly went. That night Mrs. Lavelle was informed that her daughter was in great danger of her life, as her teeth had sent poison into her body. Weeks passed and Dorothy got worse. One day as she was about dead, she saw a little fairy with golden hair and wings appear in the room beside her bed. She was plump, had rosy cheeks, her teeth were like pearls, and she carried a golden wand. Though she was beautiful she looked rather cross. "I am the Fairy Health-Ville Queen," she began rather sharply, "and my fairy guide, Tooth-pearl says you are disobeying my rules by not brushing your

[Continued on page 112]

Friends Will Say You Are a Gifted Woman



**Because You Earn
Money In Your Spare
Time**

READ THIS LETTER

"I have had my Auto Knitter over four years and I would not be without it for anything. Since taking up the work I have never been without money. As we live three miles from town I have always wanted a car, and now we have one which my machine is paying for. Last winter I cleared \$525.00 in my spare time. Mrs. Geo. Poole, Ontario.

Here Is The Simple Plan

We employ men and women all over the Dominion who knit socks for us with the Auto Knitter — a hand operated knitting machine that knits socks from top to toe. We pay a guaranteed wage for the knitting of all our standard socks and, in addition replace all the yarn that is used. A set of simple instructions teaches the work. Young people, old folks, even children all work for us.

The splendid thing about Auto Knitting is that you need not neglect your regular occupation or house work. It is truly a spare-time occupation. You may work as much or as little as you like, filling in the hours that best suit your convenience. Every member of the family can learn the work — and in any home where extra money is wanted the Auto Knitter need never be idle.

Others Do It, So Can You

As everything is done by mail it does not matter where you live. Out in British Columbia, Mrs. A. Colmer writes: "I can truthfully say that I have made at least \$1,500.00 with my machine."

And from Alberta, Miss C. McPhillamey says: "Being the eldest of the family I thought I would like to earn money; with my Auto Knitter I have made over \$1,000.00."

Down in Nova Scotia, Mrs. E. Shaw writes: "We were like a good many others who did not know how we were going to tide over the winter, but with the Auto Knitter we earned \$567.00

We have hundreds of such letters from men and women who have shared the benefits of our Home Earning plan.

Write to-day for Particulars

Doesn't it sound like something you would like to do? Then let us send you without the slightest obligation on your part a copy of "Make Money at Home—The Story of the Auto Knitter." It shows you exactly how much money can be earned even if only working one hour a day.

For further particulars of this interesting work write:

**The Auto Knitter Hosiery
Company Limited**
Dept. 10511 Toronto 9, Ont.

Or cut out the coupon
and mail it with your name
and address written thereon.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., LIMITED,
Department No. 10511,
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Kindly send me without the slightest obligation on my part, information about working at home for you.

Name

Address

..... Prov.
Publication —The Western Home Monthly—Nov.

ATWATER KENT RADIO SCREEN-GRID

Results you can't get
from old-style tubes!

TRUE voices—the truth of music and of human speech! Power that hurdles horizons—fetches entertainment from the blue distance! Two—three—four—five years from now, you'll still be saying proudly, "Listen to *that!* It's the Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set we bought in 1929!"

What could possibly mean more to the whole family? Imagine the enduring pleasure of the gift that goes on and on, pouring forth its music, giving companionship through the years!

ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

You'll never be satisfied with just a radio. Only an Atwater Kent can give you Atwater Kent reality of tone—with the hundred-times-more-powerful Screen-Grid tubes as only Atwater Kent uses them.

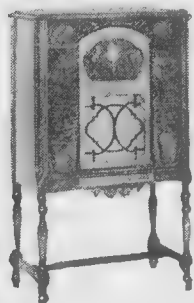
Get the radio that made Screen-Grid famous! It is backed by the name that to millions means most in modern, dependable radio reception. Yet it costs no more—in an exquisite cabinet—than ordinary sets! Why miss another day?

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
4828 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.
A. Atwater Kent, President

Canadian Licensees: MALCOLM & HILL, Ltd.
Kitchener, Ont.

Model 8500

A handsome all-electric console model which costs but little more than you'd pay for a table set.



Model 70

An extraordinary value — Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Receiver combined with a high-grade phonograph.



Continued from page 111

teeth. If I save you will you brush your teeth?" "Oh, please don't be so cross," said Dorothy, "and I will always, always, brush my teeth. "That is well," said the fairy. She put Dorothy to sleep, and sang the dearest song in a tinkly voice that would put anyone to dreaming. Before she went she kissed Dorothy on both cheeks and she left two rosy spots on them. Slowly and surely Dorothy became well again, and soon was romping about at school. She saved up her money till she got fifty cents, and with this she got a yellow tooth brush and a glass. She soon had

perfect teeth. But the funny thing was that when she brushed her teeth well and meant it the Health Queen would appear on the glass, but when she did not want to brush her teeth and was angry, an ugly goblin appeared. But after awhile she loved to brush her teeth, and soon had lovely teeth just like pearls, and often she went to visit the Fairy Queen in dreams.

Dorothy is now nineteen, and there is not a thing the matter with her perfect, pearl teeth, and there never was . . . after her great improvement. — Betty Carne, age 10, Mildon, Saskatchewan.



Miss Mouse Makes a Call

By William Thompson

One morning, bright and early,
Miss Mouse decided that
She'd take a chance of being caught
By Mrs. Tabby Kaat.

Her house was near a little hole,
And near the bedroom door
That led to Bob and Betty's room,
And underneath the floor.

Miss Mouse then ventured to peek out,
To see what she could see,
Deciding that to be quite safe,
Most cautious she must be.

She climbed upon the window sill,
With joy her heart did leap,

For Mrs. Kaat was on the lawn,
Apparently asleep.

"I'll call on Bob and Betty,
And have a little chat.
I feel that I am safe from harm,
From Mrs. Tabby Kaat."

And so she ran into the room,
Crawled up the counterpane,
But when she tried to talk with them,
Her efforts were in vain.

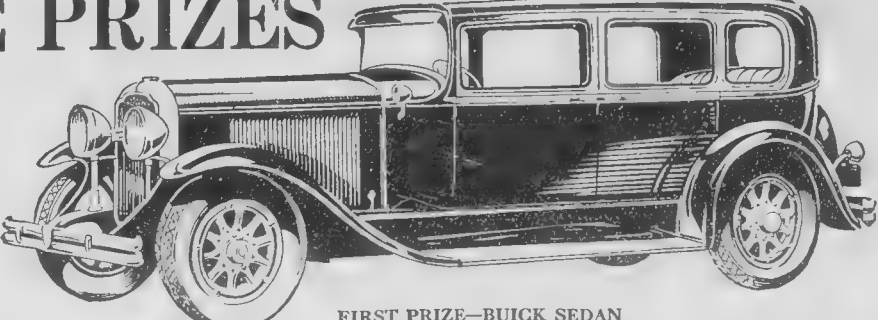
With arms around her brother's neck,
Miss Betty made a scream,
And wakened up only to find
She'd had a naughty dream.

OVER \$10,000.00 in FREE PRIZES

GOBLIN MAGAZINE'S GREATEST CONTEST

Win a Buick Car!

99 Other Awards



FIRST PRIZE—BUICK SEDAN

This McLaughlin-Buick 4-door Sedan, of value \$2,175.00 with cash bonus noted elsewhere is First Prize in this, Goblin's Greatest Contest. The prizes are now awaiting you. Do not mislay this advertisement. Enter this most interesting contest at once. Read rules carefully. You will not be required later to Buy or Sell anything. Everything is as stated. Begin NOW! In a few weeks this distinguished car may be YOURS. You alone must decide.

PRIZE LIST

First Prize—Total value up to \$4,175.00—McLaughlin-Buick Four-Door Sedan, Model 57, plus \$2,000 cash bonus, at the rate of twenty times the subscription money remitted. This bonus limited to a maximum of \$2,000. A contestant must send in not less than \$5.00 worth of subscriptions to qualify for this prize.

First Prize (if the contestant does not qualify as above)—Pontiac Four-Door Sedan, valued at \$1,205.00. The minimum subscription to qualify for this prize is \$3.00. If a contestant sends in \$5.00, he qualifies for the McLaughlin-Buick Sedan.

First Prize (if the contestant does not qualify as above)—Chevrolet Four-Door Sedan valued at \$954.00. This is the first prize if the winner sends in only \$2.00 subscription.

Second Prize—Total value \$2,454.00—Chevrolet Sedan, valued at \$954.00, plus \$1,500.00 cash bonus extra, at the rate of fifteen times the subscription money remitted. This bonus is limited to a maximum of \$1,500.00.

Third Prize—Total value \$1,485.00—Fada Radio, Model 70, valued at \$485.00, plus \$1,000 cash bonus extra, at the rate of ten times the subscription money remitted. This bonus is limited to a maximum of \$1,000.00.

Fourth Prize—Total value, \$1,375.00—Columbia Console Model Phonograph valued at \$375.00, plus \$1,000.00 cash bonus extra, at the rate of ten times the subscription money remitted. This bonus is limited to a maximum of \$1,000.00.

Fifth Prize—Total value \$835.00—Fada Radio, Model 35, valued at \$335.00, plus \$500.00 cash bonus extra, at the rate of five times the subscription money remitted. This bonus is limited to a maximum of \$500.00.

Sixth Prize—Total value \$735.00—Fada Radio, Model 25, valued at \$235.00, plus \$500.00 cash bonus extra at rate of five times the subscription money remitted. This bonus to be limited to a maximum of \$500.00.

Seventh to Tenth Prizes—Cash of \$20.00 each.

Eleventh to Thirtieth Prizes—Cash of \$10.00 each.

Thirty-first to Fiftieth Prizes—Cash of \$5.00 each.

Fifty-first to One Hundredth Prizes—One year's subscription to Goblin.



SECOND PRIZE—Chevrolet 4-door Sedan, value \$954.00, together with cash bonus noted elsewhere.

Correct Answer Unknown

To prevent the Contest Department, the artist or anyone else from knowing the correct answer to this puzzle, certain figures were erased by the Contest Judges, Messrs. E. A. Williams, Toronto Star Weekly and H. M. Sandison, Regina Leader-Post.

Neither of these gentlemen know what figures the others erased, but after the Contest closes, they will announce what these figures were and when these figures are subtracted from the total of the figures used by the artist, this will give the correct answer to the figures in the above puzzle.

There are no tricks to this Contest. It is merely a matter of skill in finding all the numbers shown and then adding correctly. We wish it clearly understood that there are no hidden figures. Every number can be plainly seen. The degree of your care and skill will determine the prize which you will win.

The ONLY requirements for entry to contest are those listed here. You will note their extreme simplicity and a careful reading now will avoid any possible confusion later.

Secure Correct or Nearest Correct Total of Numbers Above to Win Buick Car

The problem is to add together all of the numbers shown above. Each figure is clearly indicated, and they run from two to nine; the sixes have a curved stem; the nines a straight stem; all are single numbers, there are no combinations; add them as if each figure stood one above the other in a single column. Every figure in the picture is complete. If in doubt about any of the figures, send in the chart with a figure marked, to the contest department, which will gladly tell you what it is.

\$180.00 SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SPEED			
Forty-five Special Prizes totalling \$180.00 are offered for the FIRST correct or nearest correct solution, received before Nov. 30th. There are fifteen of these Special Prizes for each of three districts; District No. 1, includes the Maritime Provinces and Quebec; District No. 2, Ontario and Manitoba; District No. 3, the Provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and any other districts not included in Districts 1 and 2, from which contestants may send in replies.			
First Prize.....	\$15.00	District No. 1	\$15.00
Second Prize.....	8.00	District No. 2	8.00
Third Prize.....	5.00	District No. 3	5.00
Next Two Prizes, each	4.00		4.00
Next Four Prizes, each	3.00		3.00
Next Six Prizes, each..	2.00		2.00
Total Value.....	\$60.00		\$60.00

The Contestant winning a Special Prize will not be barred from winning one of the regular prizes. Special Prize winners will be announced along with the regular winners at close of Contest.

SOLUTION BLANK TO BE USED BY CONTESTANTS

This Blank must be used when sending subscriptions and solutions.

MY ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM IS.....

Gentlemen: Kindly enroll my name as a contestant in your puzzle contest. I am enclosing herewith the sum of \$..... which kindly place to my credit, both as entrance fee to the contest and as a paid-up subscription to Goblin for the following party or parties.

If you are already a subscriber to Goblin and you send in a paid-in-advance subscription for yourself, write the word "renewal" in place designated.

1. Name.....Amount \$.....Renewal.....

St. Address.....Town & Prov.....

2. Name.....Amount \$.....Renewal.....

St. Address.....Town & Prov.....

Attach further names and addresses on plain paper.

Is this your first solution to the puzzle?..... How much money have you sent in to date?.....If this solution wins a prize, send it to

Name.....

St. Address.....Town & Prov.....

Please answer all questions on this form and mail same to—

The Contest Department, Goblin Magazine, 265 Vire St. West, Montreal, P.Q.

Note—If your subscription was sent in by another contestant, you must put his or her name below:

Name.....St. Address.....

City or Town.....Prov.....

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE LIST

\$2.00...8 Months

3.00...1 Year

5.00...2 Years

7.00...3 Years

9.00...4 Years

10.00...5 Years

GENERAL RULES

(1) Contest is open to everyone except (a) Employees of Goblin Magazine and their immediate family; (b) Prize Winners in former Goblin contests who won more than \$100.

(2) To enter contest it is necessary to enclose at least \$2 for an 8-months' subscription to Goblin Magazine. See Prize List found elsewhere in this advertisement and note how the value of your prize is increased by sending in a full year's subscription to Goblin and subscriptions from your friends.

(3) A contestant can solicit friends for subscriptions and for such subscription he or she will be entitled to submit solutions to the puzzle; also those who subscribe through a contestant may submit solutions to the puzzle. Get your friends to help you get subscriptions.

(4) All solutions must be accompanied by a cash subscription, otherwise they will not be accepted. All solutions are recorded and cannot be changed once they are received at the contest office.

(5) It is not necessary for a contestant to send in the entire amount of subscription money at one time. Accurate records are kept, and every time a contestant makes a remittance, the amount will be added to the previous amount which a contestant has to his credit.

(6) Contestants can send in a different answer to the puzzle each time they make a remittance, but not more than one prize and bonus will be paid to one family living at one home address.

(7) EXTRA PUZZLE FORMS MAY BE OBTAINED FREE BY WRITING TO THE CONTEST DEPARTMENT, AND WILL ALSO BE FOUND IN THE SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER NUMBERS OF GOBLIN MAGAZINE.

(8) All money orders, cheques, or postal notes must be made payable to Goblin Magazine; acknowledgements will be made immediately upon receipt of solutions.

(9) If the correct answer is not sent in by any contestant, the prizes will be awarded for the nearest correct solution.

(10) In the event of a tie, a second puzzle will be mailed. This puzzle will be a problem requiring accuracy in addition and subtraction. Only those tying will be permitted to solve the second puzzle.

(11) Solutions to the contest must be in the Goblin office not later than 6 p.m., December 7th, 1929. Solutions mailed and having the postmark of not later than December 7th, 1929, and received by us not later than December 14th, 1929, will be accepted. The correct answer will be announced in the January issue of The Goblin Magazine, published about January 1st. Contestants are advised to send in their answers as soon as possible. Special bonuses, which will be noted elsewhere in this advertisement, are offered for early solutions.

(12) In entering the contest, contestants agree to abide by the rules of the contest and to accept the decision of the judges as final. The Goblin Magazine reserves the right to amend or add to the rules of this contest, if necessary, for the protection of the interests of both the contestants and Goblin Magazine. The right is also reserved to refund subscriptions and to disqualify any contestants whom the Judges, the contestants' representatives, deem undesirable.

Goblin—The People's Choice

The New Goblin is a vigorous, alert monthly appealing to all keen-minded Canadians. In each issue its pages scintillate with smart, sprightly fiction and fact articles ranging widely from sport to international topics. Brilliantly illustrated by profuse drawings and news photographs Goblin now truly reflects the life and thought of the Dominion.

Through this Great Contest you will secure this outstanding magazine at the regular subscription price, and at the same time, if you are accurate, win one of the major prizes absolutely without cost.

In this, Goblin's Fifth Great Puzzle Contest, the value of the awards has been increased to over \$10,000. This is the greatest Prize List ever offered in Canada. In a few weeks the division of these prizes will be made. Someone will win this luxurious magnificent appointed Buick. Will it be you? Your decision NOW will determine whether you will be that fortunate person. Someone will win it. You alone must decide whether YOU will be that person.



Both Holiday and Holy Day

ARMISTICE Day and Thanksgiving Day will be observed throughout the Dominion on Monday, the eleventh day of this month, in accordance with the statutory provision made by the Parliament of Canada. It will be the eleventh anniversary of the day on which, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, came that supreme moment in history when the Great War ended. Once more the two minutes of silence will be a solemn reminder compelling reverent and serious thought and making the day a holy day, sacred to the hope that war's desolation of the living and sacrifice of the dead will not again be inflicted on the world. Year after year, as time goes on, the rising generation before whose time the Great War came upon civilization with bloodshed and destruction and ravage, must be taught to realize, so far as that will be possible for them, what this commemoration means. If the two minutes of silence could continue to mean to future generations what the Armistice meant to all men and women who were living on November 11, 1918, there would be no more war.

Machines Cannot Do Everything

THIS is called the machine age. Yet it is to be noted that with all the developments of mechanisms there is work that animals must do yet. Horses have by no means been wholly pushed off the map yet by gasoline motors. Sheep dogs, police dogs, sledge dogs in the North and many other kinds of dogs are still doing needed work in the world, though St. Bernard dogs are not kept busy rescuing resolute but fool-hardy young men who carry 'mid Alpine snow and ice a banner with the strange device: "Excelsior!" And now comes the news that with all the developments of wireless transmission, the British, United States and Japanese naval authorities have decided not to discard carrier pigeons wholly. When and where machines cannot serve, and when machines fail, animals must serve. Horses have to pull out the motor stuck in the muddy ditch. Who does not remember among the favorite pictures of childhood that Biblical one of the dove returning to Noah with the olive branch in its mouth, and Noah, at an open window of the ark, welcoming it joyfully with extended arms? No radio could have brought that olive branch to Noah.

The Right Cheerfulness

A READER writes: "I agree with what you say about sentimental novels and also novels written to wring the heart with imaginary adversity and gloom. Surely the book that is worth while is the book that can help us to make our lives worth while by teaching us to smile even when things go wrong." Quite so—though more than the reading of books is needed to teach anybody that. And, moreover, a never-failing, mechanically cheerful smile on all occasions, can become exasperating to those around us. There are moments when such a smile is anything but soothing and consoling. Indeed, human nature being what it is, there are for us all some hours of distress and unhappiness when such a smile, with some such remark as, "'Tis always morning somewhere!" is merely an additional infliction. There is an old motto which used to be engraved on sun dials: "I record only sunny hours." Very pretty, and good to remember on days of gloom when the sun is hidden. But for true consolation and strength more is needed than that. One must face things as they are, and do one's duty.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

Increased Power of Seeing

HAVING to have new glasses adjusted to his eyes, The Philosopher was interested in studying the history of lenses. The first lenses, more than five hundred years ago, were associated with magic. Belief in witchcraft and magic was then common. There was one magician who made a small box with a glass lid which he had ground to make it a lens. He would catch a flea, show it, and then put it in the box. It had grown enormously in an instant! He could make it little or big, just by taking off and putting on the glass lid! But Fate overtook him. He was put to death for trafficking with the Devil. Spectacles, or reading glasses, were first used by such wonder-workers. The "common people" believed that anybody who knew the necessary magic to say in putting a pair of the magic reading glasses on his nose could at once read from a book or parchment. In 1607 Galileo obtained a pair of those glasses and by studying the cause of their magnifying power he was led to make the first telescope, which was denounced as an instrument of Satan's devising. Galileo kept on improving it and so came to found the science of astronomy. He thus made the most important advance in human knowledge up to that time. How it would amaze the magician who was put to death for magnifying a flea, if he could have known what worlds of knowledge were going to be opened up to humanity by telescopes and microscopes!

A Politician

MORE years ago than there is any need to be explicit about, The Philosopher, then a young man, was travelling in an Ontario constituency one January with a then well-known member of Parliament, during a Dominion election campaign. One night, after a lively meeting in a small town, the M.P. and the writer of these lines went to bed in a room in the hotel which was the party's headquarters in that town. The hotel was so crowded that the two had to sleep together. In the gray dawn of the morning after, the M.P. woke up, reached down to the foot of the bed, took his watch out of the pocket of his vest, which was hanging on the bedpost, looked at it, put it back, took a plug of tobacco out of his coat pocket, bit off a chew, and then got out of bed and knelt down and began the day saying his prayers. The Philosopher has only to shut his eyes and see the M.P. in his long white nightshirt, praying on his knees by the side of the bed. He was a man of broad humanity, a politician who loved life and played the game, a hard hitter in a political fight but a square man. Our political morals will go on improving, but men of good will like that M.P. who was a Senator for several years before his death, are sure to count until the last ballot has been cast.

One of Our Customs

ONCE more we read that some public medical health officials are saying that handshakes can carry disease. No doubt they can, but that they do so very often is to be doubted. Apart from all that, however, the handshake is a custom that might well be done away with. Why continue this practice? It would have disappeared long ago if custom had only provided something to take its place. Any one of a number of suitable gestures would serve admirably in place of it. In the army, for instance, there is the salute. Why not something similar in ordinary, everyday life? A wave of the hand, with or without a slight bowing of the head, is really all that is necessary.



Serving Canada's Building Industry

THINK of it! No less than 12,000 new homes contracted for in the first six months of this year—2,500 business buildings, too—representing altogether some 280 millions of dollars!

And what a part electricity will play in each of those new homes and buildings—what miles of electric wiring—what countless electrical fixtures will need to

be used in their construction. For electricity is the great vitalizer of the modern structure—flooding it with light and with “life” at your will.

Canada's building industry is certainly rendering a great service to the Canadian public and the Northern Electric Company is happy to supply this industry with some of its necessary electrical equipment.

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED

A National Electrical Service

The Northern Electric Company also makes fire alarm systems, private telephone systems, public address systems, talking moving picture equipment; and distributes well-known brands of electrical supplies and electrical household appliances of all kinds.

What the World is Saying

But For Most of Them Not Too Brief

The life of a popular song is brief. — Victoria Colonist.

We're Glad to Know It Isn't Us

"The Latest Thing in Dental Chairs."—Advt.— in Dominion Dental Journal.

Some Color Their Faces To Get Dumb-bells

Some girls use dumb-bells to get color in their faces. —Niagara Falls Review.

Chance for an Interesting Comparison

At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society which was attended by Mr. H. G. Wells the skull of a mammoth was exhibited.—London Daily Express.

To Throw the Police Off the Scent?

A burglar who broke into a house at Lachine yesterday, in the absence of the household, had a bath before leaving.—Montreal Herald.

Did One Letter Begin: "Honey"?

A letter carrier was attacked by a swarm of bees, while delivering letters on Clemow avenue yesterday. —Ottawa Citizen.

Do They Wear Coats and Vests in July?

There are fanatics in India who torture themselves in various ways, such as walking barefoot on hot coals and sitting on spikes.—Calgary Herald.

You Can Often Get Grit by Eating It

Whenever we undertake to eat spinach we always wonder what the wonderful qualities can be which we hear so much about its possessing.—Kitchen Record.

It Is Long Enough

"The sting of the bee," says a Government bulletin for beekeepers, "is only about one thirty-secondth of an inch in length." —Quebec Evenement.

So Have We

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a recent article in support of his belief in spiritualism, says he has heard singing of an unearthly sort.—Ottawa Citizen.

The New Danger in Aviation

An aviator coming down on a field after making a record is liable to collide with others just starting out to break it.—Los Angeles Examiner.

To Be Remembered in Beautie Shoppes

According to an authority in physiology, the ears should not be normally, higher than the eyebrows or lower than the tip of the nose.—Boston Transcript.

Many Are So Busy Fooling Themselves

There is need down at Washington of somebody to drive home the truth expressed by Lincoln when he said: "You can't fool all the people all the time." —Brooklyn Eagle.

What Some Optimists Work Hard At

"No satisfactory substitute has yet been found for work," says Henry Ford. But there are still a few optimists who do not intend to give up trying to find one.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

And Horse Races and Elections?

Sir A. Conan Doyle asserts his convictions that the time is coming when everybody will be able to foretell future events. Does he mean, for instance, wheat prices?—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

An Explanation

Children nowadays are said to grow taller than their parents. They probably get a good start in early years trying to reach up for their mothers' skirts.—Lethbridge Herald.

Only the Seam Makes It Known

No mere man can ever understand why a woman will pay five dollars for a pair of stockings that will give the impression that she isn't wearing stockings.—Fort William Times-Journal.

They Weren't Joy-riding Human Tanks

An Army tank has been driven at a speed of sixty-two miles an hour. But the men in it were not in the same class with the wheeled monster they were travelling in.—Duluth Herald.

Basic Fact of Many Family Budgets

One reason why it is difficult for so many average families to make permanent and satisfactory economic adjustments is the increasing necessity of some of our more expensive luxuries.—Springfield Republican.

Some People Are Hard To Satisfy

An English artist who has arrived on a brief visit to this continent for the first time says he is delighted

with the girls on this side of the Atlantic, and wishes he could see more of them.—New York Tribune-Herald.

And Never Loaned You Any

It is a saddening thought that money can destroy friendship. There is an element of truth in the cynical saying that a friend is an acquaintance who has never yet borrowed money from you.—Galt Reporter.

To Protect the Home Industry

A Hollywood film star has filed a divorce petition in Paris. It is a wonder the tariff framers at Washington do not put a high duty on these foreign divorces when brought into this country.—Buffalo Express.

Rotation of Crops

An interesting fact in connection with the hornbill and certain other birds is that when their digestion becomes impaired, they are able to get rid of their old crops and grow new ones.—Natural History Review.

Try This on Your Saxophone

"When you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it is two hours," says Einstein. There seems to be the material of a rather jolly fox-trot lyric in this statement of the great scientist.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

A Question of Wear and Tear on Which?

The London General Omnibus Company claims to have perfected a device by means of which buses can be brought to a stop without a jerk. Some uncertainty prevails as to whether the device is to be fitted to the bus or to the passengers.—London Opinion.

It Is No Fault of the Fashions

"A man nowadays sees very little of his grown-up daughters," writes Dorothy Dix. It is one of the manifestations of the individualistic spirit of the age. Young people are determined to live their own lives, as far as possible.—Hamilton Spectator.

But Surely Not the Same Cigarette

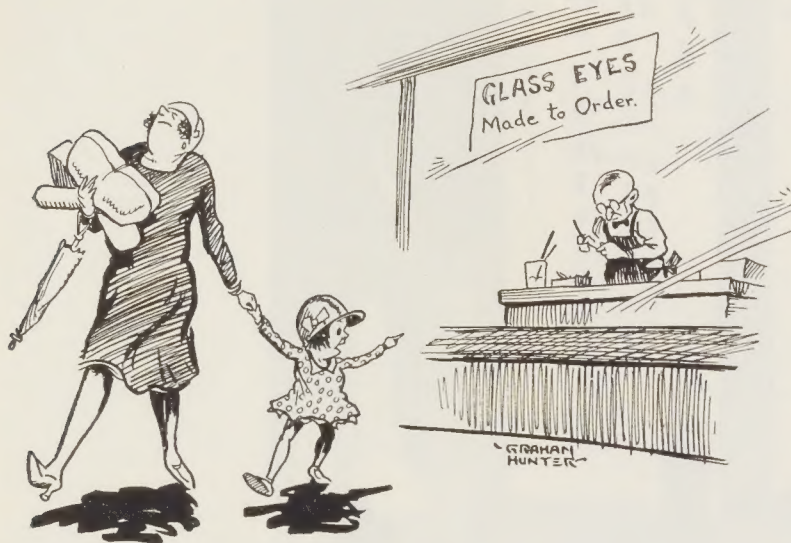
In Russia, we learn from the reports of some returned visitors to that country, it is possible for a couple to be married by a female registrar smoking a cigarette, and next day, if they wish, divorced by the same woman official still smoking a cigarette.—Quebec Telegraph.

They Will Be Taking a Greater Risk

A sovereign placed on a sidewalk in Swansea as a test of human suspiciousness was ignored by nearly sixty passers-by. It is suggested that the gentlemen who made that interesting experiment may repeat it by placing a sovereign on a sidewalk in Scotland.—London Humorist.

And He's Probably Right, at That

A pessimist is a man who thinks the world is against him.—Medicine Hat News.



"Mommy, LOOK! There's a man making eyes!"
"Hush Lillian; mamma's darling is too young to notice such things."

True Also of Many Former Pedestrians

But for the motor car, Mr. Ford would not be to-day where he is.—London Financial Times

Nothing Could Be Fairer Than That

Princess Bibesco has written a book entitled "I Have Only Myself to Blame."—London Spectator.

Well, Occidents Will Happen

Sir Rabindranath Tagore says that the Occident has lost touch with Nature.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

According to His Lights

After all we should remember that a traffic officer does his duty.—Vancouver Province.

Before, or After, Breakfast?

A diet expert suggests the juice of an orange and a slice of bran bread in the morning.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Curly Walking-stick Is Optional

Sir Harry Lauder declares that the highland costume is not complete without the sporran.—New York World.

Isn't Such Political Zeal Excessive?

Everybody should lie on the right side, says an article on health habits in a recent magazine.—Toronto Globe.

What a Country!

The Soviet Government is publishing at Moscow nineteen volumes of the writings of Lenin.—Glasgow Herald.

Even the Best of Friends Fall Out

A man's teeth and his hair are among his very best friends, and he should cherish them as such.—Montreal Gazette.

Something Should Be Done About It

It is said that bagpipe-players have a length of life much longer than that of the general average of people.—London Daily Mail.

Remarkable Agility of ye Editor

We saw an automobile from Michigan passing through the other day whose license plate ran into seven figures. And speaking of that, we might easily have been a figure that another automobile would have run into that same day, if we hadn't jumped out of the way just in time.—Chatham News.



Absent-minded dentist: "Now this may hurt a little"

We Met It Once on a Lunch Counter

After studying ancient English, French and German cook books, a Harvard professor has come to the conclusion that the first doughnut was not made in New England, as has often been asserted, but in France. The question now is, When did it cross the Atlantic? —London Free Press.

Some of It Really Isn't, We Think

"What Is Modern Music?" asks a writer in the Contemporary Review. This is a question which has often occurred to us.—Toronto Star.

New delicacies from leftovers - quick!

by WINIFRED S. CARTER



EMPANADA CHILEAN

Latin countries are famous for good—and inexpensive—food. You will understand why, when you taste this native casserole dish from the slopes of the Andes, adapted for Canadian kitchens and improved—with Crisco. Yes, vastly improved, for no other fat in the whole wide world lends a sweeter, fresher flavor to the foods cooked with it.

2 cups finely minced cold beef or veal
1 small onion, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1 dozen raisins
2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced
½ cup ripe or green olives, cut

Sauté chopped onion and pepper for a few minutes in Crisco. Mix with cold meat, raisins, eggs, olives and brown gravy. Place in Criscoed casserole and cover with rolled Crisco pastry. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes, or until pastry is nicely browned. This appetizing dinner dish will serve 6.

Brown gravy: Brown 2 tablespoons flour in 2 tablespoons Crisco and add 1½ cups meat stock or milk.

Crisco pastry: Blend ¼ cup Crisco with 1 cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt and add ¼ cup ice water slowly.



HONOLULU SAUTÉ

Even in romantic Hawaii, land of sunshine and flowers, housewives face the eternal problem of Left-Overs. And solve it, too, with Crisco.

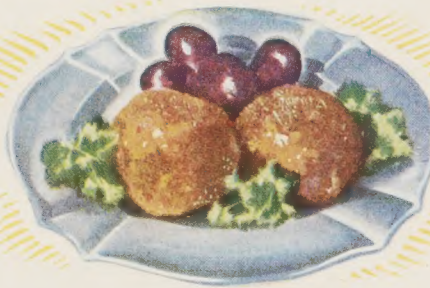
It's a nice thing to be familiar with a shortening like Crisco which keeps fresh and sweet in any climate and without the aid of an ice-box.

This is an economical recipe, and a good one, for using bits of "day before" food in the frying pan with Crisco. And Crisco frying is frying, for Crisco itself is sweet and fresh to the taste just as it comes from the can.

1½ cups cooked, left-over rice
½ cup chopped ham, left-over
3 tablespoons Crisco
3 eggs, beaten well
Salt and pepper
1 small onion, chopped fine
Sauté onion and rice with Crisco in hot skillet. When slightly brown season with salt and pepper and pour in beaten eggs (to which the ham has been added). Cook from 3 to 5 minutes or until the egg is done and serve on hot platter garnished with parsley.

This is an excellent dish for luncheon and especially attractive for Sunday night suppers. It will serve 6.

You taste  milk. You test  eggs. Now, taste  Crisco  -then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor  so improves the flavor of your     



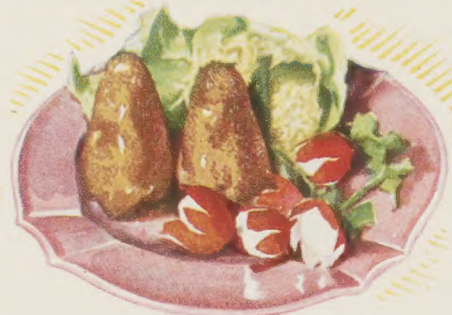
SIMPLICITY CROQUETTES

"She can make something out of nothing" (the test of a true housewife) can well be said of the woman who originated this recipe. Just cold mashed potatoes and left-over ham go into it. But when deep-fried in Crisco they become this real "company dish," croquettes, golden brown and crisp on the outside (thanks to Crisco) and well-cooked and well-flavored within. And when we stop to think about it, should any of us be willing to fry food in a fat that hasn't itself a sweet, fresh flavor? No—and that's one reason I use Crisco for frying—it tastes wonderfully sweet and fresh itself.

3 cups mashed potatoes
1½ cups minced left-over ham
1 egg slightly beaten
1 tablespoon water
1 tablespoon Crisco
½ cup bread crumbs

Blend potatoes with Crisco, shape into balls, hollow out center, fill with ham and cover with potato. Make round by rolling in palms of hands. Roll in crumbs, dip in egg diluted with water, and roll in crumbs again. Fry in hot Crisco (385°-390° F. or when an inch cube of bread browns in 40 seconds). Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot either plain or with sauce poured around (never on) the balls.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by Procter & Gamble Co., Ltd.



HAM AND CHICKEN CROQUETTES

A French chef tells me that "French" frying is the hardest test a chef has to pass in France—and one of the simplest this side of the Atlantic. And the difference lies in the frying fats. "In France," he says, "is used oil (costing much and disappearing with rapidity into smoke) or beef suet and chicken fat burning so violently that one must at hand have a heavy blanket."

In Canada French frying is accomplished with Crisco, a pure, sweet shortening which quickly wraps around foods a delicate crisp brown coat. And adds a delightful, fresh flavor to foods cooked in it. And—Crisco can be kept at the proper cooking temperature without burning or smelling! Here is a novel croquette, of two left-overs, chicken and ham, to be French fried in Crisco.

2 tablespoons Crisco
1 teaspoon chopped onion
¼ cup flour
1 cup chicken broth
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1½ teaspoon pepper
Dash of nutmeg
3 eggs (beaten yolks)
1¼ cups cooked chicken
½ cup cold boiled ham
Cook onion in Crisco 3 minutes. Add flour and blend well. Then add chicken broth gradually, stirring constantly. Bring to boil and add seasoning, yolks of eggs slightly beaten and the chicken and ham cut in small cubes. Mix thoroughly and allow to cool. Shape, dip in crumbs, eggs, then crumbs again, fry in deep hot Crisco (390° F. or when an inch cube of bread browns in 40 seconds). Drain on absorbent paper. Remove to hot dish and garnish with parsley.



Free! 12 dozen Time-saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon at the right.

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Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XHH-119), 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.,

Please send me free the cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

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The importance of

Healthful Cleanliness

in Good Cooking can not be over-emphasized

Good cooking essentially requires Healthful Cleanliness

To assure full food value and flavor, utensils must be healthfully clean—free from all impurities, taint or odor. Old Dutch cleans them perfectly and is therefore one of the greatest helps in good cooking. It also keeps utensils smooth and unscratched. This is important, as scratches cause food to more readily stick to the pan.

Old Dutch Cleanser has established a standard of cleanliness which should prevail in every home. *Safety*—thorough cleaning without injury to the surface. *Efficiency*—thorough cleaning quickly and easily done. *Healthful Cleanliness* most important of all—thorough cleaning by removal of the invisible and often dangerous impurities as well as the visible dirt.

Distinctive in quality and character. Old Dutch contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acids or caustic. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles possess remarkable detergent properties and wipe away the dirt with a smooth, clean sweep.

Perfect for snow-white and gayly colored porcelain and enamel cooking utensils, kitchen cabinets, ranges, refrigerators, etc., glass, earthenware and aluminum. Old Dutch preserves and protects their beauty.

*Doesn't harm the hands —
there's nothing else like it*



Old Dutch Cleanser Homes
are Healthful Homes

Made in Canada